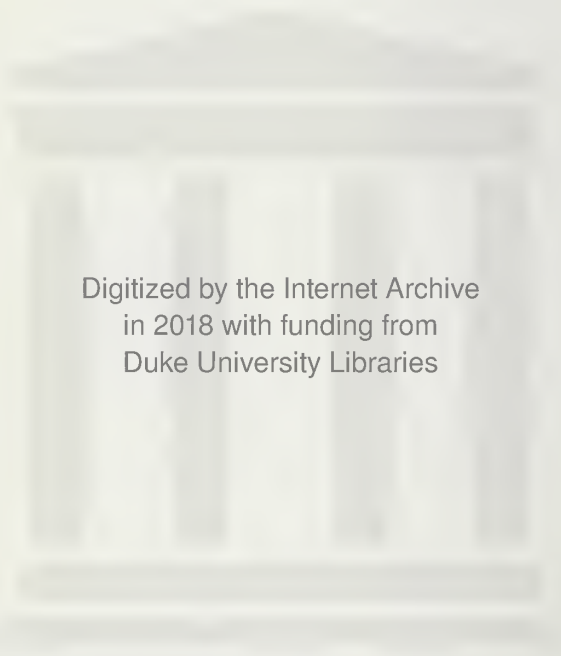


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STRAY LEAVES

FROM

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH HISTORY,

WITH

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE,

SCOTLAND'S PATRIOT, HERO, AND POLITICAL MARTYR.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GORDON GLASS, A.M.,

LATE PRINCIPAL OF WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF ABERDEEN, ALUMNUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS,
AND HONORARY MEMBER OF ITS LITERARY SOCIETY,
AUTHOR OF A TREATISE ON EDUCATION, &c.



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TO HIS EXCELLENCY FREDERICK TEMPLE, EARL OF
DUFFERIN, VISCOUNT CLANDEBOYE, GOVERNOR
GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, &c., &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

The author of the present work has presumed to dedicate it to Your Excellency. He has done so, not from any mercenary motive, but from respect to you as representative in this large and growing portion of her dominions, of a Sovereign he wishes to honour, and also from regard to Your Excellency personally. Many years ago, the author had the pleasure of spending several weeks in that beautiful part of the North of Ireland where Your Excellency resides and owns large estates; and amid the great agitation that then prevailed in regard to the "Tenant Right Question," and the bad feelings shewn towards many of the proprietors by the people, found Your Excellency spoken of by them with the greatest deference, and held up as a model proprietor. Since that time the author has marked with satisfaction the great success that has attended the labors of Your Excellency in the paths of literature, while as a statesman you have filled posts of the highest responsibility with credit to yourself and honour to your country. The last consideration which has induced the author to dedicate this work to Your Excellency he considers the weightiest of all, viz., that you are a lineal descendant of one of those noble and ancient families in Scotland, a member of which was not ashamed to fight side by side with Scotland's patriot hero for the securing of those liberties that Scotchmen will ever reckon dear.

PREFACE.

It is sad that while the Dominion of Canada grows rapidly in wealth and population, it cannot yet be said to have any literature. Its educational institutions are numerous, and many highly educated men are connected with them. And besides these, many more of the like character are to be found throughout the country, possessed of literary tastes of the highest order ; and yet, with few exceptions, there has been nothing issued from the Dominion press of any consequence in the shape of literary productions. This cannot be owing to the fact that a reading public is not to be found throughout the country, for a vast importation of publications from other quarters annually takes place, and many of them of the most questionable character. The minds, especially of the youths of the country, are thus being vitiated, and a positive distaste engendered for any kind of literature of a pure and elevating character. Having resided in one of the Provinces of the Dominion for many years, the author has had reason to deplore this growing evil, and the present work is humbly intended, however

feeble the attempt, to arrest it, and give the youths of this great country a taste for history, biography and kindred subjects. And surely nothing would be more apt to do so than to put within their reach the life of a man written in a popular style, who is one of the most perfect patriot heroes to be found in ancient or modern times. Such a work of him is much needed, for if we except the popular version of Blind Harry, the Minstrel rendered into modern Scotch verse by Hamilton of Gilbertfield, much of which is unintelligible to the youth of this country, no such work, as far as known to the author, has yet been produced. It is true, the great exploits of Wallace have been the theme of the poet, the novelist, and even the historian of his own and of other countries; and his memory is dear alike to Scotchmen and Englishmen, and to every other person in whose breast there glows the least spark of freedom. But a life of him, adapted to the youth of this and other countries, bringing out the real character, public and private, of the man, without being interlarded with antiquarian references and quotations, is still wanted. If such a man as Macaulay or Carlyle in his most vigorous days had touched off the life of Wallace, and not left it to feeblar hands, he would have conferred a lasting boon on coming generations. One thing is

certain, when the author attempts this work, he has no wish to stir up national feelings and engender strife betwixt the Scotch and English in these Colonies or elsewhere. Centuries have rolled on since the transactions recorded in the work, many of them bloody and cruel, took place, and the two nations are now happily united. As for the beloved Sovereign that reigns over them, her fond attachment to Scotland evidently shews what little sympathy she has with one of her Royal ancestors, who inflicted such terrible wrongs on one of Nature's nobles, and on a people who struggled along with him so manfully for their liberties. And further than this, the attempts made to destroy these liberties, were not put forth with the consent of the English people, but through the ambition and cruel deceit of a monarch who made several thrusts at their own independence: for any person consulting the English records of that period will find that the leading barons, and especially the people themselves, engaged most reluctantly in the wars in Scotland. On both sides of the Border, they are now one, and the cruel deeds of some of the English monarchs, in days gone by, cannot be charged against the nation as a whole. The youths of both countries, and their descendants in the Colonies, may, therefore, claim

Wallace as their common ancestor; and while they have many names on the roll of fame belonging to such, to which they can point with pride and satisfaction, none of them can dim the lustre of this great man, whether considered as a patriot or hero. A beautiful English writer, when referring to this subject, has well expressed such sentiments in the following words: "The Englishman who now reads of the deeds of Wallace or Bruce, or hears the stirring words of one of the noblest lyrics of any tongue, feels that the call to 'lay the proud usurpers low' is one which stirs his blood as much as that of the born Scotchman: for the small distinctions of locality have vanished, and the universal sympathies for the brave and the oppressed stay not to ask whether the battle for freedom was fought on the banks of the Thames or of the Forth." Of one thing the author is certain, that no person that ever lived in his own or any other country, whose life and character have been made known to the world, and faithfully portrayed in the pages of profane history, has been able to impress his mind half so much, as the subject of the memoir. The reading of his wonderful exploits, when a child, as recorded by Blind Harry the Homer of Scotland, filled him with admiration; while his terrible sufferings, endured

with such christian meekness, and heroic patience, towards the close of an eventful, unselfish, but terribly earnest life, drew many a flood of tears from his eyes. Afterwards it was so ordered by Providence that the writer was appointed to reside in a part of the country where many of Wallace's deeds of valour were performed, and some of his greatest battles were fought; and former scenes were thus called up, and former recollections revived. And to keep them embalmed in his memory, he visited with earnest care, the castles, towers and ruined piles, where "rook and daw with whirring flight kept busy stir," that were associated with the hallowed name of Wallace. He hastened through the greenwood's tangled maze, if some arching cleft was to be seen which led to what was considered one of his solitary retreats, although only a dreary cave in the midst of a hollow rock. And wherever any of the mountains, plains, or rude crags, silvered with spray, over whose jutting barriers the wild flood dashed its angry waters were to be found as being connected in the memories of his countrymen, with his death struggles for the liberation of his native land, these became sacred in his eyes. And now, in conclusion, the author might well say, adopting the language of another, if any one of his readers would take half

the pleasure in reading the following pages, which he has taken in writing them, he would not fear the loss of his labor. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the inroads of a dangerous disease, and the care and vexation connected with the management of an educational institution. He rose fresh as the morning to the task of writing the deeds of one whose memory he will ever revere, and the silence of night invited him to it again, not with reluctance, but with the same amount of satisfaction as before. And however imperfectly the task may have been performed, now that he has given the life of his model patriot to the world, and however coldly it may be received by the youth of the Dominion, his ideas of him will ever remain the same; and he will stand out before him as the most perfect representative man his own country, or any other has yet produced, so far as heroism or true patriotism are concerned:—

“A soul supreme in each hard conflict tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The frown of power, the blast of public breath,
The love of lucre, and the dread of death.”

CHAPTER I.

The Scotch people claim for their progenitors a high antiquity. According to ancient legends and traditions many kings reigned in that country before the birth of Christ. These traditions to a considerable extent, verified by the facts of the case in the terrible resistance offered to the Roman legions that invaded the country, and in their final expulsion from it. Strange that it should have been so, and owing perhaps to some extent to the poverty of the country and the inaccessible retreats it offered the natives, but particularly to the early introduction of Christianity into it. Though tracing back their early origin to the Egyptians, the early inhabitants of Caledonia, along with the other native tribes of South Britain and Ireland, probably came from Gaul, and the first missionaries of the Cross, in all likelihood from the same country. The term Culdee applied to the early Christians in Caledonia. Their efforts extended to Ireland through Patrick, one of their number. His great success there, and the light of the Gospel reflected back to Scotland, and extended to England. Its effects destroyed there by the invasions and confusions of the times.

No people in the world have laid claim to a higher antiquity, and a greater degree of bravery, in behalf of their progenitors, than the Scotch. If we credit the legends that still continue to linger in

the more remote districts of the country, together with the traditions of its ancient bards, whose harps have long been hushed in silence, while they themselves have gone to the land of forgetfulness; a long line of kings might be summed up who reigned over them, many of whom performed deeds of great renown, previous to the time when that adorable Being, who created the universe, deigned to assume our nature and tabernacle among us. And after making allowance for a considerable amount of fable on the subject, there can be little doubt but these traditions are largely verified by history. For during the first century of the Christian era, when the Roman legions that had hitherto borne the imperial standard triumphantly into every part of the then known world, dared to penetrate into the interior of Caledonia, they met with such determined opposition as they had nowhere encountered before. It is true they fought with all their wonted skill and courage. They were often led on at the same time with some of the best generals Rome ever produced, and inflicted terrible punishment on the natives of the country. But the result remained the same, for though often severely chastened, they never considered themselves subdued; and retiring fighting before their enemies for a little to the fastnesses of the mountains or the inaccessible retreats of the forests, they returned upon them with renewed vigor and determination, and waged a conflict more fiercely than they had done before. Regardless of life,

they threw themselves back upon the ranks of the invading foe whenever a fit opportunity presented itself, cut off their retreat and inflicted terrible slaughter amongst them, till the tide of Roman conquest was ultimately rolled back like a "wave from the beach of the surf-beaten shore." But this was not enough for the brave Caledonians, for they often followed the invaders of their country into the Provinces they had acquired by a vast amount of blood and treasure in the southern part of the island, and there made them feel the force of their determined opposition. The Romans protected themselves from these incursions, it is true, by vastly fortified walls running across the whole island, and manned by the bravest soldiers their country could produce. But the northern warriors often dismantled the walls, put the guards to the sword, and carried desolation far beyond them to the south. So that it came to pass after centuries of incessant toil and vain endeavors, during which time they sometimes obtained a bootless victory, but oftener a grave amid the forests and dreary regions of the north, the Romans at last abandoned all hopes of ever being able to subdue the hardy Caledonians. And after destroying the walls and breaking down the fortifications they left the bold inhabitants of the north to enjoy their liberties for which they had contended so long, although at terrible odds, and repose themselves amid their native glens and mountains, around whose summits the stormy mist and winter

tempest gathered ; while they were permitted to pursue and slaughter the deer and wild beasts as they bounded through the forests, unmolested, as their forefathers, the native lords of the soil, had done for centuries before them. It is, we believe, a fact unparalleled in history that a nation of warriors “dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, and which with its great iron teeth had devoured and broken in pieces the nations of the earth;” and compelled them to own its sway, should have been so strangely arrested in the midst of its victorious career by the heroic determination and resistance of the few inhabitants of the northern part of a small island in the Atlantic, considered at the time the most outlandish and savage portion of the earth. And yet it was so ordered that the masters of the world when reaching the borders of this sterile country approached the goal of their victories for ever, and left it the only country in the world they had not been able to subdue. Treasures untold were wasted for the accomplishment of this object. Roman armies in all their full equipment and military grandeur, and more than once headed by a Roman Emperor himself, were led on to overawe the natives, and crush out the last spark of opposition among them. But they failed to do so, although they fought with all their wonted courage, and even the great defeat that the brave and patriotic Galgachus sustained by Agricola at the foot of the Grampians, near Ardoch, only caused him and his disabled followers to retire for a little to recruit

themselves, and breathe more freely amid the heaven-kissing mountains of their glorious rugged country, which was never intended for slaves, in order that they might come back with renewed determination and drive the presumptuous invaders from the soil of their dear native land, which, although considered bleak and dreary to strangers, was sacred in their eyes, and better to them than all other countries besides. Much obscurity hangs over the origin of the history of the early inhabitants of Caledonia, owing to the fact that Edward the First of England caused their monasteries and churches to be ransacked, and the public documents stolen, and carried to London and committed to the flames. This was an easy way of establishing the fact that Scotland had been throughout but a dependence of England! but a species of vandalism that has scarcely a parallel in history. It might have struck the monarch, however, that it would be difficult to reconcile his theory with the previous history of the two countries when it would be remembered that for centuries the Romans held complete control over the southern part of the island, which could hardly be said at any time to have been the case with any part of the north. And if the conquerors of the world were unable to achieve an object so devoutly wished, it is surely incredible that a people broken in spirit by so long subjection to the Romans, should have ever attempted to subdue their more warlike northern neighbors, who had for centuries defended their

liberties against such attempts put forth to destroy them, as have few parallels in history. Like the other nations of northern Europe the early inhabitants of Caledonia no sooner began to acquire a certain degree of learning and refinement than they, in imitation of the ancient Romans, the masters of the world, began to endeavor to trace back their origin to the Egyptians, as they did to the Greeks. And some of their writers have noted with minute particulars and identified the first settlers of the country with a colony that left the banks of the Nile in the days of one of the Pharaohs, and after wandering long in quest of a new abode, settled at last amid the sterile and inhospitable regions of Caledonia. It is needless, however, to say that the statements of such writers are unsupported by facts, and only calculated to tickle the fancy and vain-glory of a people who have nothing else to boast of but the prowess and distinction of their ancestors. It will be nearer the truth when we assert that the early settlers of the country came from Gaul, a country that comprehended the whole of the present France and Belgium in the time of the Romans. The southern portion of the island was peopled from the same source, and Ireland likewise. So that it appeared intended by Providence from the first that these different tribes of people now separated from the rest of Europe from the first, by the waters of the German Ocean, should be united into one people at some future period. Their origin and religion were certainly

similar, as the many places throughout Britain and Ireland that still retain their Celtic names and the remains of not a few Druidical temples at the present time, in a state of considerable preservation, abundantly prove. And this union of the three portions of the British Empire would have been far more quickly and harmoniously carried into effect, but for the selfish and cruel overreaching policy of some of the Kings of England far back in the past, which causes many heart-burnings even at the present day. There can be no doubt, although the mountains and inaccessible retreats of Caledonia, together with the valor of its inhabitants, proved the "chariots and horsemen" of the country at the time of the Roman invasion, but the introduction of Christianity among the natives was of more service than all other things taken together, in moulding the tribes and fitting them for maintaining their freedom. It would be idle to speculate who the persons were who had the honor of bearing the standard of the Cross into this dreary and inhospitable region of the globe at this early period of its history. Christianity, however, must have been introduced into the northern part of the island at a much earlier period than that of the south, and perhaps as far back as the days of the Apostles. We have history for bearing us out that the first martyr for Christ in South Britain was St. Albans, about the beginning of the 4th century, whereas Tertullian, the first of the Latin Fathers,

who lived in Africa toward the close of the second century, whose works have come down to us, declares "that those parts of Britain that were inaccessible to the Romans were subject to Christ." And we can account in a satisfactory way for this rapid spread of Christianity, at so early a period, in the regions of Caledonia. It was the only part of the known world, that had not bowed its neck to the Roman yoke. And while persecution and death awaited the followers of Christ in the Southern Roman Provinces of the island and elsewhere within the pale of the Roman Provinces, they would have found without it a safe retreat from their relentless, persecuting foes. And to these humble followers of the Lamb, the rude inhabitants of Caledonia would listen with much more attention and respect to the simple truths of Christianity, than if they had proceeded from the lips of those who had so long endeavored to enslave and degrade them. And while many believed in them they would inspire them with new vigor and determination against a foe who had every where endeavored to stamp out every spark of civil liberty from the hearts of those they were able to subdue, and above all who had persecuted unto the death the adherents of that pure and humble faith, that had already superseded the rites of Druidism among them, and filled them with patriotic ideas regarding the country of their birth, and elevating notions regarding these future abodes they expected to inhabit after death. The author of the De-

cline and Fall of the Roman Empire, labors to shew in the 15th chap. of his great work, that the rapid spread of Christianity throughout the Roman Empire at the beginning, was owing to five secondary causes, and not to the overruling providence of God at all. These causes he endeavors to illustrate, not in the logical way that might have been expected from his eminent abilities, but with all the brilliancy of style and art of eloquence of which he was a perfect master, with sarcastic insinuations and partial representations of facts and arguments likewise, he endeavors, in a very ungenerous and uncandid way, to degrade Christianity, and hold up its followers to ridicule and contempt. But if this great author had only extended his enquiries beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, and beheld the blessed effects Christianity produced among the natives of Caledonia; how that it had superseded the cruel rites of heathenism; how that it had softened down the hard natures of the natives of the country and nerved them with the true spirit of Christians and of patriots, he would have discarded his secondary causes and ascribed the changes produced to the great First Cause. If Gaul was the original home of the native Caledonians, those who first instructed them in the pure precepts of Christianity must have come from the same country, driven out by the fierce persecutions that raged against the followers of Christ throughout the whole Roman Empire. There is no other way of accounting for the rapid manner Christianity spread among

them at so early a period, but from the identity of language and manners of those who introduced it, and how it could have taken such deep root among those over whose minds the Druids, their native priests, had previously exercised so complete control. This fact, added to the holy and devout lives of the persecuted ones who had come among them, hastened to overturn the previous system of religion established among the people, and ushered in the dawn of a bright and glorious day. The term Culdee was applied to those early Christian professors who fled beyond the limits of the Roman Empire, and sought an asylum in Caledonia from their persecuting foes. Their name was derived from Gille De, servants of God, and Ceal, a secret or sheltered place. Being driven from the home of their fathers for a belief in that faith which was dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments, they became jealous over themselves, lest they should become mixed up in any way with the idolatrous rites of the natives; and thus dwelt in comparative retirement amongst them, and gave themselves up to the worship of God and the instruction of the people. How completely they succeeded in the latter portion of their work, history alone can testify, when it records the fact, that by the middle of the third century the truths of the Gospel had found a ready lodgment in the hearts of a large portion of the natives; and while the Romans were desolating the country with bloodshed and slaughter, the seed of divine truth

had silently deposited itself and begun to spring up, bearing fruit abundantly with its life power, and moulding, transforming influence everywhere witnessed. Nor were the effects of Christianity thus seen confined to Caledonia, but also found their way into the neighbouring islands, and there produced, if possible, even greater results. One of the Culdees, Patrick by name, a native of Kilpatrick, a place near the mouth of the Clyde, seems to have been a man of remarkable gifts, and filled with all the piety and graces of the early apostles and martyrs. He had spent six years of his life in slavery in Ireland, and when he returned back to his native land, and became a convert to Christianity, he was filled with an ardent desire of preaching the Gospel there. In France he appears to have fitted himself for the great work before him, and landing in Ireland in the year 432, about the time the Romans were quitting the British Isles, he commenced and perfected a work among the natives, which, for magnitude and efficiency, has scarcely a parallel in any other country, if we except that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles himself. That this great missionary for Ireland was animated with much of his spirit there cannot be any doubt, for after landing there the greatest possible changes took place. The people of every rank from the Prince to the peasant, flocked to hear him from every part of the island, and received the truth into honest hearts. Ere long he was preaching to the Druids in their great Temple

at Tara, then the capital of Ireland, and even here the Gospel triumphed over error in a remarkable degree. The Druids renounced the bloody rites and superstitions, in connection with their creed, which had so long exercised such baleful sway over them and their adherents, and submitted without remorse to become the faithful followers of the meek and humble Nazarene. The success of this extraordinary man must have been very remarkable, for according to Nennius, 365 churches were founded by him alone, and bishops ordained and set over them. The bishops, however, here were nothing else than simple overseers or pastors, and entirely different from those that now bear that name. The good Archbishop Usher, no mean authority in the matter, in his truthful and ingenuous way is willing to admit this, and that the early Apostolic Church was so constituted. Nor did the Christian efforts of the apostle for Ireland ever lose their influence and become evanescent. These efforts were felt for centuries afterwards in the island, which became one of the most peaceful, contented and enlightened portions of the earth. Its colleges and schools soon became famous everywhere, and students flocked to them from every part of Europe. Its missionaries were likewise scattered throughout the nations, for teaching them the truths that had been so blessed to their own country, and Ireland received the well-merited appellation of the "Island of Saints." The light that was carried from the rugged shores of Scotland,

and produced such marvellous effects in this sister island, was soon reflected back to the place from whence at the first it had emanated, and was doubly felt in the power it savingly produced. Through the practical knowledge of St. Patrick the truth had assumed a more tangible form, in Ireland, than it had yet done in Scotland, and it became the object of some of his successors to build up and organize the Christian Church there on the same model, and to establish educational institutions in connection with it. Accordingly we find Columba crossed from Ireland in the year 563 with a few of his faithful followers, and at Iona, one of the Western Isles, established a missionary college for training up a native ministry, which was long blessed in this work not only to Scotland but to the other nations of Europe. In this hallowed spôt, small but retired, around whose shores the booming billows of the Atlantic had dashed themselves from time immemorial, was placed for many ages the ark of the covenant, and the mercy seat. And from them Jehovah spoke in tones of compassion to the tribes of the mainland that were near, as well as to the nations afar off. Happy Island! though always small and now comparatively desolate, thou hast left behind thee a noble record! and the dust of more sleeping saints and martyrs, composed of kings, lords and peasants, doubtless lies mingled together within thy narrow precincts, than in any other portion of the globe of the same size. Multitudes of anxious travellers may well

hasten anxiously to thy shores from the East and from the West, for if there is a spot of earth that appears more hallowed than another in the eye of Omniscience it must be here. After Columba and his followers had succeeded in establishing themselves firmly in Iona, and formed a number of institutions of the like character as their own throughout Scotland, they directed their efforts to the southern portions of the island. The Venerable Bede informs us that Oswald, the King of Northumberland, was educated at Iona, and when established on the throne he sent for some of its missionaries to convert his subjects to Christianity and establish a college on the model of Iona. They succeeded in doing so at Landesfarne, an island off the coast, and their labors were greatly blessed among the Anglo-Saxons here and also in regions farther south. The inhabitants of the British Isles were thus likely at an early period in their history to become identified and brought together by the elevating and humanizing influences of the Christian faith, but for several unforeseen and untoward occurrences. The Danish pirates began to swarm around the coasts, and sail up the rivers, and commit terrible depredations everywhere. Being particularly opposed to Christianity, and believers in the cruel heathen worship of the Scandinavians, they burnt down the missionary colleges of the Culdees, rifled their churches, and scattered the followers of the pure Christian faith everywhere, and put them to death. Then

followed, with the complete conquest of the Anglo-Saxons in England, mixed up with that of the Danes, a more formal type of Christianity, when these races settled down and adopted its truths, and the Culdees, as their fathers before them, were driven into the mountain fastnesses of Wales, where their pure and simple religion flourished for ages afterwards.

CHAPTER II.

A tribe of native Irish arrived in Caldonia about the end of the third century. At first settled in Argyle, but spread gradually over the country, and settled permanently in it. Carried on war for ages with the natives, but were ultimately united with them. One of their kings crowned King of the United Nation, 843. The name of Scotland given to it after this, which it has ever retained. The Kingdom always independent. Attempts made by English writers and others to prove its dependence on the English Crown failed. Strange that this question should have been ever raised. Romans unable to subjugate the country. The Saxon heptarchy constantly changing, and the kings, engaged among themselves in war, unable to contend with a foreign foe. When the Kingdom of England united prevented by the constant invasion of the Danes from attempting to subdue Scotland. Instead of adding this kingdom to their own, had to deliver up the half of their own to this fierce enemy. The Saxon monarchs always on the best terms with their Scotch neighbors. Scotland a place of refuge for them and their nobles when driven out of the country by the Normans. William the Conqueror sent an expedition into Scotland to compel Malcolm Canmore to deliver up the Malcontents. Failed in its object, though Malcolm compelled to swear fealty to William for the counties he held in England. This did not compromise the independency of the rest of the Kingdom, as William and his successors had to do the same in regard to their

French possessions. Made a reason by the Plantagenet monarchs for claiming superiority over Scotland. The capture of William the Lion, another reason for so doing. Released from his obligations by Richard on his leaving for the Holy Land. The arguments on the subject, contained in the Pope's bull to Edward, unanswerable.

About the close of the third century a tribe of natives from the shores of Ireland passed over in a number of small ships, fitted up for the purpose, and landed in Caledonia. They never returned back, but were destined at all times afterwards to play an important part in the history of the country into which they had come. At first they confined their settlement to the southern portion of Argyle, but as they were followed from time to time by still larger numbers of their countrymen, they began to think of enlarging their possessions, and pushing forward their conquests in all directions. Accordingly, they scattered themselves over extensive mountainous districts of the country. They contended fiercely with the native Caledonians, for the possession of them; and as they gradually gained in strength from large accessions to their numbers from Ireland, they were able to hold them, and form a separate community of their own. Remembering, like emigrants in our own time, with affection the country of their fathers, they impressed the names of the localities they had left behind them on their newly acquired possessions, and many of them retain them at the present day. Bloody wars for centuries were

carried on between them and the Picts, the native inhabitants of the country, who considered them as intruders who ought without ceremony to be driven out of it, as had been done to those who were of much greater importance, and who had made the same attempt before them. But although the war was thus being kept up with various success, and large numbers on either side were slain, both parties began at last to perceive the folly of protracting the struggle, in which such fearful sufferings were endured, and no permanent benefit secured. With mutual consent they dropped the contest, and from being the fiercest enemies they became the most confiding friends. This happy state of feeling was the result to some extent of the numerous inter-marriages that took place amongst those belonging to the different nationalities, but principally to the mild and humanizing influences of Christianity, which began to be a power felt by all. This tended more than anything else to soothe, and tone down the excited feelings betwixt the parties, and arrest the shedding of blood to which they had long become accustomed. The Irish who invaded Caledonia, from the first, were called Scots, although for what reason it is now difficult to decide, as antiquarians are not agreed on the subject; and the original inhabitants of the country were called Picts towards the close of the Roman occupation of the island, because it is supposed they painted themselves in order that they might appear more dreadful to their enemies.

At the union of the two nations, which had long existed separately with kings to reign over them, the name of Picts was dropped, and Kenneth McAlpine, the last of the Scottish kings, in virtue of his being the nearest heir to the Pictish throne, ascended it, while he held possession of his own at the same time, and gave to the whole country the appellation of Scotland. This event took place in the year of our Lord 843, shortly after the bloody wars had terminated over the Heptarchy in the southern part of the island, and when the petty Principalities there, were happily blended into one kingdom, from that time called England. This name the country still retains, being taken from that of the most powerful of the three tribes that came over from Germany at the commencement of the Saxon invasion, (the Angli,) and after it has made for itself the most glorious history which any nation is able to boast of either in ancient or modern times. The Scotland in the days of Kenneth McAlpine was considerably more extensive than it is at the present day. It comprehended the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland and Westmoreland in the north of England. After the union it became a kingdom of no small importance, and continued to exercise throughout the different nations of Europe great power and varied influence, both in a political and religious point of view.

The matrimonial alliances formed by its monarchs, and the members of their families, from

time to time, with several of the heads of the leading powers, often changed the whole aspect of affairs, and acted as a powerful check in restraining their southern neighbors, and especially their kings, who for centuries, owing to their constant interference with the affairs of continental nations, to gratify their warlike propensities and inordinate ambition, were considered as the disturbers of the whole of Europe. One thing, however, we are sure of, if history has any meaning, and that is that Scotland from the first was recognized by all, as a free and independent nation. The question of its not being so was raised several times, it is true, by its southern neighbors, and even at so late a time as when the two nations were to be happily united into one. And it was not only raised, but agitated for selfish and political purposes, with all the heat and rancour that national prejudices and animosities could inspire. But the arguments produced by southern writers were useless, and failed to produce any permanent impression on the minds of the leading politicians of the day. If they had done so, consequences of the worst character to both countries would have followed, for a nation, dependent in the time past on another, and its crown feudatory to it, could not have expected equal terms in the union to be formed; and any thing granted them therefore would have been allowed by their more powerful southern neighbors as a favor and not as a right. But happily their contentings in the past saved them from being placed

in this humbling and derogatory position, and a proud and self-reliant people were looked upon in the same light as the other. The union thus proposed and carried out accordingly, was honorable to the English nation and beneficial to the Scotch, and has cemented for ever, in the bonds of the closest relationships, two nations which, but for several untoward causes we shall afterwards describe, would have been united in the same way long before, and Britannia, as she has ever since been, "would have been loved at home and revered abroad."

"Henceforth, she said, in each returning year, one stem the
thistle and the rose shall bear;
The thistle's lasting grace—thou, O my rose, shalt be: the
warlike thistle's arm a sure defence to thee."

To us, indeed, who live at this late period of the world's history, it appears strange that the question of the independence of Scotland should have ever been raised at all. But for the selfishness, injustice and cruel dealings of one of England's monarchs, it would not have been so, and the strange way he adopted in carrying out his views, showed that *even he* had his doubts on the subject. The Romans, as we found before, left that country unsubdued, and hastened to defend the heart of their Empire, sorely assailed by the tribes of northern Europe. And not only so, but the natives of South Britain, so long accustomed to their protection, had become weak and helpless, and left exposed to the attacks of the Picts and Scots, who

united together, marched southward, and would have certainly conquered them, had they not sued for assistance from another quarter. For in their extremity they called into the country the Saxons, who, although they repulsed the northerners, and were at the first considered as friends, became the most cruel foes the natives ever had. They settled down without ceremony, and drove out the inhabitants. But they were not able to do so after they began to perceive how they had been deceived, till after they had offered the most heroic resistance; and before they retired to France, and were forced to settle in the mountainous districts of Wales, they took terrible revenge on their faithless invaders. Prince Arthur especially, King of South Wales, distinguished himself in these struggles. Like another Caractacus, who resisted the Roman power for nine long years, and whose successor he was, he defended his own and the territories of the neighboring princes from the fierce attacks of the Germans, vanquishing their chiefs in twelve battles, and putting many of them to the sword. Had this brave man not been betrayed and put to death by his own nephew, he might have acted throughout like another Wallace, and rid the country of a cruel and perfidious enemy. But though the Saxons drove back the Picts and Scots into their native land, they had neither the strength nor ability to follow them thither, or threaten in any way to make them dependent upon them. During the whole time of

the Heptarchy in England, its kings were at constant war among themselves; the bounds of the seven States were constantly changing, and it was impossible for the arms of any of its kings to be directed against a foe, excepting a neighboring prince perhaps, who chanced to invade his petty domain. No bond of union existed among them, even in regard to mutual rights, or the protection of such rights, and it could never have been imagined that any attempt would have been made to invade those of a powerful and warlike nation, who had enjoyed them from the earliest period of their history. Again, when England was formed into one kingdom, it soon began to be threatened by an enemy from abroad, far more formidable than the Picts or Scots, who not only attempted the destruction of its liberty, but its very existence was found to be at stake. The race of fierce warriors who did so were originally, like themselves, from the forests of Germany, but had been worsted, like many other tribes, by Charlemagne in battle, and driven out of their country. They moved northward, settled in Denmark, and became the monarchs of the ocean for many a day. They were men of great size, blue eyes, ruddy complexion and yellow streaming hair; and as they made war their profession, thus became terrible to all the nations around them. Being of the Scandinavian stock, they were the sincere worshippers of Odin and Thor, the heathen gods of their forefathers, and hated those with no common hatred, who had renounced

their worship, as the Saxons in England had now done. By the time that Egbert ascended the throne of that country, they had fitted up a large fleet of light-bottomed skiffs, landed at Tynmouth, and continued their ravages along the coast till defeated by him at Cornwall. But after this, though often repulsed, they became the terror and dread of the whole country; for, after making a sudden descent on a certain part of the coast, they sailed up the rivers, burnt the towns and villages, and scattering themselves everywhere, carried away the inhabitants and their possessions indiscriminately. The favorite amusement of their soldiers, was to toss the helpless children on the points of their spears; and one of their celebrated chieftains, for his dislike to this cruel sport, received the contemptuous surname of Burnakal, or child-preserver. They continued their invasions with unceasing ferocity, till the whole country was reduced to a state of helplessness and bondage, and the nobles and people, worn out by incessant harrassments, urged their sovereign to come to terms with them, which he did by assigning them the half of the kingdom. Nearly the whole time of the united Saxon monarchy, the state of things above described was continued, and if the petty monarchs of the Heptarchy were rendered feeble and utterly helpless in the way of attacking the Scots or of reducing them under their control, it was more so when the nation became consolidated; but had to contend with such various success against the in-

vasions of the fierce and remorseless enemies above referred to, who so frequently visited their shores with such disastrous consequences. During the whole of this changeful, trying and bloody period of English history, the Saxons lived on the best of terms with their northern neighbors; and the princes and nobles of each country often intermarried into the families of one another. When conquered by the Normans and driven out of their native country, Scotland was the place to which they fled for safety; and the Court there was the grand refuge for all who wished to be free, and who disdained to bow their neck to the yoke of the oppressor. Soon after the Norman conquest, Edgar Atheling, the heir to the Saxon throne, and his sister Margaret fled to Scotland, and received a warm reception from Malcolm Canmore, the monarch of the country. They both took up their residence at Dunfermline, where the kings of Scotland then resided, and the fair Margaret was soon united in marriage to the Scottish monarch. She did much to encourage religion, industry, and every good work among her northern subjects; and through her influence Malcolm assumed more than any of his predecessors the state and appearance of a real king. Their daughter Matilda was afterwards married to Henry the First of England, which fortunately united the rival races, and blended the blood of the Kings of Scotland and England together in all time coming. Soon after the marriage of the King of Scotland, a great rising of

the Saxons took place in the north of England. They put to death a large number of their Norman oppressors at Durham, and laid siege to the city of York. While there they were joined by Edgar Atheling, who hastened from Dunfermline to join the insurrection. But all the attempts of the Saxons to gain their liberty were in vain, for although they took York, the fierce and warlike William, with a large host of Normans, was soon before the gates of the city, which they carried at the point of the sword; and turning with fiendish cruelty into the country districts, they wasted them with fire and sword, and left a vast wilderness and heaps of ruins behind them, which were visible a century afterwards. Enraged that Edgar Atheling and other Saxon malcontents, should find a refuge in Scotland, and assist the insurgents, William sent an expedition into the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, then pertaining to that country, with a view to compel Malcolm to deliver them up. It failed, however, in accomplishing the object contemplated by the fierce Norman, although Malcolm and his successors on the throne had to do homage to the English kings afterwards for these counties. This was one of the arguments adduced for the subjection of Scotland; but if we take into account the feudal ideas that then prevailed all over the countries of Europe, this homage paid to England for the possessions held there, in no way interfered with the independence of the rest of the Kingdom. Many

of the other sovereigns of Europe, without being understood to compromise their royal dignity, were in the same position; and for ages the kings of England themselves were vassals to the monarchs of France, for the large possessions they held in that country, and were bound to perform feudal services accordingly. Strange, however, as it may appear, this was one of the principal grounds on which some of the Plantagenet monarchs rested their right to their superiority over the kingdom of Scotland afterwards. This right, it is true, was never assumed to be possessed by the early Norman kings amid all their cruelties, and unprincipled actings. They were too much busied in keeping down Saxon insurrections and conspiracies, and in introducing the laws and manners of the Normans, among the subjugated inhabitants of the country, to raise such a foolish question. And their own dubious title to the English throne, often required all their skill and ingenuity to maintain themselves upon it, without in any way being solicitous to raise new claims to the Crown of Scotland, which they had neither the power nor inclination to maintain. But beside the causes adverted to, an unexpected calamity befel one of the monarchs of that country, at a later date, which encouraged the English to reduce it, and to bring it into a state of dependence to their own. Henry the Second occupied the throne of England when this calamity occurred, and although he displayed great ability as a statesman,

and heroic daring as a warrior, he was nevertheless proud, ambitious and faithless as most of his ancestors happened to be before him. David, the King of Scotland, his uncle, had knighted him at Carlisle, and fought bravely for his mother while contending with Stephen for the Crown of England; but all these acts of kindness were soon forgotten, when he ascended the throne of that country. He was inflamed with an intense desire of adding Scotland, as he had done Ireland, to his dominions; and used the most unjustifiable means for so doing. Finding Malcolm IV., the grandson of David, a very weak and effeminate prince, he duped him out of the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, and taking him over into France he caused him to appear as an enemy of the king of that country, who had been the hereditary ally of Scotland. Malcolm was succeeded by his brother William, surnamed the Lion, on account of his wearing the figure of the *lion rampant* upon his shield. He was a much braver man than his brother, felt irritated that Scotland should have been robbed of a part of her possessions through the weakness of her late king, and the duplicity of Henry of England, and resolved, if possible, to regain by force of arms what had been so ignominiously lost. Collecting a considerable force he invaded England, but was surprised while enveloped in a mist near Alnwick, taken prisoner by English troops and handed over to Henry. Thinking this a favorable opportunity of vanquishing Scotland, while its king was in

captivity, the perfidious English monarch marched an army into that country and began to waste and destroy it. But Gilchrist, the Earl of Angus, boldly marched to meet him, and before he had proceeded farther than Carlisle, defeated him and dispersed his army. Foiled in this attempt the King clung more firmly to his prisoner, and refused to liberate him, unless under conditions that were both humbling to him and disastrous to Scotland. He extorted a large sum of money for his liberation, and not only so, but demanded homage for his whole kingdom. William might have had the right to agree to the payment of the money, provided it was paid from his own private means ; but to dispose of rights that were sacredly vested in the Estates of the kingdom was altogether beyond his control. Besides it is questionable, whether conditions thus extorted from him while deprived of his freedom, were even binding on himself, and certainly they were not binding on the nation at large. It is a happy circumstance, however, to know that all difficulties in the matter were soon removed ; for at the death of Henry, the Lion-hearted Richard his son, solemnly renounced the claim of homage, and absolved William from the hard conditions his ambitious, and ungenerous father had imposed upon him in the hour of his severe trial. For to rule England and disturb Scotland was not the object of Richard's ambition. He burned to win glory on the plains of Palestine, and cause the enemies of Christianity to tremble

there. For this he lost sight of every other object. For this he wasted the large sums of money his father had hoarded up; but in doing so displayed such daring valor, and achieved such splendid victories abroad, as will ever make him, with all his faults, a favorite with every class.

“Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard’s hand.”

This prince at the same time possessed such an unbounded, generous nature, and displayed such accomplishments in the finer arts as have rendered him dear; independently of his great skill in arms and brilliant military achievements, to all the lovers of poetry and song.

Strange as it might seem, this claim of sovereignty over Scotland, so entirely and solemnly renounced by the chivalrous and generous Richard, should have been taken up by one of his successors a century afterwards, and unjustly adhered to. For, as might have been expected, the claim put forth would be doggedly resisted, although advanced by the mightiest monarch of Europe at the time. And not only so, but torrents of the best blood of the country would be shed, rather than submit to what was believed by the people to be at the time an unrighteous usurpation. The hard feelings it impressed on their minds it was difficult afterwards to remove; and feuds and dissensions were engendered, which required cen-

turies to compose. . That Edward had no right to any feudal superiority over the kingdom of Scotland, must already have appeared evident to every one who has carefully attended to the statements we have already adduced. And that he should have put forth his unjust claims to it, in the midst of the distracted state of the nation, makes every one who wishes for justice feel the more harshly towards him. That the leading potentates of Europe, at the time must have entertained such thoughts, there can be little or no doubt, as we will now be prepared to show in the winding up of this chapter. For even the Roman Pontiff himself appeared so struck with the injustice of the claim, when the real facts of the case were laid before him, as compelled him to interfere, and admonish and threaten Edward in regard to his extraordinary conduct in the matter. As being the Lord spiritual whom Edward always professed to acknowledge as his superior, he considered he had a right to do so; and the bull he issued and caused to be delivered to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at great personal risk and inconvenience, while he found him warring in Scotland, devastating the country, and shedding the blood of its brave inhabitants, shewed how much he disapproved of his conduct; and was alike honorable to his head and heart. "Your Royal Highness," the bull of Pope Boniface goes on to say, "may have heard, and we doubt not that but the truth is fast locked up in your memory, that neither you nor

any of your ancestors, kings of England, enjoyed any feudal superiority over the kingdom of Scotland. Your father, Henry, King of England, when in the wars between him and Simon de Montford he requested the assistance of Alexander, the third King of Scotland, did, by his letters-patent, acknowledge that he received such assistance not as due to him, but as a special favor. When you yourself requested the presence of the same monarch at the solemnity of your coronation, you in like manner, by letters-patent, entreated it as a matter of favor and not of right. Moreover, when the King of Scotland did homage to you for his lands in Tynedale and Penrith, he solemnly declared that his homage was paid not for the kingdom of Scotland, but for his lands in England ; that as King of Scotland, he was independent and owed no fealty, which restricted homage you did receive. Again, when Alexander the Third died, leaving as heiress to the crown a granddaughter in her minority, the wardship of this infant was not conferred on you, which it would have been had you been Lord superior, but was given to certain nobles of the kingdom chosen for that purpose." By such pungent arguments as the above the Pope urged the English monarch to renounce his claims to the superiority of the kingdom of Scotland, and at the same time to release from prison all bishops and ecclesiastics he had incarcerated for resisting such a claim. And in order to make the arguments still more imposing,

the Prelate added his own admonitions, assuring the King, in the presence of his son, the Prince of Wales, and many of the English nobility who were engaged at the time at the siege of the castle of Caerlaverock, "that Jerusalem would not fail to protect her children, and to cherish like Mount Zion those who trusted in the Lord."

CHAPTER III.

Necessary to sketch the life of Edward of England. No monarch whose life is so little known or understood by his own countrymen. His military achievements have blinded the historians of that country to his injustice and terrible cruelties. If his real character were known he would be considered as one of the worst and most unprincipled kings that ever sat on the English throne. The first of his ambitious projects was to subdue Wales. Provoked an unjust quarrel with the native prince of that country. Defeated him and his troops in their wild retreats. Llewellyn thus fell fighting bravely for the liberties of his country. His head cut off, crowned with ivy by the cruel conqueror, and set up on the tower gate of London. Wales being subdued, the English monarch directs his attention to Scotland for the same purpose. Appointed umpire for the throne amid the numerous competitors. Previous to his giving his decision required the competitors to do homage to him as Lord paramount of that country. Gave his decision on behalf of Baliol, who was only a puppet king. Rebelled at last. Defeated and compelled to resign the crown, which Edward claimed for himself.

Before commencing the life of Wallace it will be necessary to refer briefly to that of Edward the 1st. of England, as it was through his cruel exactions and oppressions in Scotland that our patriot was first forced on the stage of public life as the asserter of the liberties of his oppressed country. It is necessary to do so, as a truthful life of that monarch yet remains to be written. Many attempts have been made in this direction, and glowing

periods have been written to show the heroic deeds of the warrior, and the sagacious, politic bearing of the king, who did more, it is asserted, than any of those monarchs that went before or followed after him, in extending and building up the English Empire within the limits at least of the British Isles. But such writers have only given us the bright side of the picture, and have carefully kept back anything that would cast a dark cloud, over the character of their ideal king in the eyes of their confiding countrymen. And we venture to affirm that modern times scarcely afford such another example, where the historic muse has been so sadly prostituted to serve a purpose as in the case referred to. If the real facts of Edward's reign had been chronicled with a truthful pen, and nothing, however derogatory to him, kept back, we venture to say whatever halo of glory and military greatness hangs round his character as a great captain, he would have been considered by all impartial judges as one of the worst and most unprincipled of England's kings, and the incessant disturber of the peace of his native island, and also of Europe at large. The conduct of the historians of ancient Egypt, forms a strange contrast to that of the English, in dealing with the truths of history. By the laws of that country, a faithful record was kept of passing events by an unknown hand. The virtues and the vices of the reigning monarch were carefully chronicled, and at his demise were read in the hearing of his suc-

cessor, before he was allowed to ascend the throne. This was with a view of acting as a healthy check on him in after life, that he might shun the evil, and imitate the virtuous deeds of his predecessor. If this had been done in England, the son of Edward might have been prevented from afterwards falling into the hands of assassins; and many other calamities been averted which afterwards overtook the nation. Edward's father died while he was absent in the Holy Land on a crusading expedition, where his exploits were few and insignificant. On his return to England two years after his father's death, he was crowned at Westminster with great pomp and ceremony. His brother-in-law, Alexander the Third of Scotland, was present on the occasion, who, for his character and previous military exploits, held an important position in the eyes of the other monarchs of Europe. No sooner was Edward seated on the throne of his fathers, than the first great aim of his ambition was to conquer Wales. The attempt had often been made by his predecessors before, but had always failed; but the bold and unprincipled Edward, nothing discouraged, went to the task with the full assurance that *he* would succeed. It mattered not that the Welsh before this had for centuries enjoyed their independence against all odds. That the Roman and Saxon invaders, although they had driven them out of England, durst not follow them into the inaccessible retreats which nature secured for them amid

their poor, but free, beautiful and mountainous country. Edward resolved to accomplish what neither Roman nor Saxon would dare to attempt before him; and add Wales to his already widely extended kingdom in England, Ireland and France. But how were hostilities to be commenced against a nation that were at peace with him? And how was Llewellyn, the Welsh prince, to be dragged into the conflict while seeking no cause of quarrel with him? Edward solved the difficulties by a species of fraud and imposition which, excepting the repetition of the same kind of dishonesty, when he unjustly interfered in the affairs of the Scotch nation, and ultimately claimed the crown of that country for himself, has hardly an equal in history. He demanded homage of the Welsh prince, for his possessions that had been handed down to him free and unfettered for upwards of a thousand years. He knew he had no right to do so, and that the Welsh prince would resent the affront. But this was all he wanted to commence hostilities, which, when begun, were carried on with a degree of tenacity, perseverance and unmitigated cruelty that was characteristic of the man, in all his warlike proceedings afterwards. Preparations having been made on a gigantic scale for the invasion of the country, troops were drawn from foreign parts, trained to mountain warfare, and poured without reserve into Llewellyn's country. For five long years was this cruel work persevered in without any interruption; the

country laid waste by fire and sword, and the poor inhabitants mercilessly put to death, without regard to age, or rank, or sex. Even those immortal bards, whose lives were always considered sacred by the most savage conquerors in all time previous, could not escape his bloody and unsparing hand. They were possessed of an undying love for their country. They sung of the noble exploits of their heroic forefathers, and they infused a spirit of liberty and of resistance into the minds of their countrymen, which all the hordes that Edward could bring into the field could ill resist. But without any compunction or ceremony he barbarously put them to death, although contrary to the notions of all civilized nations. History only affords another cruel example of the same kind, afforded by Nero, the Roman Emperor, who has been held up for this and other cruelties of a kindred nature, as the greatest monster recorded in history. The author of the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," and other well-known poems, refers, although an Englishman, to this dark episode in the conquest of Wales in the following feeling and highly poetic strain :

" Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait !
Though fanned by conquest's crimsoned wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears."

Having removed this and every other obstruction out of the way, Edward followed the Welsh troops into their mountain fastnesses of Snowdon and Plynlimmon. They inflicted terrible losses on the barbarous hordes that dared to venture so far in pursuit of them, although, when worn out by famine and incessant harrassments, they were at last compelled to yield to forces far superior in numbers and better equipped than their own. Llewellyn, the brave Welsh prince, impelled by some ancient prediction that he was to be the restorer of the line of Britain's ancient sovereigns, was induced to come down from his mountain retreats, march into Radnorshire with a large army, and cross the Wye, for the purpose of carrying the war into the enemy's country, and realizing the truth of the prediction. While unavoidably absent, however, from his army, it was surprised and defeated, and he himself hastening to the scene of disaster, and finding that all was lost, rushed into the midst of the enemy and fell fighting amid heaps of the slain. The person of this brave prince was afterwards discovered, his head cut off from his mangled body, and sent to London. There it was crowned with ivy, and fixed upon the gate of the Tower, at Edward's command, to mark his cruel and relentless spirit, and the indignity he wished to shew towards one who had died gloriously as a hero and patriot in the defence of the liberties of his country. And yet, with all these facts standing out in his-

tory, but which have too often been slurred over, English writers have referred with glowing satisfaction to the conquest of the Welsh, and to the sagacity, military skill and heroic daring of Edward in connection with it. But the cruelly unjust cause of the war, the savage manner it was carried on, the massacre of the bards and the shameful treatment their prince received, have been matters that have seldom been referred to; but which, if they had, would have gone far to lessen the estimate the English have continued to entertain of a ruler, who, however brave and successful as a warrior, was unjust, vindictive and cruel in his actings on most occasions.

No sooner was the conquest of Wales accomplished than the political horizon in Scotland became dark, and the community sank into utter despair. The good King Alexander had been suddenly cut off, and had left his grandchild, the daughter of the King of Norway, an infant, to succeed him on the throne. With the consent of her father, Edward proposed a marriage between her and the Prince of Wales, his son, and the nuptials were fully agreed upon at a meeting of the Scottish Estates held at Brigham in the month of July, 1290. But, as if to forewarn the nation that dark days were in store for it, Margaret, the Maid of Norway, as she has been called, sickened and died suddenly at Orkney, before being allowed to take possession of the throne of her fathers. It would be difficult to find a time in any nation

when so much happiness and misery depended on the life of one individual; and now that she was gone, the kingdom became fearfully disturbed, and the hearts of the good and patriotic began to fail them for fear. For she was the last descendant of Alexander, the "Alfred of Scotland," and had survived her grandfather only four years. And now that she was gone, no near relation of that monarch was to be found to succeed her on the throne, and fierce and powerful competitors would set up their claims to it, which would only be decided by an appeal to the sword. Symptoms of this kind had already begun to manifest themselves, for Bruce, the Earl of Annandale, with a powerful train of followers, had advanced to Perth. The Earls of Mar and Athole had assembled their clans, and Baliol, who was in England, was strongly urged by his friends in Scotland, to advance to the borders and keep his claims to the crown, before the people of the country. In a word, the nation was stirred to its utmost depths, and all these fierce and discontented spirits, to whom peace could confer no favor, and confusion and change might add some considerable gain and distinction, issued forth from their forts, and mountain holds, allured by the bright prospect of plunder presented before them, and the large amount of confusion that must necessarily ensue. In this trying emergency the eyes of the good and patriotic were directed towards the King of England, and he was appointed umpire to settle

the succession to the throne of Scotland. Amid the various competitors that presented themselves, it was thought that he would act with justice and honor in the selection he would make, and for kindnesses he had already received at the hands of the nation, and of their late monarch, this much might have been expected of him. He could not have forgotten that in 1267, when Henry the Third, his late father, and he were driven to the greatest extremities by the Earl of Gloucester, and other Barons, whom their cruel exactions had forced to take up arms, aided by the citizens of London, who were wild and furious against them; and when the enraged assailants besieged them in the Tower with a large force, from which it was impossible to extricate themselves, and when their lives were in imminent danger; how in their last extremity they had applied to Alexander, King of Scotland, who hastened to their rescue with 30,000 men and relieved them from their perilous condition. Besides all this he was a near connection of the late king and of his daughter, and all things considered it might have been supposed he would have acted justly in the matter, and been careful not to betray the trust that a confiding people had generously reposed in him. But gratitude for past favors was no characteristic of Edward's, and history affords no other example of such tortuous, unprincipled and selfish policy as he manifested from the outset, when he began to concern himself with the affairs of Scotland. But the truth is

from the first he set his heart on the acquisition of the country; and when the factions became rampant an English historian informs us, he could not conceal his exultation from his privy councilors, but declared to them that the time had come to reduce Scotland under his sway, as effectually as he had already completed the subjection of Wales. But yet, although he rejoiced to see everything tending to anarchy and confusion, with that prudent caution which formed a prominent feature in his character, he carefully concealed his purposes, and waited for the time when, with the nation's consent, he could interfere without suspicion in the political affairs of the country. At the same time he neglected no opportunity of evincing the most sincere friendship for all concerned, and expressed confidence that the troubles might soon terminate; while he was carefully devising means to augment them, and undermine and destroy the liberties of the country. At this time many of the nobles of Scotland were of Norman extraction, and held large possessions in Scotland and England, and over several of these Edward exercised great influence. Baliol in particular, one of the competitors for the Scotch crown, had been won over to his interest, although then this was not known to others, and had the meanness of being willing to accept the crown at his hand, although as his vassal, which he was too willing to endeavor to grant him. All things being now ready for the English king to carry

out his purposes, in virtue of the power delegated to him as umpire in the succession to the throne, he commanded the barons of the northern counties of England to meet him with their whole force at Norham, on the 3rd of June, 1291, while the nobility, clergy, and barons of Scotland were enjoined to assemble at the same place a month earlier, for the purpose of deliberating on the succession to the throne, and terminating the commotion that prevailed in the country. The real purport of the meeting, however, was to inveigle the nation, and force the nobles amid their divided interests to acknowledge him as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and ultimately to secure the crown for himself. When the assembly had convened, Edward addressed it through his High Justiciar. He professed to deplore the difficulties the nation was in, and to regard them with love and affection notwithstanding of the same. He stated that he had called them together to do justice to the competitors for the crown, which work had been assigned him by the consent of the nation. That he had undertaken a long journey as Superior and Lord Paramount of the kingdom of Scotland, and in such capacity he wished to administer speedy and ample justice to all. My master, therefore, adds the High Justiciar in a tone of authority and self-importance, requires of each and all of you, the prelates, nobles and barons of Scotland, to acknowledge him as your true and undoubted Lord Superior, from whom you hold

your lands, and whose decision as such you are bound to obey. The whole assembly stood as if petrified when listening to such statements, and gazed upon one another with astonishment for some time without giving any reply. At last one of their number, bolder than the others, dared to break silence, stood up and declared that this was the first time that they had ever heard that the King of England possessed the right of superiority over Scotland; and without violating the oaths taken after the death of their late king, they could not come to any resolution regarding it without having time to deliberate, and consult the people. Irritated by this bold reply, the irascible king stood up and swore by holy Edward, whose crown he wore, that he would vindicate his just rights to the crown of Scotland or perish in the attempt. Still the Scots requested delay, but with all their earnestness for it, Edward finding that he had them completely under his control, only granted them three weeks for the consideration of this important matter. In that short period he knew that amid the divided state of the country and the intrigues of the competitors for the crown, no force of any consequence could be collected to thwart his unjust purposes; and that everything would turn out as he had anticipated. In this he was not disappointed, as the meeting that was to take place three weeks after will show. The 2nd of June dawned brightly on ancient Norham's "castled steep," and a scene was to be witnessed

around its massive walls that was to give it a degree of importance in all time coming. The castle stood on a steep bank of the Tweed, about six miles up from Berwick. In all the border wars it occupied an important position, and was often in the hands of the Scotch, as well as those of the English. Its extensive ruins still show it to have been a place of great magnificence and of strength, and, although the fierce combatants that contended for its possession have long since been forgotten; in its sombre ruins it still graces Tweed's fair river, deep and broad, as its silvery waters hasten on to the sea, and looks forth on some of the most romantic scenery that the eye can gaze upon. Nine combatants for the Scottish crown had hastened to cross the borders with a vast number of their respective vassals and nobles and barons, who had arrayed themselves in their interests. They wished to be in time at Norham to await the decision of a false umpire for the succession to the Scottish crown; although his previous utterances had assured them that the successful candidate would have to forswear for ever the independence of his country. Edward had taken up his residence here some time before the day appointed for the decision, and the *elite* of England had crowded within the walls of the massive buildings. On the day appointed, the prelates, nobles and barons of Scotland assembled in Holywell Haugh, a level plain opposite the castle, and awaited with breathless anxiety to hear the name of the

successful candidate for the crown heralded forth; but in this they were disappointed. The king brought them together only for the purpose of riveting the chains for ever on them and the nation, and when he had accomplished this, all other things were of minor importance in his eyes. The bishop of Bath and Wells was appointed to open the conference, and in doing so informed the competitors that the first step to be taken was to acknowledge Edward, his master, as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and in virtue of this right, when formally recognized by the competitors, would he proceed to determine the succession to the throne. Then turning to Bruce, the Lord of Annandale, and Baliol, and enquiring whether they would be content to receive judgment in this capacity as competitors for the crown and to abide by the decision, they unhesitatingly replied that they were content to await justice at his hands as Lord Superior of Scotland, and forthwith affixed their seals to an instrument which recorded their solemn surrender of the liberty of their country. The rest of the competitors for the crown imitated their example, and for an empty bauble deliberately committed a crime that for many a year to come brought ruin and desolation on the country, and reflected disgrace upon their descendants in all time coming. Edward having gained his point was in no way anxious to fulfil his previous promise, but affecting much difficulty and gravity in the matter, which long before this was settled in

his own mind, broke off the conference after receiving the homage of Bruce, Baliol and the other competitors, and sending copies of the oaths of fealty and of the proceedings regarding the right of his superiority to the various monasteries throughout Scotland. Meanwhile, to blind the eyes of Bruce and the other competitors (excepting Baliol, who knew what the result would be) he appointed commissioners from both countries to assist him in the decision. He travelled through Scotland demanding of freemen of all ranks and conditions to take the oaths of fealty to himself, and if not in name, at least in deed, virtually installed himself as the real sovereign of the country. Putting off the claims of the respective candidates from time to time he at last held a meeting of his Parliament at Berwick in the autumn of the same year, and in the presence of a large number of nobles and prelates from both countries declared John Baliol to be the lawful monarch of Scotland; because he declared it had been established by the laws of England and of Scotland that the more remote in degree in the first line, which he happened to be from Alexander the Third, had ever been held to exclude the nearer in the second degree, which Bruce was. He then, with a large amount of parade, demanded the regent of Scotland to hand over the castles and fortresses into the hands of their sovereign, broke the great seal of the country in four pieces and deposited the fragments in the English treasury;

and when he had once more sworn fealty to his Lord Paramount, the puppet king repaired to Scone with his partisans to go through the mock ceremony of a coronation. But he was soon convinced that he was less a king than a vassal of his English master, and that Edward was resolved to stretch the prerogative that had been foolishly assigned to him to the utmost extent. Summons after summons was issued by Edward for Baliol to appear before him in London on the most frivolous pretence. They were supposed to be intended to irritate the silly monarch and goad him on to resistance. But whether they were so or not, Baliol found his kingly power only a nullity; and goaded on to rebellion he shook off the yoke of his imperious master and procured the Pope's absolution from the oath of fealty he had so rashly taken. Edward, hearing of this, advanced to Berwick with a powerful army and fleet, and attacked this rich and wealthy place, at that time the rival of London, and took it, carrying away a large amount of booty; while men, women and children were promiscuously put to death, and for days the streets ran red with blood. It has never since raised its head among the commercial cities of the country. Edward next resolved upon making himself master of the castle of Dunbar, at that time one of the most important strongholds in Scotland. The Earl of Surrey was despatched for this purpose, the Scotch army was defeated in the neighborhood, the castle taken, and, as the

country was now at the mercy of the victor. Baliol was compelled to resign his crown and carried a prisoner to London, where he remained for three years in confinement in the Tower till he was released at the intercession of the King of France and sent over to that country, where he died of a broken heart, neglected and forgotten. Everything had now turned out according to Edward's wishes in Scotland, and with the feelings of a vandal he proceeded to destroy everything that established the ancient independence of that country. He carried off the chair of state in which the kings of Scotland were seated on the day of their coronation. He plundered the monasteries of the documents that went to establish the antiquity and independence of the nation. He carried along with him the crown and sceptre, and after receiving the homage of the clergy and nobles and appointing a governor and other English officials in his name, with a new seal with the arms of England upon it, he returned in triumph to England, no doubt thinking his work was now finally accomplished. But with all the deep-laid policy, injustice and cruelty of this crafty monarch, he soon found he was sadly mistaken in all his calculations in regard to the conquest of Scotland. It is true for years afterwards he brought the nation to the brink of ruin, and his own people to the brink of bankruptcy in maintaining a bloody war at an enormous expense, in which oceans of blood were shed, but no real benefit was derived. He trans-

formed two friendly nations that had previously lived on terms of friendship and good-will into the most bitter enemies. By his unjust and insane pretensions to the Scottish crown he turned whole counties north and south of the Tweed, the most fertile in the island, into deserts, and their inhabitants into robbers and cut-throats. But happily for the good of both nations his object was never attained, for when a dark funereal pall hung over the nation, and the nobles hid themselves for fear and dread, Providence raised up one who was destined to dissipate the gloom, and to assure his countrymen that liberty, however dearly bought, was preferable to everything else.

CHAPTER IV.

Wallace's birth-place and parentage. Of Norman extraction.

His progenitors possibly came to Scotland about the time of Henry the First of England, and appear as witnesses in the signing of Royal charters to two Abbeys, which afterwards became famous. A large tract of land conceded to his ancestors by the Steward of Scotland in the Kyle. All of them animated with strong patriotic feelings. His father and brother both slain by the English. And Wallace forced to flee from his paternal home. Cast upon the care of his mother and unele, both of whom faithfully performed their duties. Removed to the Seminary at Dundee, and there properly instructed. The Seminaries attached to the churches up to the requirements of the times. The opposite opinion often entertained. While here a strong attachment sprung up between Wallace and a young Benedictine Monk, which continued throughout life. An association likewise formed among the youths of the Seminary to maintain patriotic feelings and chasten the insolence of the English soldiers. Through insults offered, Wallace so provoked as to slay the governor's son ; the act excited great commotion and caused him to flee from the town. Outlawed, and a great price put upon his head ; closely pursued by his enemies, and compelled for many weeks to conceal himself in the thickets of the forest. At last made known to his friends his place of concealment and communicated with them. At the entreaty of his mother moved far away to a place of security.

William Wallace was born at Ellerslie, near Paisley, in the County of Renfrew, Scotland, on

the 5th day of August, 1270. He was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, and his mother was daughter of Sir Reginald Crawford, sheriff of Ayr. Although not descended of one of the greatest and richest families of the country his progenitors were nevertheless respectable and honorable. They were said to have come originally from Normandy, in France, whose inhabitants, for their heroic deeds, were long celebrated over the whole of Europe. At first they settled in England, some time after the Norman conquest of it, and for aught we know, the blood of some famous knight, who led a forlorn hope on the ensanguined field of Hastings, tingled in their veins. But although the same knight might have assisted to sweep away the Saxon Monarchy after it had endured for upwards of six hundred years, with the brave Harold, the last of its sovereigns, at its head, who fell, sword in hand, toward the close of a smiling but eventful October day ; one of his descendants, the subject of our memoir, lived to prove the most terrible enemy Edward, the hammer of Scotland, and great successor of William the Conqueror, ever had. It was long after the Norman conquest of England, before any of the name of Wallace turns up in Scotland. The first of them appears towards the close of the reign of Beuclerc, who was married to Matilda, the daughter of the King of Scotland. The relations at this time were close and confiding between the two kingdoms. Great numbers

of English Norman knights sought for military distinction under the banners of the King of Scotland, and as a reward for their services, large tracts of land were assigned to many of them north of the Tweed. In this way, in all likelihood, the first of the Wallaces made their appearance. For one of them turns up as witnessing to a charter to the Abbey of Melrose, granted by the King, in 1128, and strange to say, thirty years afterwards his son, Richard Wallace, appears in the same connection, when the Lord High Steward of Scotland granted a charter of the same kind to the Abbey of Paisley ; which marks out the family of Wallace at this early period as men of high trust and religious bearing. The same powerful baron gave the Wallace family a large grant of land in the district of Kyle, of which Ellerslie formed a part, so that at the time of the birth of our hero, Sir Malcolm Wallace, his father, was one of the most powerful of the lesser barons to be found in the western part of Scotland. But although descended of a Norman English stock, he was a true Scotchman and patriot in all his feelings. He beheld with distress the woeful condition to which his country had been reduced, through the wrongs and the cruelties inflicted on it by Edward, the usurper of the Scottish crown. And if tradition be correct he inspired his eldest son with the same feelings, for, rather than swear fealty to Edward, he died fighting manfully by his father's side for the liber-

ties of his country. This melancholy circumstance took place while William Wallace was a mere child, which threw him entirely on the care of his mother, a woman of singular beauty, great resolution and ardent piety mixed up with heroic courage and fervent patriotism. She proved that she was worthy of such a son, and though she lived in a benighted age, her mind rose above all its degrading tendencies, and she largely imbued her son with a love for God's Word, which he found afterwards a strong tower and rock of defence in the most trying circumstances, and impressed upon his mind an ardent desire for ever speaking the truth, and acting on honest convictions in whatever circumstances he might be placed. At the same time she ever wished him to cherish an ardent love for the memories of the beloved ones who had been so ruthlessly slain, and who had freely devoted their lives to the service of their country. So much, indeed, were these feelings engraven from the first on an otherwise ardent and sensitive heart, that at the time they were only beginning to manifest themselves in ordinary youths of the same age, and at this trying period of their country's history, they had become strong as death in the bosom of our hero. He brooded incessantly over the degradation of his country, and also over his friends who had been so ruthlessly slain, and as soon as reason dawned upon his infant mind, he vowed by everything sacred to wipe off the foul stain and to avenge their

death. After the death of his father, Wallace appears to have become an object of suspicion to the English, and to have been driven from his paternal home and everything he there esteemed dear, to avoid their suspicions; and after spending some years in secrecy in different parts of the country with his mother, he was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, the abbot of Dumpace, in Stirlingshire. The scenery of this lovely spot for beauty and variety has few equals in Scotland, and the contemplation of it and a rehearsal of the deeds of valor here achieved in the past would tend to cherish those longings after the liberation of his country that had begun to struggle in his youthful bosom. In front of the Abbey were the remains of the Roman wall, where the conquerors of the world had to stop short in the midst of their victorious career. Near to it were to be seen the mounds that were still considered by the natives of the country as the resting places of the mighty dead, the chiefs, namely, of Caledonia, who fell fighting while they achieved a glorious victory over their mighty foes. And as the dark waters of the Carron dashed by, on whose banks freemen till now had ever trod, they seemed to whisper in the ears of the youth that Scotland might yet be free. Wallace found in his uncle, the pious abbot, everything he could wish. He proved towards him a kind friend and faithful counsellor, and acted in every respect as a beloved parent. Although retired from the world he was neverthe-

less a gentleman and a scholar, and knew the education that was necessary for his nephew in that age of heroic daring. Whether he had any idea at this time of the future greatness of his youthful relative, history does not inform us, but he certainly left no means of improving him in all those manly sports and exercises with which a youth in his position in life might be expected to be conversant. There is no other way of accounting for the fact that when Providence called him out for the defence of his country, he appeared ready for the great work, and soon gained himself the love and esteem of his countrymen. His uncle being a fine scholar, and fond of the ancient classics himself, infused a great love for them into the mind of his youthful relative, and as he was at the same time a devoted patriot, like his relatives on both sides, he often deeply bewailed the degraded state of his country in his presence, and caused him to commit to memory those sublime passages in the writings of the ancients where liberty is extolled and tyranny and slavery desecrated.

After leaving Dumpace, Wallace went to reside at Kilspendie with a powerful relative of his mother. This village was situated in the Carse of Gowrie, a vale which stretches for many miles along the northern bank of the river Tay, and which has been fitly denominated the garden of Scotland, owing to the richness and fertility of its soil. It is cultivated throughout like a garden, and being separated on the north from Strathmore

by a beautiful ridge of undulating hills, and bounded on the south by the Tay, the largest river in Scotland, it affords a picture of rural repose and unassuming loveliness that can hardly be found in any other portion of this fair earth. After staying for some time at this place Wallace was removed by his friends to the town of Dundee, to complete his studies so well begun with his uncle. Even at this time Dundee was a place of considerable trade and importance, and now in point of population and manufactures ranks as the third town in Scotland. Its harbor is the finest on the east coast of Scotland, and in the manufacture of jute and some other fabrics it outstrips all other places. Its inhabitants have always been remarkable for their patriotism, intelligence, and liberal sentiments; and in the defence of the civil and religious rights of their country have stood in the front ranks. Perhaps, this spirit was early infused into their minds from the fact that Scotland's patriot resided at the outset amongst them, and here commenced his struggle for the liberation of his country. When he came to Dundee he was placed in the seminary attached to the cathedral of the place; but how long he continued to pursue his studies in it we have no means of determining, owing to the confusion of the times that followed and the destruction of all its records. It appears, however, from his after history that he must have remained a considerable time there, and prosecuted his studies with perseverance and success. For when he ap-

peared on the public stage of life, he was in no way deficient in any of those natural or acquired qualities that would fit him for becoming a great leader of the people. This and other circumstances shewed that he had largely profited by the instructions of the learned and pious monks who directed his studies, and that they carefully followed up what had been communicated to him previously by his affectionate uncle and devoted mother. We are not one of those that run down the religion and teachings of the past because they were confined entirely to the Catholic Church, or believe that she acted throughout on the motto, that ignorance was the mother of devotion. The educational institutions throughout the country attached to many of the abbeys and cathedrals were then thoroughly equipped, conducted by the best educated men of the age, and up to the requirements of the times. The instructions they delivered were largely impregnated with a religious and moral character, and never dissociated from the intellectual and utilitarian, in order that education might be left to address itself to the youthful mind merely in the meaner purposes of life. They considered the pupil first in his relation to his Creator, and then in regard to that of his fellow-men; and, as might have been expected, love to God, honor to parents, and devotion to the interests of his country were inculcated upon him as of paramount importance. How different from the secular education now in vogue among many of our leading

educationists! when the pupil, amid the superficiality, extreme selfishness and money-making tendencies of the age, is taught mainly how he may disport himself afterwards so far as the meaner purposes of life are concerned; or in other words, how smart he may become, and how much money he may make. But it ought ever to be remembered that any education will be feeble and fragmentary, where religion and moral teaching are overlooked, and when the minds of the pupil are rarely directed to things of the highest importance. That the instructions communicated to the students in the seminaries in the days of Wallace were different from the above, there cannot be a doubt. They were founded on religion and morality, while the secular and utilitarian portion of the education required were not ignored. Above all, a spirit of affection for their country, and of a pure patriotism amid all the darkness and confusion of the times that prevailed, was largely dwelt upon by the instructors, as it burned intensely in their breasts. For not referring again to the uncle of Wallace, to prove the truth of our assertion, we find that several dignitaries of the Church beside him struck with our hero for liberty when the chances for obtaining it were few and small, and the nobles of the country, as a body, stood aloof. And at an after date the patriotism of that venerable man, the pious abbot of Inchaffray, a high dignitary of the Church, ought never to be forgotten, but to kindle a glow of

affection in the breasts of his countrymen wherever they may be found. For barefooted and bareheaded, he walked, crucifix in hand, in front of the surging, heaving masses, that constituted the Scotch army that was drawn out on the field of Bannockburn. He there caused them to kneel down in the view of proud Edward's threatening host, to receive the solemn rites of the Church, and to pledge themselves that they would either conquer or die on the spot. And by this act of devotion to his Church, and to the interests of his country, downtrodden as it was and oppressed, he largely contributed to the results that followed on that memorable, glorious, but bloody day. When attending the Seminary at Dundee, Wallace formed an acquaintance with John Blair a Benedictine monk, who was pursuing his studies with himself. He was a youth about the same age, and resembled our hero greatly in character and temperament. The longer they remained together their attachments became stronger and their patriotism increased; and these attachments were only dissevered when Wallace was ruthlessly slain. Wallace had previously chosen him as his chaplain, and he faithfully adhered to him amid all the vicissitudes of his eventful career. When dead he deplored his loss as greater to himself and to his country than every other they had sustained; and he appears to have spent the remainder of his days in writing the life of his patron in Latin, a work to which Blind Harry appears to have been largely indebted

for many of the facts he has recorded in his life of our hero; but a work which unfortunately has been lost for many centuries. While pursuing their studies, Wallace, Blair, and others of a kindred spirit, used frequently to meet together to mourn over the degradation of their country, and discuss the most probable means of liberating it from its terrible state of thralldom. In order to begin the work, they formed an association for the purpose of chastising the English whenever opportunity presented itself. This would often occur, for the English soldiers ransacked every portion of the town and country, destroying life and property, and committing many acts of lewdness which had to be borne in patience and silence, however outrageous they might appear. When first formed this association might have been considered even by the most ardent friends of liberty, as little else than an outburst of youthful zeal and over-heated fervor, and its doings of very little moment. But though at the outset it might have appeared but the cloud like the man's hand, through which a faint streak of light was scarcely perceptible; yet this cloud soon covered the heavens and ushered in the blaze of a glorious day. And other collegiate associations formed among some of the students at a more recent date at other seminaries have been attended by results perhaps equally remarkable, though the objects contemplated were of a different character. We need only refer to one of

such. It is not a century yet since four young men attending the university of the northern capital of Britain, formed themselves into a society for the purpose of learning to debate, to write essays and to declaim. And this gave inception to the "Edinburgh Review," the parent of all periodical literature in modern times. It soon toned down and liberalized thought in politics and literature everywhere. It was long considered as the voice of the most enlightened public opinion in both hemispheres on all questions respecting politics, science and literature; and the good that has resulted from many of its brilliant articles, neither the present nor the next generation will be able sufficiently to appreciate. After the association was formed by Wallace and his fellow-collegians in Dundee, for defending themselves and the helpless among their countrymen from the cruelties and insolence exercised towards them by the English soldiers who occupied the castle, frequent opportunities occurred for enabling them so to do. For the wanton outrages of the invaders were so frequent and of so serious a kind, if they had not been restrained, as would render the lives of the helpless portion of the inhabitants positively miserable, while they were beyond the reach of any redress whatever. But although the juvenile exploits of the members of the association appeared of too little importance to attract the notice of those in power, they nevertheless often exercised a severe check in regard to the actions of the Eng-

lish, and defended many of their countrymen from positive loss, wanton assault and danger likewise. In their exploits, as the reader might expect, Wallace was assigned the leadership by his comrades, and he never disappointed them in the execution of the same. He possessed judgment to devise the most daring undertakings against his sworn foes, and capacity to carry them out, oftentimes to the astonishment of all. So that when any work was undertaken they began to feel assured it would be successfully performed, whatever difficulties might occur; for what prudence and foresight could devise, dexterity and strength could accomplish, all of these qualities he wonderfully possessed. In this manner—which is generally the case—what appeared to be in the youth were seen in the man, and the same qualities his youthful associates now experienced in him were afterwards found out by the patriotic everywhere throughout the country. While a number of the exploits of Wallace and his youthful friends escaped the notice of the public authorities, one happened to occur of so grave importance as to end in his having to flee from Dundee, and to be declared an outlaw by the governor of the castle. Selby, the governor referred to, had but recently succeeded to that office, and superseded a better man on account, it is supposed, of his manifesting too much kindness and leniency towards the oppressed inhabitants of the town. The same Selby was the head of a freebooting family in the north

of England, and a man entirely suited to Edward's tastes. From the first he was bent on the obtainment of spoil and plunder, and he cared not what means might be used provided he could only succeed in doing so. He had a scapegrace of a son who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the inhabitants of the place. He was fiery, impetuous and sensual, and imagined he could act in much the same way as he had been in the custom of doing, when conducting with his father raids across the borders with a band of cut-throats in his train. Hearing no doubt of Wallace soon after he arrived in the town, he resolved to give him all the annoyance he could in order to provoke a quarrel with him, and meeting him accordingly one day in the street he openly and rashly insulted him. But although he had the power of the governor to back him in doing so, he mistook his man. Wallace at once resented the insult, and though surrounded by a crowd of retainers, he singled him out in the midst of them, and with his sword levelled him dead on the street. The companions of young Selby gathered around the youthful hero, and assured themselves of his immediate capture. But they were sorely mistaken in him, for after slaying several of them he succeeded in making his escape to the house of a female dependent, where he was concealed from his pursuers and shielded from their vengeance till he succeeded in leaving the town in safety. The governor, as might have been

expected, was thrown into a wild paroxysm of grief and rage at the conduct of Wallace, and the unexpected death of his son. He hardly could have expected such a bold act in the very neighborhood of the castle and within hearing of the guards, and how Wallace could have escaped to a place of safety was all but beyond his comprehension. Meanwhile parties in all directions were sent in pursuit of the daring fugitive. He was declared to be an outlaw, and every possible means were employed to secure his person dead or alive. A large sum of money was set upon his head, but he eluded all his pursuers, and laughed to scorn their vigorous but vain attempts to secure his person. Providence, however, had more things in store for him, and his country waited too anxiously for a leader, than that he should thus early fall into the hands of an enemy, who from first to last thirsted without abatement for his blood. For many weeks Wallace wandered among the woods and impenetrable retreats of the country to avoid the search of an enemy who had been so anxious to secure his person. And although he had eluded their grasp, it had cost him a large amount of suffering, and self-denial to do so ; and all communication had been cut off from his friends for many a day. It rejoiced them at last, however, to find out that he was still alive and lurking in the neighborhood of Kilspendie, a place where some really happy days had been spent with his friends while a youth, but alas ! they were now gone for ever.

CHAPTER V.

Motherly affection a principle strong and abiding. Powerfully manifested itself in the breast of the mother of Nichol the poet, and likewise in that of Wallace's mother. Communicated with him while hid from the English, and arranged a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Margaret's, Dumfries, then a favorite resort from Scotland and England. After this, Wallace turns up in Clydesdale, where his adventurous exploits began to attract notice. Began to draw around him a chosen band of youths who were animated with the same spirit as himself. Preferred a life of precarious yet unrestrained liberty to the promise of peace at the hands of those who were oppressing them. Found in Wallace a leader suited to their inclinations. Resources of mind to devise and skill to carry out the most hazardous enterprise. Nor were his followers, from the first, all gathered from the lowest ranks of life. Some of the noblest families of the land, from nearly the outset, identified their interests with his. By this time Wallace had grown up to manhood, and possessed every quality that would entitle him to be considered by his followers a great leader. His confidence in his Creator great from the outset. Never forsook him on any occasion. His courage of the most undaunted and tried character. Nerved him when exposed to the most terrible odds. Possessed of an unbounded, generous nature. Gave a large share of the spoils taken from the enemy to his adherents, and reserved little for himself. Always willing to forgive injuries, but treachery and falsehood he never would forgive. Possessed a genius remarkably fertile in devising expedients in the way of anticipating

danger and warding it off. A keen eye also and remarkably retentive memory. His physical powers were extraordinary, and greater than those allotted to most of the sons of men. Description of them by John of Tordun. His eloquence easy and natural. Predicted by Thomas the Rhymer as the future deliverer of his country. Already the shrewd seer beheld an uneasy feeling throughout the country and a storm near at hand, and Wallace the most likely person to pilot the vessel of the State through it. Edward had left the country, as he supposed, completely subdued, but the work had not yet begun. When tyrants imagine they stand securely, then they often fall.

THE love of a mother towards her offspring is strong and abiding. It continues unabated during all the varied phases of life, and doubtless, in a more expansive and elevated sphere, the same feeling will largely develop itself, and afford means of much enjoyment to its possessor. It is recorded that when Nichol the poet was dying in the South, he communicated with his mother in Scotland, a widow in the humblest ranks of life, that he was anxious to see her. He had no pecuniary assistance to send her, and she had no means to take her to the place where he resided. But the ingenuity of a mother placed in such circumstances is always remarkable, and suited to the occasion. Being the time of harvest, and the fields clothed with smiling grain, she resolved to hire herself out to a farmer in the neighborhood of Perth, and earn with her sickle a scanty sum, to afford her supplies by the way. And starting, she travelled for several hundred miles on foot, arrived

toil-worn and weary, at the dying chamber of her gifted son before the taper of life had expired, and afforded him such consolation as a mother alone could grant. This feeling of maternal love manifested itself largely in the person of Wallace's accomplished and pious mother, and particularly in the trying circumstances in which he was now placed. At the time he escaped from his enemies in Dundee, proclaimed to be an outlaw, and a large sum of money offered for his apprehension, she was living with a powerful and wealthy relative in the Carse of Gowrie. But for a long time all communication had ceased between her and her son, owing to the keenness of the pursuit of his enemies, and because he had to conceal himself for many weeks amidst the thickets of the forests. After a while, when her serious apprehensions of his safety were removed, she opened communications with him, and urged upon him the necessity of removing as far as possible from the reach of his enemies. He resolved forthwith to obey her injunctions, and procuring for themselves the garb of pilgrims, such as were assumed by many at that time in all the ranks of life according to the tendencies of the age, they proceeded to the shrine of St. Margarets at Dumfries. The saint, whose ashes were deposited here, was the wife of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, a lady remarkable for her piety and good works, as far as we have any accounts given of her by historians. Being the

lineal descendant of the last of the Saxon monarchs, in her marriage she united the Scotch and Saxon lines together; and as her daughter married Henry the First the son of William the Conqueror, the Normans and the Saxons were also, through her, happily blended together. Great respect was shown to this saint of the royal blood at this period and long afterwards; and thousands of pilgrims of all classes, from every part of Scotland, and many from England, did penance at her shrine. Wallace and his mother did so likewise, and having performed his religious devotions, next turns up in the West of Scotland, where many of his great exploits were at the outset of his public career performed. Thirsting for revenge, he spurned the offer of several of his friends to get the act of outlawry passed against him repealed, and placing his devoted mother under the protection of her brother, the sheriff of Ayr, he betook himself once more to the woods. He soon began to render himself notorious by his adventurous exploits, throughout Ayr and the neighbouring counties, undertaken against the English. In these he was generally successful, although accompanied often with hair-breadth escapes, and took signal vengeance on many of the small garrisons of the enemy, scattered everywhere over the country. The longer he continued to exercise himself in this guerilla warfare, the more expert he became, and appeared the more formidable to his enemies. So much so, that even at the present

day, the more intelligent portion of the inhabitants of this portion of the country are still able to point with a large degree of pride to many an upright stone, many a secret cave, many a half obliterated fort, where the champion of their liberties inflicted terrible revenge on the foes of his native country. Nor did he appear to have remained long single-handed in this arduous work he had now begun. His talents, vigor and long-
ing aspirations after liberty soon gathered around him a chosen band of youths who were filled with the same spirit as himself. They were sad to think that the sun that had now apparently set had continued to shine so long upon the liberties of their country ; for his benign rays were traceable from the days of Galgachus, the great Caledonian chief, down to those of Alexander the Third, when the reign of truth, virtue, and justice was maintained throughout the land. And becoming reckless and intrepid, owing to the present unsatisfactory condition of their country, they were prepared to prefer a life of precarious, yet unrestrained, although savage liberty in the caves and woods of their native land, to the promise of peace and of comfort at the hand of those who were its sworn enemies. Such youths would find in Wallace a leader exactly adapted to their disposition, for he possessed large resources of mind to devise, and power to execute the most hazardous enterprises ; and concentrating his love of liberty and his animosity against his oppressors into one deep and

continuous principle, he led them forth from their hiding places, whenever a fit opportunity offered, and often inflicted terrible chastisement on their foes when they least expected it. Nor were those that followed his standard at the outset, all gathered from the lowest orders of society. Many of them were of high birth, and the blood of the noblest families of the land flowed in their veins. For such were Sir Andrew Murray, Sir William Douglas, and Sir Robert Boyd, and from the first two noble patriots, the proud and ancient dukes of Athole and Hamilton, are fain to trace their descent; and from the last, the noble but latterly unfortunate Earls of Kilmarnock took their rise. Besides these he could always rely upon the support and good-will of the common people, who not only viewed the proceedings of Wallace and his associates with indulgence, but with the utmost pride and satisfaction. And brooding over the ills of their country, and the spirit of revenge pent up yet rankling in their honest breasts, they only wanted a trustworthy leader to conduct them forth, and avenge themselves on those from whom they had received terrible injuries. When those feeble efforts began to be put forth in behalf of the liberties of Scotland, by some of its greatest sons, who were afterwards to figure so conspicuously in its history, and work out for themselves a wreath of imperishable fame, Wallace, their leader, had fully grown into manhood, and possessed all those qualities that would entitle him to

the esteem and respect of his ardent followers. His moral qualities, without which no man can be considered truly great, appeared to have been of a high order, and shone forth conspicuously from the outset of his chequered and eventful career. He firmly trusted in God, as a child does in a parent, and that he would soon come to avenge the injuries cruelly inflicted on his prostrate and bleeding country, drying up its wounds and wiping away its tears. This confidence in his Maker never forsook him amid all the remarkable vicissitudes of a short but eventful life, which has been rendered doubly sublime by its constant, determined and heroic daring. And even at last, when exposed to greater sufferings than almost ever fell to the lot of frail humanity to endure, and when left alone in the struggle without a kind friend to manifest a look of compassion, or shed a tear, for the loss that liberty would sustain; his lofty spirit, eager to get loose and soar away to regions beyond the sky, seemed long to be regardless of the insults and cruel torturings of the body, and held close communion with the Eternal Being in whom he confided. His courage was also of the most undaunted and tried character, and an entire absence of all fear constituted one of its strongest ingredients. It never forsook him, though it often made him more rash and venturesome in exposing his life to imminent danger than his followers could have wished. But still it was the same principle that nerved and bore him up, when exposed

to terrible odds on the battle field and elsewhere. And by it the arms of his followers were upheld, and their hearts cheered and enlarged, while they rushed into danger, regardless of the result, wherever their beloved leader was seen in the van. He was possessed of an unbounded, generous nature, for often in distributing the goods and money which his trusty sword had procured for him, and his followers, in the taking of a fort or the slaughtering of some of the wealthiest of their foes, he generally gave them the larger portion of the spoil, and reserved little or nothing for himself; and provided only the liberty of his country could be secured, he was willing with the meanest of his followers to share in the flesh of the wild beasts for his food, and to be clothed with their furs; while the shady forest afforded him a safe retreat, and the damp and dreary cavern shelter from the blast and dark howling tempest, and, what was worse than all, from the savage pursuit of the foul enemies of his country. Injuries he was ever ready to forgive, although inflicted on him by the hands of his friends, for the nobility over the country looked upon him as an upstart, and with jealousy and suspicion throughout; and they did so even although they ranked themselves on the side of those that were willing to contend for its liberties. But he freely forgave them for this injustice and other injuries received at their hands, and the only things he never would forgive were treachery and false-

hood ; for through the former vice he had witnessed the liberties of his country bartered away for paltry gold, and the latter he had ever been taught to hate, from the moment he was able to distinguish between right and wrong. And we can easily see why it was the case that he should punish such vices with the most resolute severity. There was scarcely any other way of acting in the circumstances in which he and his followers were placed. For considering the life he led, and the broken people that surrounded him, the principles of honor and good faith were the only bonds of safety that united them together, and in some cases perhaps these alone could be maintained by the dread of punishment. He possessed a genius remarkably fertile in devising expedients, in the way of anticipating danger when far off, and of warding it away when it appeared near at hand. And this enabled him often to thwart the most cunning devices of his enemies, and to inflict terrible vengeance upon them when they least expected it. His readiness of eye and retentiveness of memory, were of such a nature as to enable him to seize at a glance the features of a country, and its suitableness for the kind of warfare in which he was engaged. And for long afterwards he could keep them in reserve, and turn them to advantage when an opportunity presented itself of fighting or covering a retreat. As to his physical powers, even when we make full allowance for all the exaggerations of his biographers, they

must have been extraordinary, and far greater than those allotted to the strongest men in a warlike age. He was possessed of an iron frame, when he grew up to manhood, he approached nearly to the gigantic, and his personal strength was greater than many of the sons of men. And in those days when such things were highly prized and commanded respect, they must have gone far to recommend him to the favorable consideration of his followers. But lest it should be supposed that we are exaggerating any of the traits of this remarkable man's character, we shall quote from Fordoun, no mean authority, and to whom Scotland owes much. For when the ruthless hand of Edward had seized all its records and consumed them in the flames, lest its independence should appear to any, he carefully collected all the manuscripts that had escaped the hands of this cruel vandal, and which happily were deposited in the monasteries throughout the country, beyond his control, and compiled them into a neat and truthful history, from which the celebrated Buchanan and others freely copied. Fordoun, when writing of Wallace, refers to him as follows: "He was of a tall and almost gigantic stature, broad shouldered and large boned, with long and muscular arms, yet thin in the flanks, and unincumbered with much flesh, or fat round the reins; of an open and cheerful countenance and gracious address. In his skill and address in all warlike exercises he was equal to the most

accomplished knights of his time, and nature seems to have liberally endowed him with all the qualities which were calculated to conciliate the affection of his followers, and to ensure him popularity with the people." Add to the above description a facile eloquence which he possessed, which went straight to the hearts of his followers, and carried conviction with it before rushing into the field of battle, or engaging in any great enterprise; and we need hardly wonder how his influence soon became so great among his countrymen, or why it was that the celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, when his fame was at its height, appreciated his talents and hardihood so highly as to predict that this was the man that Providence had raised up to restore the ancient kingdom of Scotland to its former state of independence, and make its glory shine forth conspicuously. For the national feeling at this time in Scotland, although very much repressed, indicated uneasiness and a rising spirit of resistance near at hand, inasmuch as the cruel Edward before quitting Scotland, had given strict orders that all who had not taken the oath of fealty to England should be compelled to do so under severe penalties; and this included the lesser barons, gentry, and burgesses throughout the country. It might have been easily seen what a terrible storm this would raise all over the kingdom, for although the greater barons were bribed and sold, and silenced, the work of subjection was not half begun; for many of the lesser ones and

the middle classes generally, despising them for their servile and avaricious spirit, refused to take the oath, and prepared themselves to fight for the liberties of their country, whenever an opportunity presented itself. Meanwhile Cressingham, the governor, a proud, self-sufficient, and ignorant ecclesiastic, and Ormesby, the justiciary, fanned the flame, for when firmness, gentleness and moderation were necessary to prevent a general revolt, they excited universal hatred and disgust in the mind of all right-thinking men by exacting by force and military rigor the fulfilment of the orders. The Rhymer must have noticed all these things, with the greatest care, and the gathering storm that was near at hand; and by means of his shrewd sagacity he must have been able to see in Wallace the coming man that was to conjure up the spirits of his forefathers, who had long before this passed away to the land of forgetfulness, and who died to conquer. He had little difficulty in coming to this conclusion, for the uncommon courage and strength which Wallace, from the outset of his career, had already displayed, were proofs positive that he was destined to act no common part in the struggle; and, above all, his unconquerable thirst for enjoying the sweets of liberty and for avenging the injuries inflicted on his poor and sorely afflicted country by the English, was a sure sign that Providence pointed him out as one that was to accomplish much. And his followers, likewise, must have had ample confidence in him

from the first, on account of these things, and also for the remarkable judgment his plans displayed, in his various attacks made upon the English. By such he cut off their straggling parties, surprised their smaller forts, and spread terror and desolation over the country; and even when surrounded by superior numbers, his singular courage and bravery were a host in themselves, nerved his followers to acts of heroic daring, with himself, so that victory was sure to be their reward in the end. Such guerilla war and desultory excursions were useful to Wallace, for it made him acquainted with the strongest passes throughout the country, and where, with few forces, a resolute defence could be made against a much superior force when it was required; while he was enabled to acquire habits of command over men of fierce and turbulent spirits, subdue them to his own mind, and lead them forward to victories. For it cannot be denied that, inasmuch as he himself was declared a traitor, and a large sum of money set upon his head, he would be mostly followed at first by men of broken fortunes, who had forsaken vassalage to their lords and submission to the authority of Edward; and men, therefore, to whom subsistence and plunder would appear of as much importance as the liberties of their country. Besides, the advantages were reciprocal, for Providence had brought them in contact with a person whom, from the outset, they must implicitly obey. But, when once their wildness of

nature and turbulence of character were toned down, and he became thoroughly acquainted with their habits, actions and trustworthiness, the sternness of the chief gradually merged into the confidence and assurance of the friend. For never any person possessed greater power than Wallace in winning the affections and gaining the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. His openness of character, his thorough want of selfishness, and soothing, winning address, may to a certain extent account for all this; but his great knowledge of human nature, and how to adapt himself to the habits and circumstances of all with whom it was his lot to come in contact, is a more satisfactory solution of the whole case. In this way his followers soon became identified with their leader, were prepared to risk everything for him, and to follow, for better or for worse, where-soever he might lead. He held out to them a glorious future, even the freedom of their country from degradation and servitude; but he assured them it could only be secured by labor and toil and blood, and it might be even by death itself. But the end would be worth contemplating, justifying the means, and great would be the results. They shared in believing in such things themselves, for their fortunes, for better and for worse, were cast with his. In this way they suffered privations cheerfully, for they were often in weariness, in watching, in hunger, in thirst, in cold and in nakedness. But while they suffered

these things joyfully, and accustomed themselves to rapid marches and to guard against surprise, they gradually acquired more confidence in their leader, from the successes that generally accompanied their arms; regarded with contempt the nation by whom the servile nobles had allowed themselves to be overcome, and looked forward to the time when, through their earnest contendings, the land of their birth would again be free. The consequences of these advantages over their enemies were soon seen not only among the few followers who had dared to flock to Wallace's standard at first, and gather courage and confidence from them, but many more did so from different parts of the country, encouraged by the same means; for the cruelty and continued harassments of the English had driven them to desperation, and they began to prefer death to a life of bondage and the meanest subjection. The wish for revenge on an enemy who were ever insulting and anxious to degrade them became a strong and irrepressible passion that burned in their breasts; and, however perilous the revolt, they had counted the cost, and wished to execute the desire of their hearts, in following to the field one who had already deserved well of his country. It was in this way the ranks of Wallace were filled up, so that he was gradually at the head of a considerable body of followers, who, as circumstances allowed, either acted in concert or

divided themselves into separate parties, and inflicted severe chastisement upon their enemies. One of these parties about this time was led by Wallace to Scone, who by a rapid march surprised the justiciary Ormesby, who was at this time holding Court there. The cruel functionary escaped with difficulty, but his followers were seized and put to death, and a rich booty taken, and divided among the patriot followers. The same success attended the arms of Douglas, who with another division had broken in upon the West of Scotland, nearly about the same time. Some castles of considerable strength were besieged and taken, and new life and energy infused into the hearts of them who had now in earnest espoused the cause of liberty, and who were determined at all hazards to contend manfully for it. In short the same great truth was at this time verified in Scotland, which has before and since been made manifest in the history of liberty over the world. And it is this: When the tyrant who oppresses a country imagines himself secure, and succeeds in stamping out, as he supposes, the last vestige of its liberty, then the hour of deliverance draws near. The nobles of that country may be seduced, and bribed and forced into compliance with his unholy wishes; the clergy may be silenced, or shut up in prison, or forced to comply with his requests, however contrary to their desires; the lesser barons, by threatening confiscations and the dread of utter ruin, may be

concussed into temporary alliance : but it matters not, for every unholy tree thus planted shall be rooted up ; and the desire for enjoying and perpetuating liberty in the great body of a people who once were free is immortal in its character, and boundless in its nature. It will exist and bear fruit luxuriously when all tyrants shall have gone to the wall, and can never be destroyed but by the extermination of the inhabitants of a country themselves. Edward of England felt it thus to be so in regard to the people of Scotland, for although the majority of the nobles were either imprisoned in England, or taken away with himself to assist in a war against France ; although the principal towns in Scotland were also quiet, for there the conqueror kept a strict watch, and the great castles and fortresses were so likewise for they were strictly guarded by English soldiers ; yet he found to his cost, that Scotland had yet to be subdued, for from every distant glen, every sequestered forest, every remote valley, a spirit of resistance, “still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm,” began to display its power, and the destruction of that system of despotism that had been carefully established over the country was sure soon to take place.

CHAPTER VI.

A general rising over the country near at hand. The hope of the people centred in Wallace. His attention diverted from the distraction of his country, owing to an attachment formed for the heiress of Lamington. The governor of Lanark had intended her for his son, and burdened her property to hurry on the match. She was beautiful, wise and courteous, and captivated the heart of Wallace. Was privately married to her by Blair, his chaplain. The marriage concealed on account of the feelings of the governor. Wallace did not remain long in private. Attacked and slew Fenwick at the head of a convoy from England to Ayr Castle. Fenwick had previously slain his father in a skirmish. Thereafter news communicated to Wallace that Gargunnoch Castle, lately erected in a mountainous district near Stirling to overawe the natives of the country, was in a defenceless state. Wallace hastened thither, attacked the castle during the darkness of night and put the garrison to the sword. He turns up soon after at Cathcart, near Glasgow. Attacks a party of English who had insulted his uncle, the sheriff of Ayr, and puts several of them to the sword. To avoid the search of Beck, bishop of Glasgow, passed over the Clyde and arrived in the beautiful country of the Earl of Lennox. Anxious Wallace should remain with him in all time coming. The sphere too limited for him. Turns up next at Perth. Erects rustic fortifications in Methven woods. Attacks a detachment of troops on its way to Rinklavin Castle, and slays General Butler, the officer in command. A second detachment sent from the same place also defeated and General Lorayne slain. The

governor of the castle with young Butler and a thousand men resolved to take Wallace and his followers dead or alive. Hard fighting and many killed, including young Butler and the governor. Wallace escapes.

The storm began to gather, the clouds became more dark and ominous, and a general rising over the whole country was near at hand. Still the exactions and cruelty of the English were unabated, and drove the people into a state of wild despair. Their only hope was centred in Wallace, who had already by his fortitude and military daring deserved well of his countrymen and augured a prosperous future, while the fear and dread of him had spread everywhere among the English. But while it was so, his attention was diverted for some time from the general distraction of his country owing to an incident in his life, which is common to most men, and which in the present case, although it cast a thickening gloom over all his future history, helped to make him devote himself the more unreservedly to the cause of his country; although a different result might have been expected at the beginning. Wallace at this time formed a strong attachment to a young lady who was brought up in the neighborhood of Lanark, and whose connections had suffered terribly at the hands of the English for their firm adherence to the cause of liberty. Sir Hugh de Bradfute, the lady's father, was connected with some of the best families in the

land, and longed to see the day when it should once more be restored to its former state of independence. He was killed, it was supposed, in a skirmish with the English in trying to accomplish this object, and his brave son, his heir and successor, having imbibed from youth the patriotic principles cherished by his father, suffered the same fate. In too openly manifesting these praiseworthy feelings he incurred the resentment of Haselrig, the governor of Lanark Castle, who thirsted to be avenged upon him for doing so. And by means of the merest pretext, he attacked him in his castle at Lamington by an overwhelming force, and without any compunction put him and many of his friends to the sword. The cruel treatment and desolation that overtook this ancient family by means of the English was sorely felt by many, but by none more so than by the brave Wallace. As young De Bradfute left no brother nor surviving male heir who would be entitled to inherit the estates, the house and lands of Lamington fell to an only sister, who was the last surviving branch of this once rich and happy family. Haselrig, the governor, from the first, on account of her riches, had his eye fixed on the heiress of Lamington, as a bride for his son, or as some have asserted, for himself. From day to day he was urging the suit, and she was as eagerly putting it off, pleading for delay till the grief for the loss of her brother and slaughtered relations would be some-

what abated. Meanwhile he had compelled her to reside in the town of Lanark, as he said for greater safety, but in order that she might be completely subjected to his cruel control. For this compulsory protection the avaricious tyrant exacted large sums of money of the helpless orphan, and burdened her property with the payment of it in order that he might hurry on the match and reap the rich spoils in connection with it. And the longer it was delayed the heavier the exactions became; so that the fair proprietress became an object not of jealousy, but of deep sympathy and commiseration, with all who were really acquainted with the true circumstances of the case. Wallace first became acquainted with this interesting young lady while she was devoutly performing her religious duties, at the Church of Lanark, and was struck with the beauty of her appearance, the grace of her demeanour and woefully forlorn and unenviable position. She was at this time in the bloom of youth, possessed of a noble and generous nature and uncommon beauty. Her person was tall and remarkably well proportioned, her face fair, and beautiful, beaming with intelligence, and full of benignity. She was wise, courteous, sweet and abounding in gentleness, according to the accounts given of her by an ancient biographer, and well fitted to captivate the heart of Wallace. But still an air of dreamy sadness unmistakeably depicted on her countenance, on account of the

blood that had been shed in her father's house, and the cruel state of bondage in which at present she happened to be placed; although this made her doubly dear to the heart of one whose generous affections flowed forth in sympathy for her in her afflictions, and who was permitted to avenge such afterwards a hundred fold. Good, faithful, yet unhappy Marion! thou didst appear, amid the darkest hour of thy country's history, and thy gentle spirit took its flight to a happier clime, before the funereal pall that had covered it began to be removed! Yet even now, when the actions of the oppressor and the oppressed are all forgotten, and the brave inhabitants of the north and south are happily blended into one, thy affection for thy father's house and for him likewise for whom thou voluntarily died to save him from a cruel death will never be forgotten! Wallace from the first moment he saw Marion was charmed and captivated with her, and fully resolved to make her his wife. They were about the same age, and sympathy of taste, virtues, and mutual desires made them entirely one. Wallace soon pledged that faith in marriage to Marion which he often owned in a more private manner, and they were united together in holy wedlock by John Blair, his faithful chaplain and companion. Wallace spent some time after this in the endearing embraces of his wife, and the English were spared from harassment and annoyance. And he might have continued to do so, pro-

cured through his many friends the recall of the outlawry that had been passed against him, and spent the remainder of his days amid the quietude of rural retreat, and the society of his affectionate Marion. But Providence would have it ordered otherwise, for he was soon called out once more for the defence of the liberties of his country ; so that the tender ties that were formed betwixt him and his wife were soon torn asunder. After his marriage, tidings were conveyed to Wallace that one Fenwick, an English officer of mark, who some time before this had headed a military party in which his revered father, Sir Malcolm Wallace, had been slain, was conducting a strong convoy from England for the supply of the garrison at Ayr. He had long desired to come in contact with one who had deprived him of so worthy a parent, and make him dearly pay for an act of cruelty which, from his earliest days, he had vowed to avenge whenever he was in circumstances to do so. For it had tinged from infancy his otherwise happy and cheerful temper with melancholy tendencies, and deprived him from the outset of his career of a large amount of enjoyment which, but for that, would have fallen to his lot. Having ascertained the route the enemy was likely to choose in its northward course, Wallace hastily picked out fifty of his most trusty associates on whom in any trying emergency he could safely rely. He disposed of them amid the neighboring forest near to the road the English

must necessarily take, and there they remained concealed during the night, patiently awaiting the approach of the enemy till the following day. The sun had scarcely appeared over the top of Tintock, casting his golden rays across the valleys and forests that richly intervened, when two of the spies that had been on the lookout during the night, approached the hiding place of the party with rapid motion and announced that the glittering spears of the southerners were full in sight. Priest Blair committed them and their cause to God. Wallace yearned to be avenged on his deadliest foe; and having made his dispositions with ease and speed, waited their approach with full assurance of victory, however great their number. It is said when Fenwick saw the handful of Scots stationed on the road before him, he was filled with satisfaction, convinced that it would be impossible for them to resist so superior a force under his immediate control; and he doubtless looked with assurance to the happy period when he would be able to present them as prisoners before the governor of the castle at Ayr, with the robber of Clydesdale, as Wallace was facetiously called by the English, at their head, to grace his triumph into this ancient town, and castle. But the hopes of man are often delusive, and their vision of the future an airy and idle dream. Fenwick felt this indeed to be the case, for he was never again permitted to greet the governor of the castle; and many of his followers, as confident

as himself, left their blood to dye the heath during this the last of their days. Wallace, like a wise and undaunted leader, did not allow his small body of followers to wait till they were attacked, but ordered them to make a rapid movement and charge the advance of the convoy with their long spears with the greatest ardor. They did so with success, carrying confusion not only throughout the front but into the very centre of the squadron, and filling the hearts of their enemies with terror and dismay. It mattered not how superior the force might be that was everywhere opposed to them, or how terrible the charges made to break the little band that had resolved to conquer or die while united together. They were repulsed as often as they were made, and by bitter experience the English chief was taught that all his efforts in this direction were vainly put forth. At last Wallace fixed his eagle eye upon the leader, and longed to measure swords with one whom of all others, he had desired most for many years to meet, and to avenge the blood of a loving father he had slain. With the fury of the lion he cleared a way with his gleaming sword to the spot where the hated Fenwick had taken up his position, and who appeared anxious to avoid a personal encounter with one whom the justice of his cause had roused into the fury of a tempest. But it was vain to do so, for he reached him at last, and with one dreadful blow struck him from the saddle of his

splendid charger to the ground, and thus finished a work which he had long wished to accomplish. But although their leader was slain, the English continued to fight with unabated fury, and under the guidance of one Bowmond, second in command, resolved with him to retrieve if possible the advantages they had already lost. They maintained their ground with inflexible resolution. They repeated their charges with heroic bravery. And it was not till the brave Bowmond, covered with wounds, fell beneath the sword of the youthful Laird of Riccarton, that they began to lose courage, and fled from the field in the wildest disorder, leaving a hundred of their followers dead behind them, to attest the fierceness of this bloody fray. Besides two hundred draught horses, a numerous train of waggons with provisions of every description, and a considerable sum of money and other valuables fell into the hands of Wallace and his followers. Part of the spoil they appropriated among the sorely distressed inhabitants of the districts, and part they carried to their inaccessible retreat amid the extensive forests of Lanarkshire, to be used when circumstances required it. This bloody skirmish is supposed to have taken place at Beg, in the parish of Galston, and in the statistical account of the parish, the following notice is recorded : “Among other antiquities there may be mentioned a place called Beg, where the brave Wallace lay in a species of rude fortifications, with only fifty of

his friends, yet obtained a complete victory over an English officer of the name of Fenwick, who had two hundred men under him." The result of this contest had a powerfully depressing effect on the mind of Percey, the governor of Ayr Castle, for he had long waited for the convoy which he fondly hoped would relieve the garrison which, owing to the exhausted state of the country, was already reduced to the point of starvation. And as party after party of the straggling remains of the English force at Ayr arrived, without any one to lead them, and recounted their sad disaster with exaggerated accounts of the great number of the Scots who attacked them, and the incredible strength of their leader, the heart of the bold Northumbrian chief quailed at the fearful recital, for it placed him in the most trying circumstances. Wallace and his followers being filled with enthusiasm at their recent remarkable success, and being at the same time plentifully supplied with provisions of every kind, began to plan new excursions into more remote parts of the country and on a more extensive scale, in order if possible to execute more terrible vengeance on their southern adversaries than they hitherto had been able to inflict. Some of their secret friends from a distance had been able to hold communication with them, and informed them that the fortification at Gargunnoch, in the neighborhood of Stirling, now held by the English, was carelessly guarded although plen-

tifully supplied with every kind of provisions. It was but recently erected in the midst of a mountainous and highly picturesque part of the country, for the purpose of overawing the patriotic mountaineers who began to be troublesome, and assisting to ward off a sudden attack if made from this quarter on the castle of Stirling, which was always looked upon as one of the strongholds of the North. The workmen had not finished their fort when the above intelligence was communicated to Wallace and his associates amid their inaccessible retreats in Lanarkshire, and how the drawbridge of the Peel was often left down at night to save the English the trouble in the morning of admitting the mechanics into the interior of the buildings. They proceeded at once to the forest in the neighborhood, and despatched spies to ascertain the probability of their success in the undertaking, who were to inform them when a favorable opportunity of attack might occur by lighting a fire on a hill that peered up to a great height beside the castle. The sun had scarcely gone down behind the lofty Ben Lomond, and Ben Ledi that skirted the distant prospect in the rear of the fort, bathing in tints of mellowed light Stirling Castle and its turrets and all the surrounding district, noted above all other parts of the country for the grotesque wildness and variety of its scenery, when the beacon fire was ignited from the top of the hill, shedding a glare of light on all the objects that surrounded

it, and sending a column of curled smoke far up into the heavens. The signal was at once understood. Wallace and his men advanced immediately towards the fort, and were approaching near it about the middle of the night when sleep was pressing heavily on its defenders within, and who were sadly ignorant of the awful doom that so soon awaited them. Unfortunately for them the drawbridge was down, and no obstruction left in its place; but the door was firmly secured within, which was likely to offer a sufficient amount of resistance till the garrison would be fully prepared for its defence. Wallace, however, aware of the value of time, hastened with a heavy piece of timber, and rushing against it, threw it open; while the wall on every side of it, shaken by the concussion, tumbled to the ground. The porter, although he was soon on the spot, was felled to the ground. The captain quickly followed after, but suffered the same fate; and the whole garrison, with the exception of the women and children, were put to the sword. These received from Wallace a passport, to proceed in safety to the nearest castle in possession of the English, and after he had distributed a large quantity of provisions and all the money obtained in the garrison among his faithful followers, he burned it down, demolished its fortifications, and assured his followers, amid its smoking ruins, that he would thus evermore proceed in the work of destruction till every southerner was thus swept away from every portion of his beloved land.

Scarcely had the affair so disastrous to the English been settled up at Gargunnoch, than we find Wallace at Carthcart near Glasgow. Here with two others of his associates, he puts to death a party of five Englishmen who had insulted his uncle, the sheriff of Ayr, on his way to Glasgow to attend an extraordinary council called by Beck, the Bishop of Durham, consisting of the sheriffs and governors throughout the country, for the purpose of devising means for raising taxes to defray the enormous expenses of keeping such a large military force in the country to hold the people in a state of complete subjection. From this they passed over the Clyde to avoid the vengeance of Beck, who had thrown aside the cassock to assume the sword. They soon reached the shores of Loch Lomond, the queen of Scotch lakes, and were within the country of the Earl of Lennox, who received them joyfully; for with his large and devoted clan, he had been able to maintain his independence in spite of all the attempts of the English, and chastise them often sorely when they dared to enter within the precincts of his extensive possessions. He had excellent opportunities afforded him for enabling him to do so; for the wild and rugged fastnesses of the country, together with the warlike spirit of the people, were sufficient barriers in the way of the hostile attacks of his enemies, however well concerted they might happen to be. The earl entreated Wallace to remain with him in all time

coming, and assist him in upholding that heroic spirit of freedom that burned so ardently in his breast and the breasts of his devoted clansmen ; but, however deeply he sympathised with them in this respect, it was impossible for him to confine his efforts within so narrow limits, and after encouraging all parties to persevere in a work to which he and his followers had devoted their lives, he leaves this part of the country and proceeds towards the North. The district of St. Johnston, now called Perth, to which Wallace directs his steps, had been known to him from youth upwards. Here he had spent some of the happiest of his early days with the powerful relations of his mother, and had become acquainted with every place in it that was likely to afford shelter and protection to himself and followers when they might be pursued by the English, or when sallying forth suddenly they might cut off their straggling parties, when they happened to scatter themselves over the country, and sorely harass the poor natives. We are not informed if he was invited by his friends or by some of the common people, who bore with reluctance the exactions of their oppressors in order that they might avenge themselves on them when an opportunity offered. On their arrival, Wallace and his adherents took up their abode amid the dark recesses of Methven Wood in the neighborhood of Perth, and prepared themselves for future action. By appearing soon after before the mayor of the

city in the disguise of a common mechanic, in search of work, he learned everything he required to know respecting the nature and the strength of the garrison, and likewise that a reinforcement of a hundred men was to leave early on the morrow for the purpose of strengthening the force in the castle of Kinclavin, in the neighborhood. He at once proceeded to Methven Wood and acquainted his followers of the movement, who eagerly wished if possible to intercept it and cut off the whole of the convoy. Early on a dark and hazy morning, Sir James Butler, an old and intrepid warrior, who had rendered himself obnoxious by many acts of cruelty and oppression exercised towards the inhabitants of the town and country, sallied forth from the garrison at Perth at the head of a hundred soldiers, and was proceeding slowly along the way when a shout was raised from behind a rock that projected itself across a portion of the road, and his whole force was assailed and thrown into confusion. This attack was headed by Wallace with fifty of his trustiest followers, who resolved to conquer or die, as on former occasions of a similar nature. The brave Butler fought with determined and heroic bravery, endeavored to rally his troops after the panic had subsided, but to no purpose. A fresh charge was made with more force than the former attack, which carried off a large number of the English, and threw the remainder into complete confusion; and when their aged general fell dead at the feet

of Wallace, who found himself no match for one who was the most renowned swordsman of his time, a general panic seized the whole troop, who were thrown into the wildest disorder and their rout became general. From the battlements of Kinclavin Castle, the conflict had been anxiously witnessed by those within it, and the draw-bridge thrown down to admit the remainder of the force who had already lost its leader and many others, and which fled thither with the wildest confusion in order to find protection from a victorious enemy. But it was in vain, for the conquerors and the conquered alike came rushing pell-mell across the bridge and at the same time, amid the wildest disorder, entered into the castle. But the cries of the vanquished were soon hushed in the stillness of death, for they and every soldier in the castle, who amid the wild confusion could render no assistance to their friends, were immediately put to the sword. By midnight all the booty and provisions were removed from the castle and carefully deposited for future use in the neighboring forest in pits that were carefully prepared for them; and long before day the lurid glare of the flames ascending from the building consigned to destruction told a truthful tale to the friends and foes of the English, and assured everyone on both sides that the terrible avenger of the wrongs his bleeding country had suffered was now on the spot. The tidings of this sad disaster reached the city of Perth on the following day, and as they

ran down its streets and found their way into the castle, they filled the heart of the governor and all within it with feelings of the deepest sorrow and regret. Nor was this all. The slaughter of their brother soldiers so unexpectedly cut off, animated all alike with a strong desire to avenge their deaths. And the governor at once came to the resolution of arming the whole garrison and sending them forth with the view of bringing before him, either dead or alive, the haughty Wallace, with all his followers, who had dared to inflict such a cruel blow on those who had so often made his countrymen quail before them. This resolution was carried out without any delay. Sir John Butler, the son of the brave officer that had been slain, was appointed to the command, in order that he might forthwith avenge his father's death ; while he was assisted in the undertaking by the governor himself, and Sir William Lorayne, an officer of great bravery and experience, and who, at the same time, was much beloved by the soldiers of the garrison. The number of these, at the period referred to, amounted to upwards of a thousand, and were to be disposed of in the following manner, with a view to attack and cut off Wallace and his handful of followers. First, Sir William Lorayne was to advance into Methven Wood, with three hundred of the finest of the troops, and compel the enemy to engage in fight ; and secondly, Sir John Butler, with the governor, was to remain in the outskirts

of the forest, to prevent the escape of the fugitives and cut them off when they might be expected to be driven from their place of retreat. The plan was admirably well advised, but the execution of it was attended with sad disasters and fearful difficulties; for Wallace had made careful provision for such attack, and by artful management of his few but trusty followers, kept the English in ignorance of the smallness of their numbers, while he had formed a few rustic fortifications in the form of squares, and that easily communicated with each other in the midst of the forest, that afforded them a large amount of annoyance. The advances towards these fortifications were intersected with large trunks of trees, in order to prevent the approach of too numerous a body of the enemy, and when the Scots found it necessary to retire into them, they could only be pursued by straggling numbers, that could be easily cut off. The defences were not fully completed when the English made their appearance, and Wallace showed himself at a distant part of the forest with a small number of his men, with the view of drawing them away, and allowing Stephen of Ireland to complete the works. This heroic man, although he belonged to another country, was one of Wallace's most trusty adherents. He was to him as a brother—always in the thickest of the fight, and entrusted with posts of honor and danger. He rejoiced with his captain in prosperity, and he wept with him

in adversity. But the truth is, his poor country had many sore evils to complain of, and which were inflicted upon it at this time by the English. And by assisting to torment and crush this cruel enemy in the land of his adoption, he would doubtless consider he was indirectly conferring a favor on his native country, which was doubly dear to his heart. The stratagem of Wallace had the desired effect in drawing off the attention of the English from the unfinished fortifications, and fixing it upon his own little party which, for some time, were destined to bear the whole force of the vigorous attack made by the enemy. Wallace, on the approach of the English, let fly an arrow, which brought down one of their more advanced guard, and his example was eagerly followed by his adherents, who, by shifting their ground and keeping up a desultory fight, sorely vexed the enemy and put many of them to death. No less than fifteen of such had been slain by Wallace's own hand, and many more by his followers. When the afternoon had arrived, their arrows were exhausted, and they had come to a part of the forest from which it was found impossible to retreat, owing to a high cliff that stood in the way. Here Lorayne advanced with three hundred men, confident of success, for when he saw the smallness of the party opposed to him, he felt persuaded he would be able to surround them without much difficulty, and make them prisoners. But he was soon convinced of the folly of such

hasty calculations, for, with determined valor, the Scots repulsed, with Wallace at their head, every attack that was made upon them, and at the time the English were putting forth their strongest efforts to surround them, Wallace burst from the head of his followers with all the power of a conqueror into the midst of the English forces, carrying with him destruction and death and scattering them in every direction. Ascending a rising ground he put his bugle-horn to his mouth and made the forest ring with a bold and animating war-note, which was a signal for motion and action for Stephen of Ireland and all the party who had been engaged in finishing the fortifications. They rushed to the help of their friends against the mighty, and falling on their rear with freshness and bravery threw them into the greatest confusion and disorder. The English, taken by surprise at so unexpected an attack, fled in every direction towards the skirts of the forest, and were pursued by their enemies, who made terrible carnage among them. The slaughter would have continued, and to all appearances they would have been cut off to a man had they not met Sir John Butler with five hundred men, who assailed the Scots in their turn with such vigor and impetuosity as compelled them to retreat to their rustic fortifications and prepare for a determined defence. The English followed them closely and at great loss were able to carry the first. But they were astonished to find the

Scots had only retreated to a second fortification where they were preparing to stand a siege; while Wallace in the meantime, with a few of his most resolute men forming a sortie, burst forth on the English with all his wonted strength and resolution, and after putting a large number of them to death with his own hand, fell upon their leader Lorayne, sword in hand, and with one stroke of the same clove him through his helmet down to the chin, and left him a ghastly corpse in the midst of the forest. The soldiers of Lorayne were utterly foiled in this their second attack, and fled in terror lest they should come in contact with one whose ponderous weapons carried destruction on every side. At last they were prevailed upon to make another attempt to cut off the little band of heroes, and were led on for this purpose by Butler, a person who longed to avenge the death of his father and of the brave Lorayne. But again their hopes were frustrated. Butler was wounded by the sword of Wallace, and but for an intervening branch of a tree would have been cut in pieces. It was vain for them to contend any longer. They, therefore, gathered up the body of their wounded chief and fled along with him to the borders of the forest to communicate to the governor the tidings of their repeated disastrous defeats. There a council of war was forthwith held, and it was unanimously resolved once more to attack the Scots in their intrenchments and carry them if possible, sword in hand; but in the

meantime Wallace and his followers had retired from them in another direction and taken up their residence in Cargyle Woods, where they would be free for some time from the pursuit of their enemies, and have better facilities afforded them for a vigorous defence, provided they were assailed by such an overwhelming force as they were recently called upon to contend against. After these severe and bloody skirmishes in which the English suffered so heavily, they felt neither able nor inclined to follow Wallace and his adherents who had escaped their grasp; and weary and despondent they therefore returned to Perth, leaving their leader and one hundred and twenty of the bravest of their followers dead in the woods. Here they again recovered from the fatigues and sufferings they had been called upon so recently to endure, and burning with a desire to wipe out their recent defeats and losses, they were again in a few days in pursuit of the enemy. Another terrible battle was fought in Cargyle Wood, in which the English once more had the worst of it, for while the Scots lost none of their men they lost upwards of a hundred; and had Wallace's little band been supplemented as well as it had been in the West on former occasions they would have been able to cut off the English garrison to a man. But it was not so, and however great the slaughter of the enemy, the small Scotch force, losing now and again a few of its men, became gradually reduced to greater straits than ever; and

as their enemies became cognizant of the smallness of their numbers and the fearful exigencies they happened to be in, they pressed upon them with the greatest tenacity of purpose, sending a sleuth-hound before them to trace out their track. It was the object of the little band, which were now reduced to a mere handful, to make for Gask Castle, which was concealed in the midst of the woods; and while they were nearly overtaken, Faydon, one of their number, became so exhausted as to be unable to proceed any further on the journey. This, humanly speaking, saved the whole of the rest, for as Wallace despatched him with his own hand, lest he should fall into the power of the English, when the sleuth-hound came up in its pursuit, its attention was diverted from the others by means of the blood of him who had been slain. And strange to say as the governor approached near, and stooped down to examine the body by the light of the moon, two of Wallace's followers, Kerle, and Stephen of Ireland, availing themselves of the darkness of the night, approached near, stabbed him to the heart, and bursting into the midst of the woods, were nowhere to be found, until they next turned up near the banks of Loch Earne, many miles distant, where they remained for some time in the most perfect security. The greatest commotion was raised among the English, on account of the death of the governor, which afforded a breathing time to Wallace and his followers, and a chance of

escaping their pursuers. They reached the castle of Gask, but they were close on their track, for while they resolved to send forty of their number to accompany the body of the governor to Perth, Butler resolved to follow the fugitives closely with five hundred men, and secure the enemy of his country either dead or alive. Strange to say, early next morning while Butler was viewing his posts, on the border of the woods, he accidentally met Wallace, and drawing his sword rode back to tell his men where he was to be found. But alas! it was too late for him to do so, for already had our hero advanced from under the shade that partly concealed him, and met his antagonist; and with one terrible blow cleft his body asunder, in the saddle, which came rolling to the ground, and thus the first and last of the Butlers in this connection perished by the hand of him whom they had sworn to destroy. Wallace is already mounted on the back of the charger of the enemy he had but recently dispatched, and although the alarm is given, and the English gather around him from all quarters, he once more gave them the slip, for giving the reins to his fiery steed, he was soon far away out of sight, and his pursuers left behind to deplore the death of their brave general and likewise the escape of one who yet lived to inflict more severe chastisement on their countrymen than he had yet been permitted to do. They followed him, but in vain, for his knowledge of the country gave him a

decided advantage over them, and after putting forty of them to death, the one after the other, who dared to come near his person in the pursuit, he avoided once more the toils of his foes; laughed at their vain attempts to secure his person, and was soon far away from the scene of danger.

CHAPTER VII.

After leaving the North Wallace fled to Dunipace, Stirlingshire. Was kindly received by a widow in Torwood, and by his uncle. Supplied with money and horses by his uncle, and proceeded with a few followers to Dundaff Castle, the seat of Sir John Graham. Kindly received, and the son and heir swore fealty to Wallace. This proved the greatest accession yet made to the cause of freedom. After this Wallace and his followers made for Clydesdale. Resolved to pay a few visits to his wife in private, as his marriage had always been a secret. Thought he would do so with safety just now as a rumor had spread among the English that he had been killed by his followers. Meanwhile had several severe conflicts with the English. Cuts off a party of them with an English knight at their head near Lochmaben. A body of three hundred cavalry, headed by one Graystock, lately come from England, sent after the Scots, and after a terrible fight Graystock and most of the cavalry were slain. Sir John De Graham and Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, contributed largely to the victory. Lochmaben fortress taken by the Scots, and Kirkpatrick assigned the governor. Intended as a place of safety for them in time of danger, and a safe resort for Wallace's wife, whom he wished to remove from Lanark. Paid a visit to this place for the purpose, and recognized. A terrible fight ensued on the street, and Wallace saved through the intervention of his wife. Brought before the governor and urged to reveal the place of his concealment. Refused to do so, and killed by the hand of the governor. The whole town horrified by the act. Wallace made acquainted with it,

returns at night with a number of his trusty followers and slays the governor with his own hand. The inhabitants of the town rise *en masse* and drive the English from the place.

AFTER Wallace left the North, where he had inflicted such terrible chastisement on the English, but where he had met with but little assistance from any excepting his trusty followers who were now scattered everywhere or slain, he made for Dunipace, Stirlingshire. It was here he had received the elements of a proper education from his uncle, and where he had spent some of the happiest of his youthful days, amidst its beautiful rural retreats. In the same place likewise his kind and affable manners had previously gained him many friends, and especially amongst his uncle's servants and dependents. To one of such in particular, he had become a great favorite, namely, a female servant, who had charge of his uncle's house, and who from the first appeared to have entertained the highest notions of him. For although she held a humble situation, like many of her countrywomen in after ages, her soul was filled with genuine patriotic fire, and, perhaps, even then, while all was darkness around her, she could trace some rays of hope for her enslaved country in the person of a boy who was possessed of so many noble qualities. After Wallace left Dunipace, she became married, was deprived by death of her husband, and lived a lonely widow in Torwood. Still she brooded with miser care over the woes

of her country, and longed to see the day when it would be relieved from them. Such being the case she eagerly watched the movements of her favorite Wallace, afforded him shelter and protection when his life was endangered by his enemies, under the roof of her humble cottage, or in the trunk of a giant oak, that spread its magnificent branches in the neighborhood of it. As soon as Wallace was fairly beyond the range of his fierce pursurers in Cargyle Woods, he directed his steps to the well-known habitation of his long-tried friend; which he reached in safety weary and forlorn towards midnight. His familiar signal at the window immediately raised the inmates, when he was welcomed with joy into their lonely cot, and any simple fare they had was cheerfully put before him. But he was so altered in appearance that the family could scarcely know him, and his haggard looks, tattered garments, and armor stained with blood, told of the awful amount of perils and hardships he had undergone. After partaking freely of the refreshments he so much needed, he at once enlisted in his service the three sons of the widow, who resided with her in the lonely forest, and who were all ardent patriots. One of them was forthwith despatched to acquaint his uncle of his arrival, and how sadly forlorn and destitute he was. Another was sent towards the scene of his late conflicts, to try to find out if any of his late companions yet lived, and if so to endeavor to bring them along with

him. And the third retired with him to the lonely oak near the cottage, in which he concealed himself, and while its branches waved majestically over his head, and the wind sighed through the interminable forest, he watched faithfully over him while he slept soundly till the morning and forgot all the toils, and labors, and scenes of blood he had recently passed through. Next day Wallace was delighted to find that the widow's second son had arrived with Kerle and Stephen of Ireland, and his uncle also came to give him his blessing, and to supply him with money and other means; although he pointed out to him the great dangers with which he was beset, and the little prospect there was of success. Having been plentifully supplied with money and horses for himself and companions, while the widow allowed two of her sons to accompany him, whom she freely devoted to the service of her country, Wallace again set out for Clydesdale, where he expected more assistance and cordial sympathy than he had met with in Perth and its neighborhood. By the advice of his uncle he paid a visit to Dundaff Castle on his way to the West, where he and his companions were received with the greatest kindness. Its proprietor, the gallant Sir John De Graham, owned large estates in Strathblane and along the banks of the Carron; and could trace his genealogy back through a thousand sires, to that brave man who dared to contend with the conquerors of the world in the days

of yore. He threw down the Roman wall, although built at great expense across the island, and manned by the best soldiers Rome could produce ; for, urging his hardy Caledonians through the gaps he had made, he carried destruction and death along with him to such a fearful extent, as that it bears the name of Graham's Dyke at the present day. Sir John, the present proprietor, was himself a fit representative of so illustrious a house ; for he had acted a heroic part at the battle of Largs, in assisting the good Alexander the Third to annihilate the Danes, in a terrible engagement which was fought there, and who, up till that time, had proved a sore grievance to his countrymen. His son and successor, although yet a youth, had likewise distinguished himself already on the field of battle, and had broken a lance successfully with the bold Percy of Northumberland, in a border feud, and received the honor of knighthood at Berwick. The brave head of the clan at once consecrated his son to the service of his country, and caused him to swear fealty to Wallace, as his leader and chief. And no greater accession was ever made to its freedom than this. The gallant Graham was always foremost in the hour of danger. He was trusted as a brother by Wallace, and dearly beloved by all the patriots. He fell at the battle of Falkirk, but not till he had performed, as on many former occasions, a host of deeds of heroic valor. His name is fondly cherished in the district where he fell,

and will doubtless continue to be so; for while bravery is considered a virtue, and liberty a boon, the name of Sir John De Graham will ever be remembered. After spending three days delightfully with the Graham family at Dundaff Castle, where the wild and rugged beauty of the scenery without, and the free and noble spirit of the inmates of the castle within, tended to infuse new energy and vigor into the minds of the patriots, Wallace and his followers left the spot with reluctance, and made their way to Clydesdale, to find out the state of feeling there on behalf of the liberation of their country. The younger Graham did not just now accompany them, but the understanding was that as soon as arrangements were made for successful co-operation, he would do so, and take the field with all his father's retainers in order to strike a decisive blow. When Wallace proceeded to the West, he took up his residence in the neighborhood of Lanark, in order that he might pay a few visits to his wife, before it would be known that he had again arrived in this part of the country. He did so in disguise and in secrecy likewise as he had done on former occasions, for his marriage at the first with Marion Bradfute had been performed in private, and had never been made known to the English. For had it been so, owing to the circumstances in which this young lady was placed, it would have proved disastrous to both. These visits to Lanark could also at this time be performed with a greater

amount of safety, as a rumor had been extensively circulated throughout the country that Wallace had been slain by his followers; which was probably owing to the fact, that the head of Faydon, which cost the governor of Perth his life, had been found in the manner we have described in the last chapter, and which at the first was supposed to be the head of Wallace. But while he rejoiced that this rumor had taken the enemy off the track, his sword never rusted in its scabbard. It was ever cutting off straggling parties of the English, and causing great uneasiness everywhere. Still the enemy continued haughty and insolent, insulting the Scotch whenever an opportunity offered; for, wishing themselves to believe that their sworn enemy was dead, or far removed from them, they imagined they would be allowed to do so with the greatest impunity. But they were sadly mistaken, as one or two of the following encounters will amply testify. Wallace and some of his adherents happened to be at an inn at Lochmaben, and while getting some refreshments, a party of English arrived at the same place. Not satisfied with cracking their jokes at the expense of their Northern strangers, they proceeded to the stable and inflicted several severe wounds on their horses. Although fearfully irritated, the Scots were unable to offer any resistance, as their party was small and ill protected, and the English were numerous and fully equipped. They

therefore, quitted the inn as soon as possible, and fled to the neighboring woods, but were pursued by their enemies, headed by Sir Hugh Moreland, who was able to trace them from the blood that issued from their horses that had been so abused by them at that place. Probably likewise they began to suspect that Wallace was among their number, and that with the greatest ease they would be able to cut him off, with all his adherents. In this, however, they were sadly disappointed, for when they approached near the woods they found the party had been joined by several of their friends, who had been concealing themselves from the enemy. They were still much inferior to the English, but they vowed vengeance on them, from the insults they had recently received at their hands. A bloody conflict took place. The English suffered a humiliating defeat. Sir Hugh Moreland and many of his followers lay dead in the woods, and the whole party paid severely for the insults they dared to offer to the strangers at the inn. The remainder of the English force fled with all possible speed to the castle of Lochmaben, apprised the garrison of the death of their leader and many of his soldiers, and also that Wallace had led on the attack. The garrison was alarmed at the dismal tidings, and the governor of the castle lost no time in despatching a force of three hundred horsemen to overtake and chastise the freebooter and his followers, as Wallace was designated, for this

daring act, and bring him before him to answer for his conduct. Graystock was appointed the commander of this large body of horse, and was strictly enjoined to beware of ambuscades, and to be careful and watchful against the devices of a foe who was brave and subtle to an extreme degree. But he had lately arrived from England, was wrapt up in his self-importance, and looked upon the adversary with whom he had to contend with the utmost contempt. But he had mistaken his man. He pressed blindly forward to his own ruin, and allowed as fine a body of cavalry as could at that time be found in Christendom, to be cut to pieces by a mere handful of men. Wallace and his companions having seized the horses of their enemies, were moving slowly forward in the direction of Clydesdale, when the formidable force of the English made its appearance. He ordered his men to move on deliberately, as if nothing had taken place, while he himself remained in the rear to prevent the enemy suddenly falling upon them and cutting them off. At last Graystock ordered an attack with the view to surround the little band of heroes, and cut them off; but while he did so Sir John Graham fortunately appeared at the head of thirty horsemen, and Sir Roger Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, with twenty men all thoroughly equipped. The last named rough but brave warrior and genuine patriot had now fully made up his mind to join the cause of freedom, and he never afterwards

flinched in fighting for it when called upon so to do. And his son and successor (Mak' Sicker) faithfully adhered to Bruce in his darkest hours when struggling for the throne of Scotland. Indeed the whole of this noble house for ages after this were noted for their generous impulses and patriotic tendencies; and their female descendant, the ex-Empress of France, the beautiful Eugenie, is no unworthy representative of the Kirkpatrick. So soon as these worthies made their appearance, Wallace felt confident that the victory was his own, and charging at once through the midst of the enemy bore down everything before him. His friends followed with speed, and completed the confusion that had begun to take place, by entirely routing the left wing of the English and chasing them off the field. But the right wing under Graystock, remained as yet entire, and Sir John Graham was ordered to charge with his body of horsemen, who were yet comparatively fresh. He speedily arranged his little squadron, and executed the command given with alacrity and success. The attack of the gallant Grahams was too impetuous to be long resisted, and when with his own hand, Sir John, their leader, levelled the vaunting Graystock in the dust, the conflict was no longer doubtful; the English fled in the wildest confusion and took shelter in the woods near by. Wallace felt proud of the whole proceedings, gathered his own men and those of Graham and Kirkpatrick to-

gether, and complimented all highly on the valor and tact they had so ably displayed. And resting for a little and refreshing themselves, he advised them to march and make an immediate attack on Lochmaben Castle, which he knew to be completely defenceless. The advice was forthwith acted upon, a guide procured for the journey, and they found the castle as he expected. They took possession of it without any difficulty, put its inmates to the sword, and committed it in charge to Sir Roger Kirkpatrick and a small number of men, while Wallace himself proceeded with the rest of his trusty followers to his old retreat in the forest of Clydesdale. This was the first fortress in which he resolved to place a garrison, and he had good reasons for doing so, for it had recently been well provisioned from England, was one of the strongest holds in the south of Scotland, and well fitted for a retreat in case of danger, for many who now hearing of his success in this part of the country had flocked to his standard. Above all he had now resolved to free his wife from the state of confinement in which she happened so long to be in, owing to the cruel oppression of Haselrig, the governor, and to place her here where he would have easy access to her person, and where her life would be free from danger. He, therefore, now withdrew to Clydesdale with his trusty followers, and waited for an opportunity of carrying his wishes into effect. It was not long after when he resolved to visit

his wife in the town of Lanark ; and he did so under disguise, and in the habit of a peasant, in order to escape the notice of his enemies, who at this time filled the town and neighborhood. He was soon unfortunately recognized, however, by the English soldiers, and a bloody conflict ensued, for as he happened to be followed by none of his associates at the time, they imagined it would be the easiest thing possible to surround him and take him alive. But it was foolishness to suppose that such could be the case, or that the matchless in strength, or the use of the sword, could be so easily brought within their reach, or made their prey. The more they tried to surround him the more furious he became, dealt forth his blows with terrible effect and irresistible power, so that at every armed impulse the foremost of his assailants was found rolling in the dust. And while the strokes he dealt forth were unerring and the thrusts deadly, smiting to the earth every opponent that appeared in his way, the hero himself was calm and self-possessed. No quailing, no tremor, no confusion was manifested by him while beset by a host of foes. And when he retired back, considering it was foolishness to contend with his enemies that were all the time thickening around him, it was only for a little, to stand at bay and deal forth his deadly blows on those that had the hardihood to approach first near his person. Matters for some time continued in this way, and the whole town became filled with

tumult; and at the instigation of young Haselrig, a son of the governor, who happened at the time to be from home, a fresh party was forthwith dispatched from the garrison to lend their assistance in securing with certainty the person of Wallace. They were most anxious to do so, but dreaded to approach near him, or encounter the terrible effect of that sword that had already proved the destruction of so many of their companions. Their policy was now therefore to surround him, which they would soon have been able to do had not help from an unexpected quarter appeared at hand, for a hundred swords were levelled at him. But when they expected to have thrust them into his breast, and have laid his body cold in the dust, the hand of his gentle wife was stretched out in his behalf, and saved him from a cruel and instant death. She flung open the door of her residence on the opposite side of the street, where the foes of her husband were hemming him in, and beckoned him to approach the same. He did so without hesitancy, knowing who had opened the door, and no sooner had he entered it than she shut it in the face of his enemies. In this way his life was once more saved from imminent danger, for he escaped into the woods from behind the house, and was soon beyond the reach of his pursuers. Haselrig the elder, on his return to town, was informed of the whole proceedings by his son, who gave him a sadly distorted and exaggerated account of them; and how Wallace was permitted to

escape when surrounded by the soldiers, and when his capture was sure, by means of Marion Bradfute. The fury of the petty tyrant at this recital knew no bounds, for the partiality of the heiress of Lamington towards Wallace before this had been suspected, but now was patent to all. For she had stretched forth her hand and knowingly and daringly assisted in his escape, when it would have been impossible for him to do it by any other means, and when his apprehension would have afforded joy and satisfaction to the whole garrison at Lanark. And this heroic act and the strong affection shown towards a man who had been declared by Haselrig and others of the English an outlaw, and on whose head a large price had been set, filled the heart of this dark-souled man with feelings of the deepest revenge towards this patriotic woman. Alas, for the helpless and noble maiden ! for she is forthwith dragged into the presence of one who is likely to show her little mercy, whoever might interfere in her behalf. He first wished her to reveal the hiding place of Wallace by holding out to her the brightest promises in the shape of a noble knight for her husband, riches to any amount, with honor and preferment at the court of his Royal master the King of England. All these she rejected however with scorn and disdain ; for her inflexible resolution and her pure and virtuous soul could never be affected by such tinselled rewards, while her beloved father and brother had fallen victims to him, and Wallace

forced to flee for his life to the caves and forests of his native land. He next threatened her with sure and instant death, but she laughed his threats to scorn, and with a queenlike heroism, stretching herself to the full height of her noble person, refused to acknowledge even that she had done wrong. Nay, on the contrary, she gloried in the deed she had done, and throwing her arms abroad and confronting the wretch, she looked up to heaven and imploring assistance from above, she dared him to strike the fatal blow. For a little he was astonished at the fortitude, that one so tender and lovely at this striking moment was able to display. But his astonishment soon gave way to a paroxysm of rage and disappointment; and plunging his sword into the defenceless breast of the noble girl, who deserved a better fate, he laid her dead at his feet. All Lanark was terror-struck at this act of wanton cruelty, and murmurs not a few arose even from the midst of the English garrison; and although one of the bystanders, astonished and horrified, threw himself upon the bleeding body to save the vital spark, it was now too late. The gentle spirit of Marion Bradfute had already taken its flight to purer regions, and cried for vengeance on the head of him who was soon destined to pay dearly for the wicked act he had recently done, and to appear before the tribunal of the Judge from whom it would be impossible to hide his cruelties. Meanwhile, her tragic death had not only excited feelings of horror

but of revenge also in the breasts of all the natives of the town, and they only wanted a chance to avenge themselves freely on all who had been accessory to it, which soon occurred. Wallace, according to Wynton, the historian, had the sad misfortune to witness from a hiding place at a distance the melancholy death of his beloved wife; and what rendered it doubly more heart-rending to him at the time was the fact that he was alone and unable to offer the slightest resistance. He was worn out and helpless, owing to the recent terrible struggle he had on the streets of Lanark for his life; but the time was soon approaching when he would be prepared to mete out vengeance a thousandfold on its author for the perpetration of such an uncalled for and diabolical act. Wallace had scarcely time to give utterance to the agony and horror that tumultuated in his bosom when he repaired in search of Sir John Graham and his gallant followers, to whom he communicated the dismal tidings. When they heard them, a shriek of horror burst forth, and lamentation and weeping were universally shared in by all the party. For the unaccountable cruelty inflicted on one so young for the love she bore her country and the defender of its liberties, who might well have deserved a better fate, could not help bringing upon her cruel murderer the avenging justice of him who could not be an indifferent spectator of such a terrible crime. The night, it is said, after the bloody tragedy was enacted, sixty reso-

lute followers arranged themselves under the banner of their chief, and desired to be led forthwith to Lanark to execute summary vengeance on one who no longer deserved to live, considering what he had done. Wallace consented thus to lead them, and the rays, it is said, of the silvery moon were cast around their path, as they hastened forward to the work of destruction. At the dead hour of night they approached the town in silence, when the garrison and all around were hushed in tranquility and repose. They appeared to have eluded every spy and watchman that might have been supposed to have intercepted their march, and reached near the dwelling of the governor without let or hindrance. Even the queen of night will grant them her generous aid, and the Powers from on high bend down from above to avenge the blood of one that called for judgment from the starry mansions. Haselrig's residence was constructed of wood, as most others were at this period in Scotland, although no such thing as a wooden house could now be found from John O' Groat's to Land's End. It was on the upper part of the dwelling where he resided which communicated with the street by an outside stair constructed for the purpose. In the event of an attack this would render access to the governor's habitation more difficult; nevertheless in the present case this seemed to be of little consequence. For Wallace rushed up the stair, followed by his men, slew the guards that stood in the way, and with a

shout of death rushed into the room where the governor slept. With his iron grasp he awoke Haselrig, and gasping for breath the affrighted man who had so recently imbrued his hands in innocent blood, asked who he was and whence he came? "I am William Wallace," says he, "whose life you were so anxiously seeking yesterday, and now I come unsought, and thou shalt answer for my poor maiden's death!" What a sight for the guilty Haselrig! It was the husband of the noble Marion come in all the power of avenging justice to execute the wrath of the Judge of all on the head of one so vile, and who was now to be devoted to destruction! And well did he do his work; for although Haselrig uttered a wild scream of despair and pleaded for mercy, it was all to no purpose. He dragged his naked victim from the bed, ran his sword through his body, and tossed him headlong from the top of the stair into the street, a victim of blasted ambition and of unwonted cruelty. Although the alarm spread rapidly throughout the garrison, and a number of the soldiers in it hastened to the residence of the governor to render him the assistance he might require, it was now too late to do so. His bleeding body lay motionless on the street, and his spirit returned to the rightful Avenger of every wrong; shewing us that even in this life, injured justice will often assert its prerogative, and confirm the truth of Divine Writ also, "that bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half

their days." The feelings of the inhabitants of Lanark and the surrounding districts were so outraged by the murder of the helpless and innocent Marion, that they resolved to submit no longer, whatever might be the consequences, to the cruelty and oppression of the English. They therefore resolved, with Wallace and his little party, to clear the town of such usurpers as dared to trample in the dust the sacred rights even of women. The English made a bold stand to maintain their position, as the garrison was well supplied with provisions at the time, and every military weapon that was necessary for its defence. But they soon found out their utter inability to do so, for they had not only to fight against Wallace and his handful of followers, who might be overpowered and slaughtered, but against the people. In their breasts there burnt too strong a regard for injured worth, too great a love for their country's liberties, now the mock of tyrants, to be easily put down. The conflict with such could not be very long nor doubtful, for having laid hold of every lethal weapon that came in their way, they plied the same with such living force and energy that the whole of the garrison yielded to their overpowering numbers and were put to death. The blood of the heiress of Lamington, innocently shed,[†] was now avenged, and the people of Lanark has nobly assisted in doing so. They risked everything dear to them in vindicating her innocence and asserting the liberties of

their country ; and having vowed to do so, whatever consequences might follow, they could not now go back. They became completely identified with the cause of freedom, and nothing left for them but to fight for it, whatever it might cost. Houses, lands, relations, lives, and everything else were to them but like dust in the balance, while they were trodden under foot by their oppressors, and the blood of the noblest of their countrywomen shed wantonly, for extending a protecting hand to help and to shield the sorely oppressed. Crowds of them therefore flocked to the standard of freedom and offered their lives freely in the service of their country ; and all that they wished is that Wallace and his gallant friends would take the field openly and lead them forth to victory or death, against an enemy who had forfeited every claim of mercy at their hand. The nobles might crouch before the enslavers of their country and purchase their liberty as a sacrifice of everything dear. They might live a life of ignoble security at Edward's court, and along with the majority of the clergy acknowledge his right to govern Scotland. But not so with the natives of Lanark, and the peasants of the surrounding country generally. They have espoused the cause of freedom whatever it may cost them, and they will fight for it to the bitter end. Thousands around them, higher and mightier than they, may be slaves, but as for themselves they will live and die true Scottish freemen,

whatever loss it may be to them so to do. It was thus that the slaying of the rich, sweet, and patriotic Marion Bradfute decided the actions of thousands that might otherwise have remained neutral in the cause of freedom; and with trumpet tongue summoned to its standard the virtuous, the valorous, the good and the true. Nay more, this monstrous enormity put a stop to all wavering and halting between two opinions, and proved the true line of separation between the faithful and the false, between the patriot and the traitor, between the free and the enslaved in soul. And acting as a mighty lever it helped to raise up the masses of Scotia's sons sunk in the slough of slavery and despondency, made them pant and breathe for liberty as they would have done had they been deprived of the sweet gales that gently passed across the valleys of their native land or these beloved heaven-kissing mountains around whose white summits the elements had warred for ever, encouraging them so to fight till their country would be for ever free. Referring to Roman history, there is a striking incident in connection with the funeral rites performed to Pompey the Great that bears a close analogy to those of Marion Bradfute. When this celebrated general, after the battle of Pharsalia, put his foot on the shores of Egypt, he was barbarously slain, and his body left naked on the strand to glut the curiosity of the crowds who flocked around it. But a faithful freedman of his kept near the

bleeding body till the crowds were dispersed, washed it in the sea, and seeing the wrecks of a fishing boat, procured materials for burning it and preserving its ashes, an act of honor conferred on all free-born Romans. While doing so an old Roman soldier approached near the spot, and knowing what was going on wished, whatever danger might accrue, to share in the honor of the same action, "for I wish," says he, "to touch the body of the bravest general Rome ever produced." In the same manner an old and faithful domestic female servant of Marion Bradfute ventured into the midst of the greatest danger and at midnight into the garrison at Lanark. By means of bribes and bold adventures she and other faithful adherents rescued the body of her beloved mistress from the hands of her murderers, and carrying it from the town, passing along through the forests they threaded their devious, but secure path, through brake and brushwood and every other obstacle that beset their way, and before day broke in the dappled East they had brought it near, all pale but lovely, to Bothwell Castle. Here a bier was provided, and in the presence of Wallace it is said, and a number of mourners, the priests of St. Leonard's formed a funeral procession and consigned to the dark tomb, amid silent greetings and sobbing emotions of not a few, the body of the virtuous, untarnished and sigh-souled woman, who was one of the bravest Scotland ever produced, while her sainted spirit before

this had entered into those abodes where the "wicked cease from trouble and the weary are at rest." The tragic fate of the gentle, yet heroic Marion produced an impression on the mind of Wallace which all the events of his chequered life could never after efface. It broke up all the domestic ties that had hitherto bound him to this world. It left him nothing worth caring for but his country and its liberation. And vowing to it alone in the room of another who was so dear to him, and of whom he had been so cruelly and unceremoniously deprived by the act of a tyrant, which for its unwonted severity has scarcely a parallel in history, he took up the sword with more firm resolve and determination of purpose than he had ever yet done, and swore never to sheath it again till tyranny was hurled from the throne, or he was consigned to the mansions appointed for all living. Of the latter privilege he was deprived, although he had a baptism of blood to be baptised with, of which few of the sons of men ever partake, for a grave was refused his honored dust, which is generally conceded to the worst of mankind. But still the vow was sacredly performed, and his country at the present day reaps the benefit of it.

CHAPTER VIII.

The warlike operations of Wallace and his followers began to assume more formidable proportions. Large numbers of people flocked to his standard, and he was also at the head of a considerable army. The first engagement betwixt them and the English was at the east end of the town of Biggar. Wallace commanded the foot, and Sir Walter Newbigging and son the cavalry. The English forces amounted to sixty thousand, but the exact number of the Scotch not known. Great bravery displayed by both sides, but the English were at last vanquished and much slaughter took place. After this Wallace and his followers resolved to keep the field independent of any opposing force. Great opposition experienced by Edward in the conquest of Wales from the priests, and the same spirit of patriotism burnt in the breasts of the Scottish clergy. Edward resolved to displace them and appoint Englishmen in their place. These were hated by the Scots. Anthony Beck appointed to the Bishopric of Glasgow, in the room of Wishart displaced, who was at the time a professed patriot. Wallace marched with some of the best of his troops to Glasgow. A bloody conflict ensued, when Beck had to flee to England and assure his countrymen that there would be no peace in Scotland till Wallace was secured dead or alive. An iniquitous transaction at this time took place at the town of Ayr. A number of the Scottish nobility invited by the English governor there to a friendly conference, were cruelly slain, and their dead bodies thrown out on the streets. Wallace's uncle included among the

number. After this the English soldiers feasted sumptuously and drank freely. They anticipated no immediate danger from the Scot's. The news of the bloody tragedy spread rapidly, and Wallace and Douglas and a number of patriots were soon on the spot. They approached the barns of Ayr before the English knew of their approach. Securing all approaches to the building they set it on fire and consumed it with the garrison within. A terrible retribution was thus inflicted on the enemy for their cruelty. Traditions of these awful transactions still linger in the neighborhood.

AFTER the tragic occurrence recorded in the last chapter of our narrative, the warlike operations of Wallace began to assume more formidable proportions. Hitherto they had been chiefly of a desultory character, and at the most intended only to harass the enemy, and cut off straggling parties of them, when a favorable opportunity presented itself. But now it was otherwise. For large numbers of the inhabitants of the country flocked to the standard of the patriot, identified themselves with the cause of liberty, and eagerly desired to be led forth against the enslavers of their country. Already had the oppression and death of Marion Bradfute borne good fruit. It had intensified the strong feelings of hatred the people had always borne to the English, and convinced them that while they held possession of the country there was nothing in it worth living for. Wallace and his faithful followers took advantage of this excited state of public opinion, and resolved to hide no longer amid

the caves and forests of their native land, but present themselves openly before the country, and rid it, if possible, of an enemy who had carried misery and desolation with them wherever they went. He, therefore, no longer appeared at the head of a miserable handful of followers, who resolved whatever might be the consequences to adhere to his desperate fortunes; but an army of considerable dimensions was soon congregated together, which at once acknowledged him as its head, and which, by the quickness of its movements and effectiveness of its operations, startled and confounded their opponents on every side.

The first regular engagement betwixt these forces and the English took place near the east end of the town of Biggar, shortly after summary justice had been meted out to the cruel governor of Lanark. Wallace commanded the Scotch army in person, and showed himself possessed of all the qualities of a great captain, as he was before this of a guerilla chief. With a few of his faithful followers he led on the foot, while Sir Walter Newbigging and son a youth of only fifteen years of age, commanded the cavalry. The English forces, it is said, consisted of sixty thousand men, and were under the direction of Lord Whichhenour, one of Edward's most trusty and experienced generals. Of the number of the Scotch army we have no correct account. The conflict raged long with fury and doubtful success, while feats of heroic bravery

were performed by all. And little wonder that such should be the case, for the stakes were great on both sides! The one contended for liberty and all its endearments, the other for life and all its enjoyments. Victory at last declared in favor of the Scotch, which was considerably owing to several charges of the cavalry, led on by the able Sir Walter Newbigging, powerfully assisted by his youthful but gallant son. The bravery displayed by this youth in his first engagement excited the wonder of all, and gained for him the honor of Knighthood which was conferred on him after the battle. The accounts of this engagement, which appears to have been bloody and fatal to both sides, are meagre and contradictory; although it took place there can be no doubt, as it is noticed in the statistical account of the Parish of Biggar in the following way: "At the west end of the town is a tumulus, which appears never to have been opened; and there are vestiges of three camps, each of a roundish figure, at different places in the neighborhood. There is a tradition of a battle having been fought at the east end of the town, between the Scots under Sir William Wallace, and the English, who were said to be sixty thousand strong, wherein a great slaughter was made on both sides, but especially among the latter." This fierce engagement in which the Scots were so successful, animated them with new hope, and Wallace had every reason to congratulate himself on the courage and dis-

cipline his troops had displayed, and to expect even greater things of them in the future. He, therefore, resolved to keep the field, whatever forces the English might bring against him; and while the main body of his army was sufficient to engage the attention of the enemy, smaller portions of it were employed throughout the country in surprising distant garrisons, and putting to the sword many before they had the slightest intimation of their sudden approach. One of the principal obstacles in the way of the subjection of Wales by the cruel Edward, was the strong opposition he met with from its patriotic bards and priests. In the minds of these were nurtured throughout all ages the strongest aspirations after liberty, which they infused into the hearts of their countrymen. No bribes, no threats could extinguish such feelings. They remained from the days of the Roman conquest downward as firmly engraven in their hearts, as the mountains of their native land, which everywhere surrounded them, and whose pure fresh breezes were but proper emblems of what to them was dearer than any earthly blessing. But the conquest of this country was of far more importance in the eyes of this cruel invader than the lives of all its natives, with the priests included. And finding that such was impossible while they continued to live and exercise their spiritual functions, he adopted the savage resolution of putting them all to a cruel death. In his attempts to crush the liberties of

Scotland the wary tyrant anticipated the same difficulties from the ecclesiastics, and albeit the Pope, his spiritual father, prevented him from exercising towards them the same amount of cruelty, he nevertheless resolved to rid the country of them from the time of his first invasion of it. Accordingly he ordered that all the parishes as soon as they fell vacant should be filled up with English incumbents. The result was that a host of hirelings rushed across the borders, took possession of all the best livings, and reduced the native clergy to poverty, or drove them into exile. And not only so, but while pretending to exercise their spiritual functions, they betrayed the most sacred and valuable interests of the poor and oppressed natives; and it cannot be wondered why an English priest or soldier was considered by them with an equal degree of reproach. During the brief reign of Baliol, an edict was passed banishing these hated foreign ecclesiastics from the country. And the first thing Wallace endeavored to do when his power began to be felt, was to carry out the spirit of the edict to its utmost extent against those whose office ought to have been to proclaim liberty to the enslaved natives, instead of fastening upon them the fetters more firmly which a tyrant had endeavored to forge. In the carrying out of this object, it happened at the time that Anthony Beck, the warlike bishop of Durham, had been appointed to the bishopric of Glasgow in the room of Wishart, the

friend of Wallace ; and if so, he must be made to pay for such an act of cruel injustice, and be dislodged from the ecclesiastical palace that rightfully belonged to his fellow-patriot. Wallace selected three hundred of the best of his cavalry, divided them into two bodies, and forthwith proceeded rapidly to Glasgow. When near the spot he urged upon his followers the necessity of caution and prudence, for the bishop and many of his ecclesiastical retainers from Northumberland, who had doffed the cassock, could well handle the sword. The division under the command of Wallace's uncle attacked the rear of the bishop's force, while Wallace advanced straight forward and attacked the front. The forces met on the high street, not far from the castle, and a terrible conflict began ; for the warlike prelate was followed by a retinue of knights and esquires, only inferior to that of Edward, his royal master. The narrowness of the street however, prevented them from operating successfully against their sworn Northern foes, while every stroke of the sword of Wallace and his followers thinned their ranks, filled the streets with their dead bodies, and caused their blood to flow in torrents from the castle in all directions. Although the Scots contended gallantly with Wallace at their head, the overwhelming numbers of the English would have gradually overcome them, but for a slight circumstance that took place, and which at once decided the fate of the day. A terrible stroke from the sword of

Wallace made the bearer of the bishop's banner roll in the dust. It was a melancholy occurrence for the English, for the banner had been consecrated and the person's life who bore it along triumphantly, considered beyond the reach of danger. This, however, dispelled the charm, damped the ardor of the superstitious vassals of the warlike bishop, and caused them to fall back in confusion and terror. Meanwhile the division of the Scotch cavalry that had wheeled round to the rear, made their appearance. They witnessed the state of disorder in which the English forces already began to be in, and rushing upon them with the wildest impetuosity completed the victory already within reach of the Scots. A large number of the enemy was put to the sword, and the lanes leading from the high street were choked up with the bodies of the dying and of the dead. Glasgow never before nor after witnessed such a bloody conflict along its streets; and the inhabitants of the place never forgot to their dying day how completely Wallace and his followers, as with a magic spell, swept everything before them. With difficulty Beck succeeded in escaping with three hundred cavalry, and reached the borders in safety. He exaggerated to a fearful degree the woeful situation in which his countrymen were left behind, and assured all that there was no security for any one of them in Scotland till Wallace, dead or alive, was put into the hands of the English. While these transactions were going

on, one of those iniquitous deeds, so common to the reign of the cold-blooded Edward, was perpetrated at Ayr, which, for baseness and atrocity, has no equal in the history of any civilized nation. Under friendly intentions, Sir Ronald Crawford, uncle of Wallace, Sir Bryce Blair, Sir Neil Montgomery, with many others of the Scottish nobility and barons of lesser note, were invited to meet Percy, the governor of the place. It was alleged that a council was to be held betwixt these noblemen and the English officers, over which the governor in person was to preside; and when the matters brought up before it were disposed of, a splendid banquet was to take place in honor of the Scottish nobility, who were to be present. The meeting was held in a large wooden building, erected by Edward as a residence for the governor, called the Barns, with several passages that conducted into the interior of the same. This meeting might well acquire the name of the Black Parliament in after ages in Scotland. It sent a thrill of horror over the length and breadth of the land; for the real intentions of the English were only found out when it was too late. Each Scottish nobleman, as he entered the building unarmed and without suspicion, was seized by the English soldiers, who were planted beforehand at the several entrances of the building, and hurried to execution. On a broad joist, or rafter, which supported the roof of the building, he was hung up without any trial, although under the solemn

protection of a truce. Not one of the Scots who attended the meeting was allowed to escape, and a large number of the heads of the best families in the west of Scotland was thus cruelly cut off. Nor was this all, but the lifeless bodies of those that were executed were thrown into a vault beneath, and afterwards tossed into the middle of the street, to be hewn and cut in pieces so as to strike terror to their countrymen on all sides. This was done during the night, and had not many of the people of Ayr crowded round the massacred bodies, and demanded that they should be given up in order that they might be decently interred, not one of them would have been recognized by the morning. Of the bodies thus recovered were those of Sir Ronald Crawford and Lord Ruthven, who was passing the time as a guest with the sheriff of Ayr, when the bloody transaction took place. When this piece of wanton slaughter and cruel perfidy was accomplished, the next step adopted by their southern oppressors was equally cool and heartless. Some of the parties betrayed and butchered, were amongst the most wealthy in several parts of the country. They owned vast estates, and numerous hosts of retainers followed them into the field. The whole of the day that succeeded their murder was taken up in partitioning out their sequestered estates, and dividing their followers among the more needy of the governor's friends; while a large share of the booty was reserved for this worthy himself. This occupied

the second day, and when all things were satisfactorily disposed of, a grand feast was proclaimed to be held in the building where perfidy and crime had so recently run their course. It did take place on a most magnificent scale. A long, deep carousal followed, and the richest wines of France passed freely among the guests. But the perpetrators of the bloody deeds above referred to failed to see that such acts of sensuality were only tending to throw them off their guard, and invoking on their heads a tremendous retribution, which must soon overtake them. In the burden of ancient Nineveh, which the inspired Seer uttered, its inhabitants are charged as being "drunken as drunkards;" and her grave was thus to be made, "because she was vile." The great city thus fell at a stroke, and was entombed in her own ruins. The perpetrators of the cruel deeds in the Barns of Ayr hastened to imitate the vile heathen in the same sensual indulgences, and as might have been expected came to the same end. They caroused during the whole day of the feast and towards night they became drunken as drunkards. "They slept their sleep outright," unconscious of the least danger that was nigh at hand, and were entirely off their guard. But an enemy was approaching the place that would not be trifled with, and who would execute summary vengeance on the ruffians who deserved no mercy at their hand. The tidings of the massacre at the Barns, soon spread like wild fire throughout the

whole country, and gathered weight and horror as they sped along. They quickly reached Wallace and Sir William Douglas, who happened to be in the neighborhood of Ellerslie at the time, and filled their souls with feelings bordering on madness for revenge. For it came to the knowledge of Wallace, that the body of his revered uncle was not only treated with every sort of indignity, and cast out in a state of nudity into the street, but even his mansion in the town, and his many paternal acres in the country, had already been handed over by Percy the governor to an English minion of his own. Wallace and Douglas were astir early on the morning of the feast, and directed their march to the west without a moment's delay. They were accompanied by three hundred of the most faithful of their followers, who burned to be revenged on an enemy who, by their recent acts of horrid cruelty, had excluded themselves from the pale of mercy. Besides these, there were many of the retainers of the slaughtered noblemen who fell in with the party by the way, and who openly thirsted for an opportunity of ridding the country of men on whom no punishment sufficient to the extent of their crimes could possibly be inflicted. It was night before they reached the neighborhood of Ayr, and they were glad to learn that the English, in the midst of their fancied security, were entirely off their guard. They watched not, and apprehended no danger ; for they

were overpowered with strong drink, and had already laid themselves down to sleep soundly, imagining that no number of the Scots could at present be in the neighborhood. But they forgot to remember that their diabolical proceedings had awoke a spirit of retaliation in all directions, and the avengers of justice could not be put off. Favored by the darkness of the night, and the state of the enemy, Wallace and his friends had approached the spot where the Scottish nobility had been inveigled, and cruelly put to death; but a more terrible scene, if possible, was soon to be enacted there. The numerous entrances to the building were secured from the outside, without alarming the inmates, who had betaken themselves to rest, little dreaming of the terrible fate that awaited them. In addition to this, large quantities of pitch and dry wood were heaped up around the building, and so soon as his men were drawn around it, Wallace commanded fire to be applied to the same. To destroy all the inmates at once, in the theatre of their unmitigated cruelty, and to make a wholesale execution instead of engaging in a conflict of man to man, appeared to be but meting out even-handed justice to all concerned. They were not honorable soldiers. Wallace and his followers were seeking to destroy. They were murderers and assassins, who had lost all sense of honor and of sacred truth. And to allow them a chance of fighting openly in the field, with his small body of faithful men, who

followed him to be avenged on such inhuman beings, would only be to dishonor his brave soldiers, and afford the basest of criminals a chance of escaping from the punishment they so justly merited. The time had now come for striking a decisive blow. The cry of the innocently slain had already entered into the ears of the God of justice, who was no idle spectator of the bloody drama so lately witnessed. And Wallace and his followers were to be the instruments used for executing condign punishment on the men who were destined in a body to be offered up as a human hecatomb to the souls of their dear departed friends and relations, which must have already been crying for vengeance before the Throne on High on their inhuman betrayers and murderers on the earth. The building in which the besotted English soldiers had lately perpetrated their fearful crimes, in which they afterwards feasted and revelled, and in which they now slept securely, unmindful of any danger from without, was composed of wood, thatched with straw and shingles, laid over a roof of inflammable spars and wattled branches. It was but a few seconds when the whole fabric was in a flame, which never could afterwards be extinguished, for the roof of it was designedly set on fire at the same time as the lower part of the building. First, a smoke therefore, then a blaze simultaneously arose from every part of the building. It communicated with the innermost passages and recesses of the same,

awakening the affrighted revellers who, for the first time began to learn that they were hopelessly enveloped in its fiery embraces, and had no means presented them of saving themselves. Vengeance now cried aloud for sacrifice. The blood of the treacherously murdered, as with a tongue of fire, pleaded for punishment on their enemies, and not one of them would be allowed to escape. Beams, rafters, roofing and flooring are now in one continuous blaze, and as the flames lie round the helpless inmates, a sight of horror was presented that cannot be described. Some were praying to God for pardon, others were entreating for mercy. But by far the greatest number, with curses and imprecations on their lips, threw themselves into the midst of the fatal conflagration, and rushed into eternity. Crackling and roaring the careering sheeted flames cast a lurid glare across the sky for several hours; but the work of destruction was accomplished. In the morning the bloody Barns of Ayr had no existence saving a charred heap of ruins, and not one of the five hundred of the cruel inmates, who feasted so sumptuously and drank so freely the day before, remained to tell their story. Many it is true, finding their situation to be so perilous, endeavored to break through all barriers, and accomplish their escape. But in this they were sadly disappointed. For every avenue from the building was guarded by armed men, who prevented the possibility of any

fleeing from it ; so that all who escaped the flames from within fell into the hands of their enemies without. Never were treachery and cruelty more wantonly carried out, and at the same time more summarily punished. And the severity of the retribution can only be palliated by the nature of the case, and the peculiar circumstances in which Wallace and his followers happened at this time to be placed. The sun had begun to streak the east by the time those bloody sacrifices were finished, and the pale light of the morning enabled the Scottish soldiers to retire from a scene that was only calculated to strike horror into every heart in which the smallest amount of mercy or compassion yet remained. Neither Wallace or Douglas could have found much satisfaction in the terrible destruction of life and property, in which they had lately been engaged. The generous natures of both the chiefs were far removed in a general way from wanton or intentional cruelty. But the love of their country, now down-trodden and oppressed, and their friends and relations now wantonly betrayed, put to death, and afterwards ignominiously exposed on the public streets, hermetically sealed up every feeling of tenderness and compassion in their bosoms towards their southern enemies ; and forced upon them the adoption of these extreme modes of retaliation which in no ordinary circumstances could by any means be justified. Some historians have thought proper to be sceptical in

regard to this part of Scotch history, and have labored to deny the truth of every occurrence first and last connected with the slaughter and burning of the Barns of Ayr. But it is to be borne in mind, that events of more recent date in connection with the annals of this country, and also of other countries, have likewise been called in question, although well authenticated; and it by no means follows on that account that such are to be discredited. One thing is certain, that after the most careful and painstaking research, by some of the most eminent antiquarians in Scotland, they have no hesitation in giving credence generally to the whole account as stated above. Referring to it, the laborious Doctor Jamieson says: "The history of the destruction of these buildings and of the immediate reason of it is supported by the universal tradition of the country to this day; and local tradition is often entitled to more respect than is given to it by the fastidiousness of the learned. Whatever allowances it may be necessary to make for subsequent exaggeration it is not easily conceivable, that an event should be connected with a particular spot during a succession of ages without some foundation." And the statements of this able and impartial writer, are fully corroborated by a national work, called the Complaint of Scotland, which was published many years before any life of Wallace appeared before the public. Speaking of this event, the author refers to it in the

following way: "Any of you that consents to his false conquest of your country, meaning of course the king of England, ye shall be recompensed as your forefathers were, at the Black Parliament at the Barns of Ayr, when king Edward made a convocation of all the nobles of Scotland at the town of Ayr, under color of faith and concord, who compeered at his instance whom when made hung cruelly and dishonestly to the number of sixteen score of the most noble of the country, two and two over a balk."

CHAPTER IX.

The efforts of Edward hitherto directed to the subjugation of the Southern and Eastern parts of the kingdom. Western highlands and islands remained unmolested owing to the fact that it was cut up by large arms of the sea, and rendered inaccessible by terrible mountain barriers. No roads here for centuries afterwards, nor an inn where the traveller might repose. The Celts happy within their own territories, and enjoyed life amid the wild beauties of nature. Emigrate in large numbers to foreign countries, but still love their native highlands. Strange that Macaulay, descended from the Celts, should try to disparage them so much. The first to embrace Christianity in the British Isles, and have been largely identified for centuries with many of the leading events in Christendom and elsewhere. A large tract of land granted in Argyle to McFaydon by Edward. Proceeded from Ireland to take possession of it. Committed cruel depredations. Arrested in his course by Duncan of Lorne, a brother of the chief of the Campbell clan. Sorely harassed them. Retired towards Loch Awe to join his brother Sir Neil Campbell. The first authentic account of the Campbell family. Destined afterwards to perform a conspicuous part in the history of their country. Sir Neil drew McFaydon into the heart of the country and cut off his force. Sent notice to Wallace of the state of affairs. Resolved to proceed to his assistance. Joined in the expedition by Sir John Graham and his clansmen. And also Sir Richard Lundin, headed by five hundred fighting men. Duncan of Lorne appointed their guide. Came up with McFaydon's force

at the Brandir Pass. Had reached it before McFaydon was aware of their approach. The Irish troops fought with heroic courage but at great disadvantage, and many of them hurled into the chasm below. When known that Wallace was leading the Scots a terrible panic ensued, and most of them put to death. McFaydon escaped and concealed himself in a cave, but was afterwards discovered and beheaded. His head fixed on a rock, which still bears his name. After the battle Wallace convened a meeting of the Western chiefs, inflamed their minds with hatred towards the English, and left the highlands receiving the blessings of thousands.

THE efforts of Edward had hitherto been directed to the subjugation of the southern and eastern parts of the Kingdom of Scotland, and throughout these his cruel and aggressive policy had been duly felt. Although absent most of the time at the outset of his operations, and engaged in an indefensible war with the King of France, he nevertheless managed to select men of the proper stamp for carrying out his truculent and insane projects of ambition in the northern part of the island; and of such we had a sample in the last chapter. Ireland had already bowed her head and yielded up the sceptre to one of his over-reaching Plantagenet predecessors, on which account, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, she has often had reason since to shed many a bitter tear. Wales too, after a bloody struggle, in which although heroically resisting, she was at last overmastered by a superior force sent against her by the cruel and politic Edward, and had at last fallen

under his iron sway. And nothing now remained for him to add to his dominions within the compass of the four British seas but Scotland; and for the accomplishment of this, no amount of men or money, or truth, or honor, or anything else was considered too much. In the carrying out of this, his darling scheme, he had other objects to serve besides his love of conquest. For a large number of the ruined and needy nobility both from Ireland and Wales had already joined his standard, whom he wished to employ with their retainers, as far as possible from home, as mercenary troops. These he despatched in thousands towards the North, where he expected an easy conquest owing to the divided state of the nobility and distracted condition of the country; while the fortifications in Wales and Ireland were enlarged and their numbers increased and filled with English soldiers, in order to keep the natives quiet and submissive under him. It accords with history, that while Edward was at Stirling in 1296, he was joined by the Earl of Ulster with thirty thousand infantry and four hundred cavalry from Ireland. Many of these marched with him in his bloody procession to the North, where little leniency or compassion was shown to the poor natives, who fled from them as they would have done from the famished wolves, as they rushed for prey from the gorges of their native mountains. When Edward retired South he left a large number of these foreigners to oppress and overcome

them when they proved refractory, or refused to submit their neck to his iron yoke. But the interesting and extensive portion of Scotland known as the Western highlands, and islands thereto attached, had up to this time remained unmolested, and the cruel invader, or any of his relentless hordes, had not dared to touch them. This was largely owing to the fact that it was so cut up and intersected by arms of the sea, and rendered nearly inaccessible by terrible mountain barriers, so as to prevent any large number of armed men from marching through it in a regular way, or from operating successfully together in any part of it. For not till many centuries afterwards were any passable roads to be found cut through the rocks, or threading their way amid the glens and gorges of the lofty mountains here. Scarcely a plank was thrown across the streams that went bubbling and dashing along in their impetuous courses to the sea or neighboring lake; and the traveller that happened to come into the country when night approached, had to cast himself upon the hospitality of the inmates of the nearest hovel that came in the way; for an inn was a luxury not then known. And yet the native Celts were happy within their own limited territories, and enjoyed life perhaps as much as any other people amid the wild beauties of nature. They were charmed with the dark blue waters of their lakes, the bold outlines and rich tints of their mountains, and the boiling torrents that often roared and

dashed down their precipitous sides. And while they beheld the clouds and tempests lowering on their tops, they were delighted with the same, and willing to live and die amid the poverty and grandeur of their native country in preference to any other. And this feeling is far from yet being extinguished in the breast of the noble Highlander, for, "although fate should drag him south, the line, or o'er the wide Atlantic sea," and his courage should cause him to achieve great exploits, his intense attachment to his native soil continues the same. While at a distance from it he dreams during the night of many of the abrupt precipices near his native home, the lofty mountains seen from afar where his youthful footsteps trod, and the gloomy passes stretching with their solemn grandeur away through to some distant glens. And awaking in the morning he is sorry to find that all were but airy phantoms, and he sighs amid the tame and domestic beauties of other climes, till he is allowed to return and gaze with renewed interest on the crags, glens, woods and waters of his native land. Then the wild and rugged regions that surround Benvoirlick and Benledi acquire new beauties in his eyes, where "Each purple tint, each flinty spire is bathed in floods of liquid fire." Then the leap and roar of Foyers, as it rushes on to empty itself into the loch that glitters at its feet, are possessed of more sublimity and grandeur than all other waterfalls in his eyes on the surface of the globe; while Loch-

nagar peers up like a giant monster from amid the apparently puny Grampians that surround it, and Bencruachan over the willowy islets of Lochawe, with its snowy top make "Caledonia stern and wild," dearer to him than ever, and here he wishes to rest his bones, amid the sepulchres of his fathers, when his heart ceases to beat, and his weary footsteps have terminated forever. And why should Macaulay, with all his powers of rhetoric and masterly eloquence, try to touch off the Scottish Celt to such disadvantage as he does in his history! For the blood of the same race coursed in his veins, and his knowledge of their character, as he himself admits, was gathered largely from a cockney of the name of Burt, who describes the mountains in Inverness-shire, "as monstrous excrescences, masses of dirty brown and purple affecting the eye." But the truth is Macaulay is after all but a beautiful word painter, who wrote for effect, and not for the truth. For any unprejudiced Englishman, taking up Burt's Letters from Scotland, and reading them carefully, must at once see that they are only a miserable caricature of the country and its inhabitants; and feel astonished that one who wishes to write for posterity, should have labored so hard from such data to expose to contempt and ridicule a race, who were the first in the British Isles to embrace the simple truths of Christianity, and disseminate them everywhere abroad; and whose many other acts have tended so much to add glory, honor and

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riches to the British Empire. No author, however great his talents, can thus succeed in writing down a people whose history is so largely identified with many of the leading events that have occurred in Christendom, for many centuries gone by. And a people too, be it remembered, who had deeds of valor to recount, and native princes to rule over them, attended by guards and by armor-bearers; and who had also waged wars, proclaimed peace and dispensed justice in their own way before the Saxon ever planted a foot on the shores of Albion, or the proud Norman had ushered forth from the icy forests of the north to make his more southern neighbors quail and tremble before him. In order to exercise control over this race, who had long lived unmolested from any foreign foe, Edward resolved to plant a colony in the midst of the Western Highlands. It was to make room for some of those mercenaries, to whom we have referred above, and was headed by an Irish chief of the name of McFaydon, a creature of his own. To this person he granted a tract of land in the county of Argyle, and he proceeded from the North of Ireland with a large number of his followers, to take possession of the same. When he landed on the Scottish shore he was joined by a number of English and renegade Scots, so that his motley army, such as it was, amounted to not less than fifteen thousand men. They lost no time in commencing hostile operations, and so soon as they acquired a footing in

the country, they showed no mercy to the natives. Landing in Lorne, they proceeded gradually into the interior of the country, and ravaged it with fire and sword. They slew all the males who refused to join them, abused and ravished the women, and committed the most revolting atrocities wherever they went. If they had not been fortunately checked in the midst of their wild career by the bravery of the natives, the desolating work of Edward and his emissaries in the south and eastern parts of the country, would have never compared with theirs. But they had not proceeded far in their work of destruction till they were arrested in it, and suffered the cruel fate their conduct richly merited. The invasion of their beloved country was soon heralded abroad among the children of the Gael, and to resist the same was the unfaltering resolution of all concerned. Death was preferable to a life of degradation and subjection. The fiery cross of McCallum-More was, therefore, soon seen floating in the breeze, and hurrying on from mountain to glen with renewed speed. Wherever it was seen it kindled the same spirit of enthusiasm among the children of the Clan, and those of them that were far off hastened with good-will to be present at the general rendezvous. It was a sight worthy of notice, to witness the dwellers throughout such an extensive district of country, bounding over the wilds and strongholds of nature's own framing, bent upon the repulsion of the daring foe,

and rushing to the banner of their heroic chief who had unfurled it already. Duncan of Lorne, a brother of the Chief of the Clan, was the first to encounter the enemy. He had only a handful of men to assist in opposing them, but his undaunted bravery and that of his followers, together with his intimate acquaintance with the country, enabled him for a considerable time to harass them sorely, attacking their foraging parties and cutting off their supplies. At last he was compelled to yield to a vastly superior force, and this brave man with his handful of followers, retreated fighting towards Loch Awe, where he received the assistance and protection of his brother, Sir Niel Campbell, the head of the Clan. As far as I can glean from history, this is the first authentic reference to a family which has ever afterwards figured so conspicuously in the annals of their country. At first the Campbells were inferior in number and in power to the McDonalds, who possessed more than kingly authority in the Western Isles and over the mountainous countries of Argyle and Inverness-shire. But what the Campbells wanted at first in power, they possessed in wonderful acuteness and dexterity of address, so that by the use of means sometimes false, sometimes fair, but always plausible; and above all by their untiring ambition, they succeeded in gradually diminishing the power of their neighbours, the McDonalds, and establishing their own in its place. In the course of ages, they were

able to bring into the field five thousand men, while they compelled a number of the most ancient chiefs of the Western Highlands to pay them tribute. And perhaps the power thus assumed was more safely vested in their hands than in that of any other of their highland rivals. For in all the struggles that have taken place in Scotland, in behalf of civil and religious liberty, we generally find the Campbells on the right side ; while larger numbers of the name than that of perhaps any other in Britain, have distinguished themselves in the camp, cabinet, and also in the republic of letters. Sir Niel Campbell did not attempt, with his small number of clansmen, to meet McFaydon openly in the field, but drew him and his men into the midst of the fastnesses of the country, and there to cut them off, and thus prevent their retreat. This is what he resolved to do as soon as McFaydon entered the country, and he succeeded after great toil and difficulties in the accomplishment of his object. The Irish Chief, trusting to his armed soldiers, imagined he would weary Sir Niel and his clansmen out by incessantly following them up to their different places of retreat, and cutting them off. But in this he was mistaken, for his want of proper knowledge of the country ultimately brought himself and the whole of his armed force to utter ruin. Sir Niel owned a keep in one of the most sequestered parts of the country, and thither he retreated with three hundred of his clansmen. It

stood in a lonely situation at the end of a deep ravine, and though not particularly large, was amply sufficient to accommodate all his followers at that present time. If not by art, it was strongly fortified by nature, and even Edward himself, if he had been on the spot, with all his power and warlike sagacity, would have found it a difficult task to assail it, and far more so to take it. On the rear of it ran the river Awe, which, with deep and rapid current, receiving its waters from a Loch of the same name, dashed along impetuously, being shut in by rocky barriers which lined its bank for several hundred feet in height, and rendered it extremely difficult in its approach in this direction. In the front of it lay the celebrated Brandir Pass, than which there is no one more difficult in its nature to traverse in this or any other part of the country. After rounding the head of the Pass, the traveller has to wend his weary way down a dangerous and difficult defile of such a nature as renders it impossible for him to proceed without creeping cautiously along. A single step would cost him his life, and hurl him into the deep and yawning gulf that boils and eddies several hundred feet below. Even when he uses this precaution, great danger accompanies the undertaking from the fact that large quantities of loose stones with which the face of the rocks are covered are easily set in motion, and might be found to overwhelm and dash in pieces any one, however cautiously he might try to proceed

along. Sir Niel, after much care and circumspection, succeeded in reaching in safety this highland retreat, from which it would be no easy task to dispossess either him or his faithful followers. And not only so, but he was now able to watch in security the tardy and perilous progress of McFaydon and his troops, already suffering sorely from want of provisions and worn out by incessant marches, although still faintly pursuing his wary enemy. The trusty Highlanders that lay in wait for the approach of the Irish army knew the fatal spots where it would be most advantageous to strike the blow, and as they creeped along singly without being able to cover their advance, they afforded a proper mark for the missiles that came pouring in upon them from all quarters. Many were thus sorely galled and discouraged; many were wounded; and many more were struck dead. And while they rolled down to the bottom of the deep and eddying abyss below, they filled the hearts of those that were to follow after with much fear and discouragement. While McFaydon was advancing in the rear and Sir Niel was marching for the Pass, he knew how completely he would soon be shut out from the outside world. He, therefore, sent some of his most trusty followers to Wallace to acquaint him of the situation, and to crave his immediate help. The ear of Wallace was ever open to the cry of any of his afflicted and down-trodden countrymen;

and was likely to listen to the request for help from an unexpected quarter of the country, with the attention and regard which it merited. Sir Niel Campbell was an old confederate and friend of his own, and it would have been contrary to all his former actings to leave him to contend single-handed against such an overwhelming force. Besides, this was a new point of attack upon which Edward had decided, and to allow him to take possession of the Western highlands, and to plant his colonies there would have added largely to his influence in Scotland, and retarded the cause of independence, it might be for many years to come. He resolved, therefore, at once to succor in person his sorely tried highland friend, and rid the country of an enemy who, so soon as he was able to secure a firm footing in it, was likely to induce hosts of his countrymen to follow his example and settle in it. Wallace was joined in the expedition by Sir John Graham and a number of his faithful clansmen, who were well acquainted with the nature of the highlands, and how to conduct war with a prospect of success in the same. And to make the complement more complete, Sir Richard Lundin headed five hundred fighting men of his own, thus bringing up the whole force to the number of not less than two thousand, composed of the very flower of the Scottish army. With high hopes and determined resolution, they left the Lennox, where Wallace had been for some time stirring up a warlike spirit among the na-

tives and inducing them to attach themselves to the fortunes of the patriots. They accepted as their guides the brave Duncan of Lorne and his faithful servant Michael, than whom there were none better acquainted with the rugged and intricate paths of the highlands, through which the patriot army was now destined to tread their way. For even many of the natives themselves were unacquainted with several of them, and it was only the deer stalker and those taught to follow up the game amid its most dangerous caves and retreats, in which exciting work Michael excelled, that were safe guides in such unfrequented places. After being led through gorges, forests, and by-paths which would have appeared perilous and perplexing to a single stranger, and much more so to a large armed force, they ascended a high mountain, which was accomplished with the utmost toil and trouble, for the path here was hardly discernable, and the weary foot-soldiers began to flag, became dispirited and fell into disorder. Such trying marches are often more difficult to be borne by armed troops than a sharp encounter with the enemy. As their leader was, however, at their head, and had been submitting to every privation which the meanest soldier had endured, he called a halt and was able to address them with all the authority of one who had never saved himself from undergoing dangers and privations. At the same time while he was prepared to exercise his power as a general in restoring order, he blended

the same power with the kind feelings of a friend, for he addressed them in that facile eloquence which in more trying emergencies had always carried conviction along with it to the hearts of his ardent followers: "Good men," said he, "this will never do. If we come up with the enemy in such broken array, we may receive serious damage ourselves, but can do them little hurt in return. It is necessary we should be up with them as soon as possible, for if they hear of our approach they may choose a plain where their numbers will give them advantage. To prevent this I will go forward with those that are able, and leave the rest to follow." In this short but well timed address, in which the bravery of the soldier, the sound judgment of the general, and the kind and sympathizing words of the friend were all alike conspicuous, he infused new ardor into the breasts of all his followers of every rank; and after halting for some time and recruiting their strength, the general feeling of all was how to march forward, show themselves worthy of such a leader, and fight or die in the defence of the liberties of their country. The descent from the mountain having been achieved; the forces landed in Glen Doehart, a lonely spot, sleeping in the midst of its unconscious beauty, surrounded on every side by mountain barriers which guarded it like so many faithful sentinels on every hand. They now began to feel they were approaching near the scene where a conflict was inevitable, for here a

scout met them from Sir Niel Campbell informing them of the fact that the wary chief had already retired with his three hundred men into the strong mountain fort, described above, and that McFaydon with all his force was hard in pursuit of him. Wallace having received the information necessary with regard to the enemy, and the disposition of the force under his command, lost no time in following him up in order that he might assail him before he had received any notice of his approach, and cut him off if possible before he could choose a plain for his battle ground, where his superior force would have given him a better advantage over his opponents. The ground becoming impassible for cavalry, it was decided to leave them behind and proceed on foot in a quiet and expeditious way, and by so doing they would surprise the large force against whom they had to contend and cut them off unexpectedly in a part of the Brandir Pass, which they had already entered, and where a large amount of men was rather an evil than an advantage. The plan was executed with great ability, for as McFaydon's spy had been killed, he had no account of the near approach of Wallace and his followers, and consequently the Irish chief with his forces were taken by surprise, and in a situation where flight was impossible. But McFaydon was no coward, and besides being a man of cruel and savage disposition, he was said to have been possessed of herculean strength, and could manage the broadsword better than most

men of his age. He stood undismayed, therefore, in the midst of his unfortunate and trying condition, and rushed to defend himself and his followers, who were thus unexpectedly attacked from the rear. They made terrible havoc amongst their assailants at first, and caused them to bend before their fury, as the tempest moves the mighty forests. Several times the Scots advanced to the attack and as often were thrown back, for the Irish troops, knowing the perilous character of their situation, and in presence of their chief, fought with the heroic courage and determination which has always been characteristic of the nation. The Scots returned to the contest with renewed fury, and for a long time it was doubtful on which of the sides victory would declare itself, for according to Blind Harry, the minstrel, "the fiercest found *eneuch* of fighting on that memorable day." At last Wallace, armed with a mace of steel, advanced at the head of his veterans, and made a furious charge, which McFaydon, with all his strength and skill at the sword, although supported, and that powerfully, by the bravest of his followers, was unable to resist, and which decided the fate of the day. A terrible panic, as well as slaughter, now commenced, for it became known among the Irish troops that Wallace was leading on the Scots, and they now gave way and fled, to be cut to pieces by their pursuers. Multitudes of them were thrown over the rocks into the gulf below. Others of them cast themselves

into the waters voluntarily to avoid a more cruel and violent death; and the stones and arrows thrown by the Scots amongst those of them that still remained, made dreadful havoc everywhere. The renegade Scots threw down their arms, pleaded for mercy, and had their lives spared them because of their birth; but were never allowed to fight or even to appear among their countrymen. And as for the cruel invaders no mercy was shown them, for they were pursued with the utmost perseverance and put to death. McFaydon after he found all was lost, effected his escape with a few of his faithful followers and took refuge in a cave, in the neighborhood. But the place of his retreat was found out, and Duncan of Lorne, dragging him out of it, cut off his head, and fixing it on a spear brought the bloody trophy to Wallace. At the order of Sir Niel Campbell, it was fixed on the top of a rock near the cave where he had taken shelter, and this rock is called the pinnacle of McFaydon till the present day. Thus ended an invasion that proved disastrous to the parties that undertook it, and to the interests of Edward in all time coming throughout the Western highlands; for however much he might feel the defeat his creatures had sustained, and their utter annihilation—for no part of the Irish force ever again reached their own land—Edward never afterwards ventured to raise a hostile standard on those western shores.

“ For northern freedom, cried my sons, combine ;
Dread not your foe, the land of hills is mine.
The hill-born heroes freedom’s flag unfurled,
And checked his progress in the north-west world.
No fear the Gael’s dauntless soul could tame ;
Not fraud but prowess gained him deathless fame.”

The complete and timely deliverance effected by Wallace and his heroic followers of the whole country of the Campbells, and that of the neighboring clans, secured for him ever afterwards the gratitude, attachment and co-operation of these warlike tribes. After the battle of Brandir Pass, Wallace convened a meeting of the Western chiefs in the priory of Ardchattan, (the ruins of which are still pointed out to the traveller), and by his powerful eloquence, inflamed their minds with new hatred towards the tyrants who had so recently endeavored to oppress them. At the same time he informed them of the gratifying fact that many of the most powerful barons in the southern district of the country, weary of the yoke of the oppressor, had thrown it off and openly joined the patriot standard. Such being the case, although the conflict might be severe there was little reason to doubt at no distant day the whole force of the English would be annihilated as the Irish had been, or driven across the borders into their own country. With such cheering words and with the recent victory before their eyes, he stirred up the warlike spirit of the native Gael. And having divided the spoils collected from amongst the vanquished after the battle, which were said to

have been great, among them and his followers, reserving little for himself, he left the highlands and freely received the blessings of thousands that were ready to perish when he first appeared in their midst.

CHAPTER X.

Hitherto the contendings of the Scottish patriots overlooked by the English. Wallace himself considered as the leader of banditti, rather than a general. The terrible work at Ayr, and the extinction of the McFaydon force, waked them up to the serious state of affairs. Edward, although in Flanders, became uneasy. Dead or alive, was bound to secure Wallace. An important accession to the Scottish patriots in the person of Robert Bruce, grandson to the competitor for the Scottish crown. The family owned large estates in the west of Scotland. Edward ordered the Earl of Surrey to call forth the whole force of the north of England, and crush out the insurrection. When assembled the English force amounted to forty thousand foot and three thousand cavalry. Passing through Annandale, invested Loch-Maben Castle, one of the most imposing and strongest fortifications in the south of Scotland. The principal residence of the Bruces. Before the English forces were fully encamped, attacked during the night by a body of Scots headed by Wallace, and thrown into confusion. Saved by burning down the wooden buildings they were in, and marching on to Irvine. The Scotch army encamped about twelve miles from the same place. The English resolved to march forward and attack them. Great dissensions prevailed in the Scottish camp. Three parties contended for the mastery. Sir Richard Lundin rode over to the English with all his vassals. The rest of the nobility followed his example, headed by Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow. The with-

drawal of Sir William Douglas from the Scottish patriots grieved the heart of Wallace. A treaty drawn up and signed by the nobility, stipulating for the preservation of their lives and properties, presented to Wallace, but indignantly rejected. Left the Scotch camp in disgust, and only followed by one baron, Sir Andrew Murray, of Bothwell. Proceeding in the way of Glasgow, destroyed the residence and carried away the horses of Bishop Wishart. Afterwards advanced towards the north, and went to Aberdeen. Took Forfar, Kincairdine and Dunotter Castles. Arrived in time to save Aberdeen from destruction, as the city had been set on fire by the English garrison. Embarked in vessels that were lying in the harbor. Destroyed by a terrible storm that ensued. Driven on the shore and mostly drowned, and put to death by the Scottish army.

HITHERTO the contendings of the Scottish patriots had been sadly overlooked by the English, and were mainly considered as the selfish and disjointed efforts of a number of discontented spirits, who would prove restless under any form of government, and more bent on the acquisition of plunder than of liberty. Wallace they also viewed in this light, and more as a leader of banditti than as an able and sagacious general. After the terrible work at Ayr, however, and the total extinction of the McFaydon force in Argyleshire, they began to wake up to the seriousness of the state of affairs, and to prepare for it. This was largely owing to the feelings expressed by Edward himself in the matter, who, although absent and engrossed with a war of great magnitude in Flanders, was made acquainted through his agents

with the situation in Scotland. He assured his generals there that he would not only maintain his supremacy over that country, but rather make it a hunting field than allow it to be wrested from his grasp. Above all the other inhabitants, Wallace began to engross the largest share of his attention. Dead or alive he was bound to secure him at any cost, while he was often heard to say in the presence of his bosom friends, that he would be willing to part with a large share of his newly acquired possessions if the man he dreaded so much was under his control. Meanwhile the Scottish insurrection spread rapidly, and particularly in the west of Scotland; and while it was daily gaining strength, Wallace received an important accession to his standard in the person of Robert Bruce. This was the grandson of the competitor for the Scottish crown, and because he failed in obtaining it, both he and his family were ever afterwards alienated from Edward. They tried to keep up an outward show of friendship towards the English monarch, and the father of the young Bruce was at this time with him in Flanders; yet the vacillating conduct of the son for a considerable time before showed that he was ill at ease, and only wanted an opportunity to declare against Edward, and that too with the secret concurrence of his father. Before this the English wardens had become suspicious of his attachment to the cause of their royal master, and had summoned him to Carlisle, and caused him

to swear fidelity to him on the consecrated host, and the sword of Thomas à Becket. But notwithstanding, Bruce continued to talk as formerly to his father's tenants of the oppression of the English, and how easy it would be for the Pope to absolve him from the oath of allegiance that had been extorted from him. And cherishing such feelings, he soon afterwards collected his vassals and proceeded openly to the camp of Wallace. The news of Bruce's revolt spread like lightning over the country, and soon reached the ears of Edward in Flanders. And well it might, for there was no family at that time in Scotland possessed of his influence, or whose defection was more likely to shake the power of the English in it. The estates extended over an immense extent of country in the west, stretching from the Frith of Clyde to the gleaming waters of the Solway; and the number of men they could bring into the field at any time was nearly equal to that of any sovereign of the country. Edward resolved to put down the rebels with all convenient speed, ordered the Earl of Surrey to call forth the whole force of the country to the north of the Trent, and with one united effort crush out the last vestige of insurrection that was ever likely to manifest itself in Scotland. In order to do so more effectually, he released from prison many of the most powerful of the Scotch noblemen, who were confined in England since the battle of Dunbar, and sent them home in order that they might

prevent their vassals from joining the insurgents. The Earl of Surrey, who happened at the time to be residing in the North of England, in a delicate state of health, appointed Lord Henry Percy to take his place, and to be associated with Robert De Clifford in the command. The English forces that were thus sent forward amounted to forty thousand foot and three hundred cavalry, which were thought sufficient for the time to quell the insurrection. They proceeded northward with all convenient speed, and passing through Annandale encamped in the neighborhood of Loch-Maben Castle. This was one of the strongest fortifications in the South of Scotland, and was the principal residence of the great family of Bruce. It stood upon a promontory that jutted out into a lake of the same name, and presented an imposing object to the view; for as it raised its vast towers running close up from the margin of the waters—whether seen in winter, when the mountains stood up sternly or bare beside it, or in summer when the heath that covers them is in bloom, and all nature is aglow—it was always fitted to strike the eye of the beholder with wonder and delight. Before the English army had time to settle down after a toilsome march, and compose themselves for the night, they were suddenly and fiercely attacked by the Scots, who had been previously watching their movements, and hanging upon their outskirts. The time when the assault was made was also favorable to the

undertaking; for the night happened to be intensely dark, and the camp was but yet in a state of confusion, as the army had only arrived on the previous day. The darkness prevented the English at first from knowing the quarters from which they were assailed, or the number of their assailants; and as might have been expected, confusion of the most fearful character everywhere prevailed. They rushed to the contest in the midst of bewilderment; but when prepared to fight they were unable to find their leaders, and in their blind ignorance turned their arms against each other. Multitudes of them in this way were slaughtered, or became an easy prey to their assailants without the camp; and at the first nothing appeared for them but utter annihilation. At last, by order of Percy, fire was set to the wooden sheds, that composed the buildings where they had laid down their weary limbs to rest. In an instant they were in a blaze, and as the flames darted forth and upwards towards the heavens, they shed a flood of light around them in every quarter, and enabled them to form their ranks and to estimate without further trouble the extent of their danger, and the number and power of the enemy that had attacked them. Finding that force small—for it was only made up of the soldiers of Wallace who had been well accustomed to such night attacks—they were able to repulse them, and in the morning the English army left the place, and in full force advanced northward, prepared at any moment

to meet and encounter the force who, on the previous night, had so unceremoniously assailed and put so many of them to the sword. When they arrived at Ayr they were informed that the whole of the Scottish army was about twelve miles distant, encamped in a well chosen position, and not much inferior in numbers to that which was to be brought against it. Percy was determined not to be surprised a second time, and forthwith proceeded against them in order of battle; and had a spirit of unity and patriotism prevailed in the Scottish camp, a terrible conflict must of necessity have ensued. But it unfortunately happened, as had often previously been the case, that rancour and jealousy burnt in the breasts of many of the chiefs towards each other, which proved disastrous for the time being to the liberties of Scotland. No less than three factions on this occasion strove for the mastery, which turned the Scottish camp into a wild scene of confusion, and enfeebled every effort to be put forth against the English. The party of Bruce in the camp was large and influential, and even at this early period was asserting the right of their chief to the crown, while the faction of Comyn and Buchan, who had lately been liberated by Edward, and who headed their clans at this time, was deadly opposed to it, while Wallace and his patriotic followers adhered to Baliol as their lawful sovereign, and were prepared to contend, as they had ever done before, for the liberties of their country. Such diversity

of opinion in any circumstances would have led to evil consequences, but on the eve of a great battle was positively suicidal to the interests the parties professed to have espoused. Sir Richard Lundin, who had fought hitherto nobly in Argyleshire and elsewhere by the side of Wallace, became disgusted with the whole proceedings, and believing the factions cruelly and hopelessly divided against themselves in the Scottish camp, rode openly over to the enemy with all his vassals. This opened a door to the rest of the selfish and pusillanimous nobility, who were vastly more concerned about the preservation of their lives and estates than the liberties of their country; and accordingly Wishart, bishop of Glasgow, and the others of them were eager to follow his example. The revolt of Sir William Douglas grieved the heart of Wallace more than all the rest, for he had up till this time proved a tried friend and an able soldier. All thoughts of fighting were now given up, and a treaty was at once drawn out and signed by Wishart, and all the barons who had been engaged in the insurrection. They expressed great contrition for having risen in arms against their Lord Edward and against his peace in Scotland and Galloway; and they stipulated that their lives and estates should be preserved. A copy of this treaty, written in Norman French, was presented to Wallace for signature, but the heroic man thrust it from him with disdain. It grieved him to think that the name

of his brave compatriot Douglas was adhibited to this base document, and he principally blamed Wishart, the bishop of Glasgow, for this unaccountable conduct; for at the time the bishop had acquired great ascendancy over the mind of his friend. Sir William Douglas was the first of the aristocracy of any consequence who espoused the cause of liberty, when it was considered rash and absurd to do so. He had been taken prisoner by Edward at the seige of Berwick, and restored to liberty on swearing fealty to him; but not considering the oath obligatory, owing to the fact that it was extorted from him, he had soon after joined the Scotch force with all his vassals. He never up till the present time had faltered in his adhesion to the cause he had voluntarily espoused, and it had been his proudest ambition to follow into the field and imitate the courage of a chief he dearly loved. He was calm and deliberate in counsel, candid and explicit in statement when it required to be made; a hero during the heat of action, and a trusty friend when over; and to be separated from such a one when he mostly needed his aid and co-operation, was a calamity which Wallace was hardly able to bear. But the circumstances, however unfavorable, caused him more than ever to forget the possibility of all danger in the pursuit of the path of duty, and ignoring every feeling of disappointment he resolved to fight on to the bitter end. He was encouraged to do so from the fact that although the greater

barons were prepared to sell their country's liberties for the preservation of their lives and properties, yet many of their vassals were as determined as ever to contend for them, and the lesser barons likewise. Watching a fit opportunity therefore, he broke in with fury upon the English camp, at the head of his followers, before the articles of agreement were finally ratified, and put five hundred of the enemy to the sword; and collecting all his followers thereafter together, he entered his solemn protest against the cowardly conduct of the nobles, and refusing to accept of any cessation of hostilities, he left the camp of the Scots, filled with shame and indignation at the whole of the proceedings, and marched quickly towards the north. And when he did so he was followed only by one baron, Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, who "amid all the faithless remained faithful" to his chief, and the interests of his oppressed country. It is pleasing to witness such a sample of real patriotism amid such wide-spread defection as was now displayed by the nobility of Scotland; and the love and tender sympathies of Wallace must have been greatly drawn forth towards one who had risked his all at this trying emergency of his country's history. For Bothwell Castle, his paternal residence, as a superb structure, had few to equal it at the time in Scotland. It occupied a space in length stretching to two hundred and thirty-four feet, while it extended ninety-nine feet in breadth over the walls. Near the

castle the Clyde swept along majestically, shut in with lofty banks on either side, and richly adorned with trees of the largest dimensions; while the landscape generally on all hands was unrivalled for beauty. Besides this, large tracts of land of the richest description were owned by its noble occupant lying along the valley of the Clyde, and many more far off throughout the country. Vassals in thousands were proud to follow him into the field, from all of which circumstances it can be easily seen how great the sacrifices were which he had made in behalf of the liberties of his country. Before leaving the North Wallace resolved to punish Wishart, the bishop of Glasgow, for decoying Sir William Douglas, and for the prominent part he had taken in the revolt of the Scottish nobles. He had reinstated him in his diocese after Beck was expelled from it, and yet he and Comyn of Badendoch, had been mainly instrumental in destroying all union among a large portion of the Scottish nobles, and alienating from Wallace some of his best friends. He and his adherents thereupon proceeded to Glasgow, and as a mark of contempt for the bishop, broke into his house, demolished it, carried off his furniture and horses, and afterwards proceeded towards the North. In this part of the country, notwithstanding the capitulation at Irvine, the spirit of resistance towards the English became general everywhere. In the large and influential county of Aberdeen in particular, it became serious, and called forth

the interference of Edward himself. He accordingly sent peremptory orders to the Sheriffs of that shire to punish with severity the rebels for the murders and robberies which they were everywhere committing among his subjects, and to spare no means, however great might be the cost, to prevent such uprisings in the future. The sheriffs carried out to the letter the injunctions of their sovereign lord the King, placed a strong guard upon Urquhart Castle, against which an intended attack had been threatened, and inflicted summary punishment on not a few of the natives connected with the uprisings who happened to fall into their power. Meanwhile Wallace and his followers were at hand giving strength and encouragement to the movement, and filling the hearts of the English soldiers shut up in dreary forts far away from the sympathies or co-operation of their countrymen, with terror and dismay. Wonderful success appears to have crowned his efforts between the signing of the treaty at Irvine by the nobles and the famous battle of Stirling. For in that short period he had enlisted the hearts of the whole people of Scotland with the exception of the nobility, and had a large army under his control. That such was the case there can be no doubt whatever, for Knighton, an English historian, asserts, "that the whole followers of the nobility had attached themselves to him, and that although the persons of their lords were with the King of England, their hearts were with Wallace,

who found his army reinforced by so immense a multitude of the Scotch, that the community of the land obeyed him as their leader and their prince." With his forces Wallace seems to have chosen the same route as Edward had previously done when he proceeded north with the Earl of Ulster and others, and filled the hearts of the inhabitants everywhere with terror and dismay. Falling into the beautiful valley of Strathmore, which stretches all the way from the neighborhood of Perth to nearly the extremity of Kincardineshire, where there were some of the strongest fortifications in Scotland, that had to be invested and taken before Aberdeen could be reached in safety, there appeared before them much heavy work in this locality. But a general panic prevailed among the English garrisons at the time throughout this part of the country, in regard to Wallace, and the vast number of troops that flocked to his standard; and therefore a number of strongholds that might have stood out for many months in ordinary circumstances, and even defied his valourous soldiers to take them at all, easily fell into their hands in the course of a few weeks. Among them we may mention the Castle of Forfar that stood at some distance from the town in the midst of a small loch. It was a square and substantial fabric, strongly fortified. The castle of Kincardine a magnificent structure of great strength, shut in towards the north by a spur of the Grampian chain, while a huge forest

intercepted here and there by large bogs extended in its front towards the "How of the Mearns," then mostly a swamp, but now one of the best cultivated portions of Scotland. It was here John Baliol, Edward's puppet king, resigned the crown of Scotland; and it was here that Edward himself rested a night and a day on his procession towards Aberdeen in A. D. 1296. The castle of Dunotter, stronger than either of the two above mentioned places, lay also in their way, and became more identified afterwards with the history of Scotland. Its strong, massive walls were built close to the shores of the German Ocean, and its extensive ruins even yet invite the traveller. It was here also that many of Scotland's ecclesiastical nobles suffered cruel hardships and death long after the time of Wallace, for the same principles for which he was now contending; and while visiting them the "Wizard of the North" became acquainted with that remarkable person that forms the principal character in one of the greatest of his novels. The summer had ended before Wallace and his victorious troops had been able to reduce the fortress already mentioned, and proceed in the direction of Aberdeen. And the autumn had already set in, and scattered its golden hues in all directions over valley, forest and mountain; for in Scotland as well as in this our Western hemisphere this is by far the most agreeable season of the year. After finishing their work the troops gradually proceeded in their northern

march, and as they ascended the ridge of the Grampian chain that had to be crossed in their way to Aberdeen, had a commanding view of the country they had left behind, and also of that stretching out before them. In the rear of the army was to be seen the largest portion of Strathmore, then, as now, considered one of the richest parts of the kingdom. Away to the left rose up some of the highest peaks of the Grampians, covered at all seasons of the year with perpetual snow, and adding variety to the prospect; while the valley of the Dee lay sleeping at their feet, with its clear glistening waters and its banks covered with rich fields waving with luxuriant grain; and whether seen amid the rays of the autumnal sun, or the beams of the harvest moon, were sufficient to fill them with joy and satisfaction. There is a tradition that before Wallace and his troops were able to ford the Dee, the English garrison in the castle had issued from it and set the city on fire. It was done so in several quarters, and but for the herculean exertions of the inhabitants, and the timely aid of the soldiers, it would have become a smouldering pile of ruins, as the houses at the time were all built of wood, and liable to be consumed. It is still further affirmed that when the garrison set fire to the town they betook themselves to their ships, that were lying in the harbor, intending with the bishop and sheriff to move to some other part of the country; but before they were able to set sail a storm suddenly arose, which in a short time in-

creased to a hurricane, and when night approached the waves dashed over the decks of the ships and drove the vessels from their moorings, so that when morning appeared all the melancholy accompaniments of a total wreck were everywhere visible. What remained of the English force from drowning was driven on the shore by the fury of the storm, put to death, and the castle easily taken. Whether tradition in a number of particulars is correct, it is difficult at this distant period of time to say, but it would appear from every source of information to which we have had access that Wallace and his forces took possession of the castle without much difficulty ; for only a short time elapsed when we find him in Dundee. While there, however, he was prevented from accomplishing the object he had in view, namely, the taking of the castle, for he had no sooner commenced the siege than he was advised of the approach of a large English force towards Stirling. If time permitted he was resolved to prevent them from crossing the Forth there ; and leaving Dundee with a large army he committed the charge of the siege of the castle to one of their own townsmen, and enjoined the inhabitants, at the peril of their lives, to continue the work vigorously until their efforts were covered with success. After beating the enemy he promised to return again, and faithfully reward the citizens for carrying out successfully their praiseworthy undertaking, while he vowed vengeance on them if they proved refractory in the matter.

CHAPTER XI.

Wallace reached the Forth with his army before the English arrived. Secured the high ground above Cambuskenneth. Close by stood the abbey of the same name. Ground selected highly advantageous to the Scottish army. Amounted to forty thousand foot and a hundred and eighty horse. Great dissensions appeared in the English army. De Warrenne, the governor of Scotland, superseded by another commander. Caused him to neglect details which were necessary to ensure success. Cressingham, the treasurer, sent back Lord Henry Percy, who had arrived with a large force to assist Surrey, his uncle, as being too expensive. The steward of Scotland and Earl of Lennox, who joined the English army on this occasion, sought a chance to betray them. Strange that Surrey should have put any confidence in such men. Helped to lead to the disasters that were to follow. Early in the morning of the eleventh of September, 1297, Cressingham defiled with his division over the bridge to attack the Scots on the northern side. Not followed by others. Surrey, the commander, still in bed. Crowded back again. When Surrey awoke he found his army drawn up, and eager to pass over. Created several knights forthwith. Waited for the arrival of the steward of Scotland and Earl of Lennox. Arrived late in the morning. Still unwilling to engage. Sent two friars to work upon Wallace's religious feelings, and bring him to terms. Unable to do so. Sir Richard Lundin strongly dissuaded the English from passing the bridge. But at some distance below. His advice ridiculed by Cres-

singham, and Surrey gave the order to engage. Cressingham led on the van, and the rest of the English army followed. The Scots remained quiet, and showed no disposition to engage. Sir Marmaduke Twenge resolved to attack them in their intrenchments with a large body of cavalry. Wallace gave the orders to advance. Commanded Kirkpatrick and Murray to secure the right and left of the bridge. He advanced in the centre. A terrible conflict ensued. Nearly twenty thousand of the English slain. Surrey fled, and arrived in safety at Berwick. The most of his forces slain. Cressingham included among the number, and many others of note. On the side of the Scots, Sir Andrew Murray and others fell. Deeply regretted by Wallace and all who knew him.

WALLACE marched with great haste from Dundee, and had the satisfaction to know that he had arrived near the northern bank of the Forth, before the English had reached Torwood, in the neighborhood of Stirling. Employing his time to good advantage, before the enemy arrived, he secured the high ground on the river Forth above Cambuskenneth, and drew up his army in battle array. Close by stood the celebrated abbey of the same name, in a flourishing state at the time, to witness the bloody conflict that was about to take place. Within its sacred precincts were deposited the ashes of several of the mighty dead, including some of the kings and queens of Scotland. And even at this day its lofty tower rears its head, amid the fragments of a broken wall and gateway, and seems to wait patiently for the coming of one that will compose, without shed-

ding of blood, the terrible feuds among men, that have

“Cut off (many) even in the blossom of their sin,
Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd ;
No reckoning made, but sent to their account
With all their imperfections on their heads ;”

and proclaim an everlasting peace among the sons and daughters of the same race, who ought always to have been agreed among themselves. The ground selected by Wallace was highly advantageous to the Scottish army, for by means of its unevenness he was enabled to conceal a large body of his forces from the English, and thus induce them to fight under very unfavorable circumstances. Besides, he had taken the precaution to have large herds of cattle collected from all parts of the country, and placed in safety in the rear of the army ; so that in case of defeat they would be amply supplied with provisions. In this way the Scotch troops, which amounted to forty thousand foot and a hundred and eighty horse, occupied ground which appeared in every light advantageous to them ; and compelled the English either to retreat or to fight under conditions which rendered victory certain to the other side. Moreover, there were other causes favorable, for the Scots were united under a chief in whose judgment and valor they had perfect confidence. Besides they were filled with a vehement impulse of ridding their country

of a foe that had long filled it with bloodshed and crime, and which they were now resolved to do, however terrible the conflict might appear, and follow their beloved leader for better or for worse, to death or to victory. On the other hand, in the English army the greatest dissensions seemed at the time to have prevailed; for De Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, the governor of Scotland, had been suspended in the command by Brian Fitzallen, and notwithstanding he still retained the command of the forces, his mind seemed to have brooded so much over his apparent disgrace, as to have caused him to neglect the details that were necessary to ensure success in a campaign, in which he had to contend with a wise and great general. In this state of affairs Cressingham, the treasurer, a proud, greedy, and incapable ecclesiastic, was assuming additional power and importance from the downfall of DeWarrenne. As proof of this when Lord Henry Percy arrived from Carlisle at Stirling, with a large reinforcement of eight thousand foot and three thousand horse, Cressingham gave orders for disbanding and sending them back, as he deemed the force already in the field sufficient for the emergency. This was done from ill-judged economy, and contrary to the wish of the commander, who desired the presence and assistance of his brave nephew, who had hastened on so far with such a large party to ensure his countrymen of success; as he knew from experience the policy and daring of such a

leader as Wallace, and how difficult it would be to crush the insurrection headed by him. Moreover there were other things that foreboded disaster to the English, besides the jealousy and enmity that existed between Surrey and the proud and unprincipled Cressingham. For the steward of Scotland and Earl of Lennox, who had deserted the cause of the patriots at Irvine, and joined the English army on this occasion, while strongly advising Surrey to delay the engagement, till they had opened up communications with Wallace, and brought him over to the interests of Edward, were waiting a fit opportunity of deserting and betraying it. And this is one of the reasons in connection with what took place before the engagement, that we cannot account for in any reasonable way—why a general of Surrey's long experience and known ability, who had the fate of a great army depending upon his knowledge and care, should have manifested so much remissness beforehand; and allowed men whose previous history might have been a sufficient guarantee against all their professions of attachment to the English interests, to prove its ultimate ruin. For by means of such negligence, he allowed Wallace to tamper with parties, in whom few of any foresight would have put any confidence, and to become acquainted with the numbers and arrangements of a splendid army, who, if properly generaled, were fit for any emergency. But it was in this way that Wallace was permitted, at his own

leisure, to prepare measures that would be sure to be attended with success, and entail discomfiture and dreadful disaster on the invaders. After a conference with him, the steward and treasurer of Scotland returned to the English camp, and informed Surrey, with an air of seriousness and duplicity, worthy of the men, "That the arch-rebel and blood-thirsty upstart would listen to no terms, but rush forward headlong to his own destruction; but that they would bring up their vassals to his aid, and thus put a stop to this bootless war." They promised to return in the morning with sixty horse, and on leaving they met a number of the English soldiers returning from foraging to their encampment. An altercation took place, and Lennox stabbed one of them, who was carried dead thither, amid no little commotion, and a cry was raised that they had been betrayed by the Scots. There was doubtless too much truth in the statement, and Surrey must have found that he had been deceived. But he calmed their excited feelings by the assurance that, on failing to return in the morning with their retainers, they would have ample revenge on the traitors for breach of promise and other actions. Meanwhile the English camp became quiet and still, as night had begun to cast its sable gloom over all things around, and the poor soldiers, with their general at their head, laid themselves down to rest, for the purpose of refreshing their weary bodies, and composing their minds in order to act

their part like men, amid the stirring and bloody scenes that must necessarily be transacted on the following day. It was rather strange that Surrey could have done so, considering the responsible position he held, and that he should have slept on soundly till the morning was considerably advanced. One would have rather supposed that, amid the stillness of the night on to the dawning of the day, his mind would have been ill at ease, and many an anxious thought would have crowded in upon it, as his faithful followers lay around him, buried in slumber, with dangers surrounding them on every side. The morning of the eleventh of September, 1297, dawned, and the sun rose brightly from behind the mountains that towered up in the neighborhood, and scattered his golden rays in large profusion over the valleys and hamlets that lay sleeping in peaceful composure at their bases, as if to contrast intensely with the terrible conflict that was quickly to follow. As soon as he was up, Cressingham was all in motion, and ordered the division under his command to defile over the bridge, and attack the Scots. Five thousand foot soldiers obeyed the call, and did so as fast as circumstances permitted, while a large number of Welsh troops soon followed after. But after a while they turned back when they began to find that they were not followed by the rest of the army, and away they went, crowding and cramming to the place from whence they came. The Scots might have pushed down upon them

and cut them to pieces, while separated from their fellows on the other side of the river. But the number was too small to be regarded as worthy of notice, and Wallace, waiting for a more favorable opportunity of an attack when a much larger multitude of the English forces had passed over, retained the position he had chosen from the first. Surrey had only awoke when the whole of these transactions had transpired, and found the army drawn up and eager to pass over the bridge. For the purpose of animating the minds of the troops, as was then the custom before any great engagement, a number of knights were forthwith created, many of whom were not permitted to survive their honors after this eventful day. For although their helmets of steel glittered from afar, and their shining spears and darts sparkled bright in the morning sun, many of those that were appointed to move on in front were soon cut in pieces, and those that followed after in the rear were destined to the same fate. Surrey waited impatiently for the arrival of the steward of Scotland and the Earl of Lennox, whom he imagined would be sure to fulfil their promise. They did arrive late in the morning with sixty horse ; but as he was aware of the strong position of the Scottish army, and of the danger of crossing the river, he still hesitated to do so, and as a *dernier resort* sent two friars with cross in hand to endeavor, if possible, to work upon Wallace's religious feelings and bring him to terms. They performed

the task imposed upon them with great adroitness and ability, but were unsuccessful in their attempts, for they received a very brief and sententious answer, couched in the following terms. "Return to your leaders," said the intrepid patriot, "and tell them we are not here to negotiate, but to perform, not to talk, but to fight, for were your masters to come and attack us we are ready to meet them beard to beard, and at the point of our swords, for thus it is we are determined to give freedom to our country, and inflict vengeance upon her oppressors. We are neither the slaves nor subjects of England, and will throw our challenge in the teeth of Cressingham." These taunting words irritated to an extreme degree many of the English officers, who became impatient to draw their swords and be led on to put a stop to such insolent daring on the part of the leader of the Scottish rebels. Especially Cressingham, who considered he was insulted by the reply, was most anxious for the attack; for his pride and vain glory were awfully brought down by the same, and though a coward at heart, his courage swelled out into large dimensions, now that he was surrounded by a host of some of the best soldiers in Europe. Still Surrey and some of the more experienced officers, hesitated to cross the bridge, and above all Sir Richard Lundin, an old, experienced warrior, and former friend of Wallace, who had joined the English at Irvine, and who was particularly well acquainted with the different

localities of the country which they were now in, implored delay." If, "says Lundin," you once attempt to pass the bridge, you are throwing away your lives. The men can only cross two by two. Our enemies command our flank, and will be instantly upon us. I know a ford, not far from hence, where you may pass sixty at a time. Give me but five hundred horse, and a small body of foot, I shall turn the enemy's flank, whilst you, lord Earl, and the rest of the army, may pass over in safety." This was the sage counsel of one who had proved himself a tried veteran before, and who was far better acquainted with the country than anyone who was there present. If it had been adopted, the cause of freedom in Scotland, might have suffered severely from it; but it fortunately happened to be rejected. This was principally owing to the greedy, incompetent and imperious Cressingham, who only insulted Lundin, for the advice tendered, and caused Surrey, the old general, who had now become convinced of the critical situation of affairs, to submit his better judgment to the rashness of an ignorant and overreaching ecclesiastic. "You, Sir Richard Lundin," says he, "have been too briefly an adherent of ours, and have given no sufficient proof of stable allegiance to us, to enable us to put any reliance on your fidelity and judgment." "And as for you, my Lord Surrey," says he, with all the assurance of which he was possessed, "if you do not let us pass on and do our knightly duty, you will

only be protracting the war uselessly, and spending the king's money." Stung by such cutting remarks, Surrey gave the command contrary to his own wishes, and when the morning was considerably advanced, the army began to defile over the bridge, and the bloody fray seriously to commence. Cressingham's ardently expressed desires were now fully gratified, having led on the van of the brave English army. He was covered in armour of the most costly description, with sable plume flaunting in the sun, vainly thinking the Scots had only to be assailed in order to ensure their entire defeat; and joined in the command by Sir Marmaduke Twenge, an English knight of great courage and experience, both of which were severely tested before the close of the engagement. Slowly the English forces moved along the narrow wooden bridge, where, according to an English historian, there was scarce room for two horsemen to ride abreast, and if they had defiled across it, without the slightest check from the rising of the sun till eleven o'clock, the rear division would still have remained on the other side. Still, as quickly as possible they crossed over. Many thousands of them had already done so, and others were advancing eagerly behind them. No opposition was yet experienced from the Scots, while the advancing squadrons were beginning to assume movements of a very formidable aspect on the northern bank of the river; and Cressingham by this time had doubt-

less imagined that the superior strength and discipline of the English had awed them into submission, and filled them with dread. For in no other way could he account for the singular fact, that their forces remained immovable on the high ground which had been at the first selected, without apparently manifesting any impatience to change their position, or to allow an immense army to pass on unmolested, and fall upon them without any apparent attempt to arrest their progress. Fully one half of the English troops had proceeded across the bridge; but the Scots still remained in the same position and waited still further for more of the enemy to follow in order to divide and also to destroy them. Sir Marmaduke Twenge, however, by his wild impatience, seconded no doubt by the advice of Cressingham, changed the whole current of affairs, and hastened to maturity faster than Wallace had anticipated at the first, the scheme which he had wisely concocted for the destruction of the whole English force. That plan was to allow the majority of the enemy to pass over the bridge, and before they had time to form under their respective leaders, attack, throw into confusion, and cut them in pieces. But Sir Marmaduke Twenge, anxious to assail the Scots in their strong position, gave orders for a cavalry charge, and was the first himself to show the example. Spurring his horse up the hill, he disturbed the stationary body of armed men that was waiting its time to advance;

for he was instantly followed by a strong party of English knights, heavily mailed, distinguished by their triangular shields, who bore the royal standard of England, that floated triumphantly in the breeze. And the shout was raised, "for God and St. George!" let us ascend the rising ground, let us encounter the rebels, and by this first bold movement scatter and discomfit them! "The thing was easier said than done, for although the cavalry gallantly followed their brave leader, armed in complete steel, and anxious to distinguish themselves in the sight of both armies, they were unfit for the service for which they were deputed; for the enormous weight of their weapons and trappings soon began to prove an encumbrance to them rather than an advantage, and wrought their ruin. The eagle eye of Wallace watching from the height the movements that were supposed on the other side to precipitate the destruction of his whole force, at once perceived the fatal blunder the enemy had committed, and lost no time to take advantage of it. He assured his countrymen that the victory was already theirs; that the enemy by their first rash action had at once delivered themselves into their hands; that the strife, though fierce and bloody, would be but brief, and Scotland would soon be free, and everyone engaged in it would earn for himself immortal renown. So saying, he at once ordered Kirkpatrick and the brave Murray to make a short detour, the one to the right, and the other to the left of the

bridge, and rushing forward to the foot, take possession of it, and thus prevent all communication with the part of the army on the opposite side of the river. The command was no sooner given, than it was executed with celerity and success, by the two heroic chiefs, and their followers, for they appeared in their glory in the midst of the fiercest strife. The forces at their disposal not only took possession of the bridge, but cut off all communication between the van and rear of the English army, and rendered retreat impossible. The moment Wallace beheld this, who still held the eminence with the centre of his army, which contained a large body of troops that had up till this time been concealed from the view of the English, he gave orders for them to advance, which was quickly done. Down they rushed like an avalanche from the rising ground, where they had so long been pent up, and fell upon the troubled masses led on by Cressingham and Twenge, before they had time to form themselves under their different leaders, and threw them into inextricable confusion. Foremost in the midst of the descending ranks as usual was Wallace to be found, charging more furiously than he had ever done before, fighting as if the whole conflict depended on his own arm, and strewing the ground with many of the flower of England's cavalry. His followers followed up the repeated blows, fighting like heroes, remembering the many wrongs they had got to revenge, and opened up

wide lanes among the ranks of the enemy. Still the English were no cowards, and although they had been outgeneraled, and thrown into the wildest confusion, the infantry defended themselves with heroic bravery amid the thick array of swords and spears that were directed against them; while the cavalry fought with all the force and valor for which in all ages they had been famous. They managed their fiery steeds with easy horsemanship. They darted into the midst of the enemy. They courted death as if it had been their natural element, and committed terrible slaughter on all sides. The scene for some time was animating but full of horror, as it must necessarily be on such a bloody and trying occasion. For on the one side was the crash of armor, the cry of rage and triumph, exciting to deeds of terrible revenge; while on the other side was the deadly swell of battle, and England's arrows fell like rain in their flight, to make defeat that was inevitable bearable, and to show that valor is not always accompanied with success. The conflict became so terribly exciting, that many of the Murray and Kirkpatrick force, stationed to defend the bridge, deserted their post to share in it, and left for some time a passage free for reinforcements from the other side. But this was merely to increase the tumult and confusion that everywhere began to prevail; for although the standard bearers of the king and Earl of Surrey with a fresh part of the army were able to pass over,

they only arrived in time to meet instantaneous death, and along with their brave companions were cut to pieces. For the day was too far gone now to be retrieved by any assistance that could be brought from the other side, and the stream of human beings that came crowding along the narrow structure, and jamming it up, only shared the sad fate of those that had passed on before them to destruction.

“ In the lost battle borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war’s rattle with groans of the dying.”

From the confusion that ensued at the beginning the English never managed to extricate themselves, and any addition to their force only continued to increase it. Multitudes of their infantry, as well as their heavy cavalry, were slain, while others of them plunged into the river with the hope of joining their comrades safe on the other side, became encumbered with their heavy armor, and sunk in the midst of the waters to rise no more. During these terrible disasters a scene occurred, which for spirit and chivalry was well worthy of its actor, and tendered to solace the English general while witnessing the total defeat of his army. The brave and impetuous Sir Marmaduke Twenge found that the Scots had seized the bridge, and that all intercourse was cut off from the other side. Now what was to be done in the circumstances? for a fellow warrior in arms had advised that they should both throw themselves into the river and swim their horses to the oppo-

site bank. But the brave knight of Yorkshire treated the proposal with disdain, for the thing was unworthy of him. And therefore, putting spurs to his charger, he drove him into the midst of the enemy, hewed a passage through the thickest of them, and rejoined his friends with his nephew and armor-bearer on the other side, to the astonishment and delight of all. But deprived of the privilege of having so brave a leader, the English forces on the north side of the river were left to the wild horrors of despair and the cruel mercies of the enemy; and with the exception of a few that escaped drowning by plunging into the stream and swimming over to the other side, the whole of the twenty thousand were cut to pieces by them. Surrey, joined by Sir Marmaduke Twenge, ordered him to occupy Stirling Castle, while he himself fled from the field with the greatest trepidation, and left the relicts of his discomfited army to the charge of this brave man. His principal object appeared to have been to consult his own safety, and therefore he reached Berwick alone without drawing bridle. "A wonderful ride," says an English historian, "for the old earl, and performed with such good-will that the horse which he used when stabled in the convent would not taste his corn." Nor were the discomfiture and dreadful slaughter of the invaders confined to those that had crossed the river, for Wallace and his men followed up the victory gained on the other side, passed over

in pursuit of the enemy, and the carnage was great. Helpless and in terror the poor fugitives, to preserve their lives, threw from them their arms and standards, and fled in all directions over the country. But believing that the day of retribution had come round, the Scottish forces pursued them with dogged perseverance, and put them promiscuously to the sword. For of that noble army that had crossed the Scottish border, combining within itself much of the pride and chivalry of England, and which laid waste at a trying season of the year some of the fairest portions of the land, few returned to their native country to record their misfortune. Their bodies were swallowed up by the waters of the Forth, or their bones were left to bleach amid the forests and morasses of an inhospitable country ; and thus in the vicissitudes of war we can see the hand of Providence strikingly displayed in inflicting terrible punishment on those who were not very remarkable in shewing mercy at any time to their northern neighbors when in distress. In this fatal and important battle, that roused the spirit of Scotland, and sunk the hearts of the English, a large amount of plunder fell into the hands of the Scots ; for smarting under their cruel and unjustifiable treatment by their neighbors for a long time before, it was not to be wondered at, but they would eagerly lay hold of it. Still there are circumstances connected with the same, that reflect the greatest dishonor on the parties that

happened to share the largest in it; for the steward of Scotland and Earl of Lennox, who, although allies of the king of England, were all the while intriguing with Wallace, stood at a distance during the time of the battle, and never struck a blow; but so soon as the English army was defeated, the traitors threw off the mask, and leading a party of their fellows, began to kill and plunder their flying unfortunate confederates. Such conduct would have been dastardly on the part of any one, but especially would it sink those nobles in the estimation of the brave Wallace, and all right-thinking men. The loss of the English at the battle was immense, besides those that afterwards perished in the flight. Among them the detestable Cressingham was included. He fell at the beginning of the contest, nor did his fate excite much sympathy among his countrymen. "For he," says an English chronicler, "who had oppressed and wounded many with the sword of his tongue, now fell a victim to the sword of the wicked." Few of the Scots were slain compared with English, but the brave Sir Andrew Murray was included among the number. He maintained his post, assigned him by Wallace, with his faithful clansmen to the last, and fell fighting in the midst of heaps of the slain. "With dying hand above his head, he shook the fragment of his blade, and shouted victory!" He was among the first of the noble friends and coadjutors of Wallace who loved and struggled nobly on,

amid all discouragements, to assist and uphold the liberties of his country when the clouds were dark and nearly all had forsaken the good cause. But alas! when the dream had vanished and the shadows of the past had fled away, the noble spirit, who had toiled so hard, and bled and suffered to secure liberty to others, did not live to share in its blessings himself. "He labored and others entered into his labors." It is true the valor and noble exploits of this patriotic man have been considerably forgotten, and cast into the shade, by the more brilliant efforts put forth by his great leader and friend. But when we take into account the unselfishness of Murray, the trials he endured, the battles he fought, and the great sacrifices he willingly made for the good of others, we are fain to persuade ourselves into the belief that as the history of his country is better known, and liberty valued as it ought to be, the name of Sir Andrew Murray will become more sacred in the memory of every right-thinking Scotchman :

"Type of a race who shall the invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round the shore,
Type of a race who shall to time unborn,
Their country leave unconquered as of yore !"

CHAPTER XII.

Important results followed the battle of Stirling. Taught Edward to respect Scotland, and the contendings of Wallace. The success of the people headed by Wallace was wonderful after the desertion of the nobles at Irvine. After the battle of Stirling, Wallace hastened back to Dundee, where the English fortress surrendered. And all the other strongholds throughout the country with the exception of the Castle of Dunbar. Wallace attacked it skilfully and drove its defender across the borders. Thereafter he resolved to invade the North of England. Was associated in the command by Sir Andrew Murray, whose father had been slain at the battle of Stirling. The English fled at the approach of the Scottish army, and took shelter in the town of Newcastle. The Scottish army moved back into their own country. And when the English returned they again crossed the borders and committed fearful devastations. Attacked the town of Carlisle, but retired from the siege. Devastated the country as far as Derwentwater and Cockermouth. Thereafter entered the county of Durham. Sacred to St. Cuthbert. Wallace hesitated to invade this part of the country. Retired from it, after his troops were assailed by a terrible storm. Returned to Scotland after much booty had been obtained from the English. The cruelties perpetrated on the English during this invasion largely owing to the Galloweigians.

THE decided character of the battle of Stirling bridge, and defeat of the English forces, had

important results at the time, and ever afterwards. It taught Edward to regard the people in the North no more as a set of ignorant peasants, whose uprising could be easily suppressed by the first appearance of an English force among them; but as a brave people who despised to be conquered, and to whom liberty was reckoned dear. The same people he was also aware were led on by one who could estimate their feelings and daring, and who infused into their breasts the deadliest hatred of himself and of all others who endeavored to enslave them. So that the English monarch, with the shrewdest of his coadjutors, must now have come to the conclusion, that after oceans of blood had been shed, and millions of money had been wasted, the subjugation of Scotland was a thing that had yet to be achieved. It mattered not that the nobles of the country with few exceptions had bartered away their own liberties, and had also endeavored to make free with those of others. It mattered not that they had toiled sore, owing to their own selfish principles, to extinguish every spark of patriotic feeling that revealed itself in any direction. Their attempts were happily neutralized, and a new life infused into the heart of a downtrodden and oppressed people that could not be extinguished. This could hardly have been expected in the early part of the year 1297, when Scotland lay prostrate and bleeding at Edward's feet; and when after the siege of Berwick, and the disastrous battle of

Dunbar, he hastened to the continent to achieve other victories, convinced that that country was now his own. But the calculations of tyrants have often misled them, when dealing with the civil or religious rights of a people. And God has helped those in contending for such who have helped themselves. One thing is certain, that the freedom procured for the Scottish nation at this time was little expected, and may yet excite wonder and gratitude in the hearts of all who are impressed with the importance of it; especially when they consider the might and power that were brought to bear against them to deprive them of it. But it was Providence that “raised up a little one to become a thousand in their midst.” “And the worm Jacob was made to thresh the mountains of Israel.” There is no other way of accounting for the fact, how it was possible in so short a period of time to breathe a new existence into a people so torpid and enslaved as the Scotch then were, and cause them to hold up their heads with some degree of pride everywhere. Still, Providence works by means, and in the raising up of Wallace at the time, who exhibited in his person such an example of heroism and self-abnegation as the world had seldom witnessed,—“for the bugle ne’er sung to a braver knight than William of Elderslie.”—it shewed the wisdom of the selection thus made in the extraordinary results that followed. For the people were animated by his noble and daring example to throw

off the yoke so galling to them and their children, and their bosoms were made to beat responsive to every call of honor made by one in whom they placed implicit confidence, and who led the way in every path of danger. Thus they were enabled to trample in the dust the banners of the oppressor that had been carried in triumph over the country, and crushed by their virtuous wrath the efforts made to destroy their lives and liberties. Few men could have borne up like Wallace, after the crushing defection of the nobles and their retainers at Irvine; or have had the courage to attempt to raise new forces when the great majority of the army previously collected had proved traitors to the cause so dear to his heart. But he did so, and also succeeded in his efforts; for by his unselfishness, perseverance, and patriotic valor a large number soon took the field, animated with the spirit of their leader, and went forward "conquering and to conquer." To shew that such was the case, we have only to look back to what they accomplished during the summer, after the Scottish nobility had disgracefully surrendered themselves to Edward's generals. And when we find fortress after fortress falling into their hands, and the English, panic-stricken and affrighted, fleeing from the northern counties at their approach, we meet with a new army animated with the same spirit as their leader, and whose efforts were felt in the regenerating influences throughout the country. Seldom do we find in

any part of history a people so downtrodden and oppressed as the Scotch then were acquiring, in so short a period, such recuperative powers ; and when we search for the true cause of this, we find it in the vast schemes of Wallace wisely concocted and successfully carried out for the liberation of his enslaved countrymen. He had no sooner followed up his brilliant victory at Stirling, in disposing of the prisoners taken, and distributing the booty freely among his soldiers, than he fulfilled his pledge to the people of Dundee, and hastened back to terminate the siege of the Castle there. It had been vigorously kept up during his absence, and fell when he appeared the second time before it. For the news of the battle so disastrous to their countrymen had already reached the English garrison here, and filled them with dismay. A panic seems to have seized them on the occasion ; as without striking another blow they delivered up the Castle and fled to their ships in the harbor, leaving behind them a large amount of arms and provisions, which afforded much booty to the Scots. Perhaps Wallace little imagined when he had to flee from this place, when a youth attending the Seminary, that he would be called upon to act such an important part in the history of his country ; but it would rejoice his heart to think that the day dreams of his youth were realised, in discomfiting and driving out of it those who had sorely oppressed it. The other strongholds throughout

the land fell into the hands of the Scots without much opposition, and followed the example of the garrison at Dundee, so that in a short period not one remained in the possession of the English, with the exception of that of Dunbar. The fortresses of Edinburgh and Roxburgh were dismantled, and Wallace appointed Henry de Halyburton as Governor of the Castle of Berwick. Dunbar Castle, however, bravely stood out, for the Earl had become a partizan of Edward at an early period of the history of the struggle for independence throughout his native country, and firmly maintained his adherence to his interest, till compelled to relinquish them at the point of the sword. Corspatrick, the Earl, was a baron of great power and military experience, and occupied a fortress of amazing strength, which was considered as the key of the Eastern part of the kingdom. And in addition to this, he owned extensive estates on each side of the borders, which were protected by a chain of seven fortalices, called by the familiar name of the "earl's seven war steeds." Although summoned to surrender his castle, he returned an ironical and haughty reply to the summons. But he soon had reason to repent bitterly of his conduct, for Wallace proceeded with four hundred of his chosen troops against him, attacked him with amazing skill and valor, and he drove him from one stronghold to another, till he was at last compelled to deliver the last and the strongest of them into the hands of his enemy. Glad to escape with

his life, he fled across the borders, where he lived as a pensioner on the bounty of the English sovereign. It was thus that the last of the iron chains that Edward had forged for Scotland was broken, and that by the efforts of a single man, not only assisted but actually opposed by the whole combined force of the nobles of the country, and the people as their forefathers had ever been before them, were once more free.

“ Type of a race who did the invader scorn :
As rocks resist the billows round the shores ;
Type of a race who shall to time unborn.
Its country leave unconquered as of yore.”

By the time that these important transactions had transpired, it was far advanced in the autumn; and the blighting ravages of the war had already begun to be sorely felt throughout every part of the country. The English had desolated it to a fearful extent before the battle of Stirling, burning down houses, destroying the crops in the fields, and putting to death thousands of the peasants. The consequence was, that dreadful dearth and famine began to be sorely felt everywhere, and the poor and helpless could procure little else for the sustenance of their bodies than the wild herbs and roots which they gathered from the fields now lying without culture, while many of the strong arms that had cultivated them lay still and motionless in the grave. Many of the destitute were cut off by mere want, others suffered untold privations; and had not means been

devised by the sagacity of Wallace, for bringing help to the sorely distressed people, it is impossible to say how much greater the sufferings would have been among them. He resolved to invade England not only for the purpose of supporting his army during the winter, but to send help to many of the poor famishing inhabitants who were left behind. He accordingly issued a proclamation for every one capable of bearing arms, to meet him on Roslin Moor, not far from Edinburgh. An immense host was congregated here, and from among them, the most vigorous and best suited for the work before them, were selected. Before marching into England he thought proper to address them in one of those ready and spirit stirring speeches, for which he was remarkable, and which would have done no discredit to any general, when he wished to excite his soldiers to some great and arduous undertaking. "He reminded them of the murders and robberies that had been so long committed with impunity by the English throughout the country. How their oppressors had stripped it of everything that had conduced to the comfort and happiness of its inhabitants. But now that they had overcome them, and driven them out of the country, it was but their duty to make them pay back, in their own way, some of the plunder they had taken away without any remorse. If they would only continue united in their efforts, victory and a glorious prize would fall to the share of all.

Wealth and provisions would become their own, but labor and incessant toil were necessary to the attainment of both. Great things could only be obtained by great labor, and victory, if accorded to any, never fell to the share of the slug-gard." He thus excited their patriotic feelings, their avarice, and revenge; and they hastened with their chief to cross the borders, and reap a rich harvest in a country whose inhabitants had shared largely before in the spoils of other nations. After being fully prepared for the expedition, the Scottish army marched southward in high spirits, under the leadership of Wallace and the young Sir Andrew Murray. He was a worthy son of a noble sire, and possessed many of his father's excellent qualities, who had "fallen in the high places of the land," fighting for the liberties of his country. It is said, before the battle of Stirling, he entertained a strong presentiment of his approaching death, and committed his youthful son to the charge of Wallace. He sacredly performed his duty towards him; loved and treated him as his own son. As soon as the Scotch army entered into Northumberland, the inhabitants fled before them in all directions, filled with terror and dismay. They began to fear that the day of vengeance for past offences had arrived, and expecting no mercy in an iron age from those to whom none had been previously shown, they collected their wives and children together, and took refuge in the town of New-

castle. Their flocks and herds were also driven along with them, and waggons laden with household furniture and provisions crowded along the roads in every direction. The Scottish army began to feel the little chance that would be presented of collecting booty in a country that had become stripped of everything, and feigning a retreat in order to deceive the people and induce them to return to their homes, they moved back into Scotland. The snare laid was successful, for the Northumbrians hastened home to the habitations they had left amid grief and sorrow; but only to suffer death and the loss of all earthly things. For they were assailed by a force which they could neither oppose nor resist, and which carried destruction with it in every direction. The Scottish army burst into their midst, and although finding a peaceful and smiling country, with a prosperous people, they left it a desert without inhabitants. Following the example that had been set them by the English at Berwick, they spared neither age, rank, nor sex, while the smoke of thousands of dwellings consumed by the flames ascended to heaven, and pleaded for vengeance on the terrible abettors of war. This is part of the conduct of Wallace and his followers, which we can never justify however great the provocation they had received. In all coming ages it would have added an additional laurel to his brow, if he had prevented such wanton destruction of property, and prevented

at least childhood, and female weakness, from falling a prey to a blood-thirsty soldiery. Still, we must make large allowance for the cruel times in which he lived, when pity was seldom manifested towards those that happened to be in distress, and mercy became restrained in the bosom of the most generous and compassionate; for had it been manifested in too large a measure even towards the helpless, it would have been construed into weakness, and want of power to oppress. Hemington, an English historian of the time, gives us a terrible description of this cruel raid into England. "The Scots took up their quarters," he informs us, "in the forest of Rotheberey, nor was there any one to make them afraid, whilst the praise of God and the services of religion were not heard in any church or monastery throughout the country from Newcastle to Carlisle. All the monks, canons regular, and ministers of religion, along with the whole body of the people, had fled from the face of the Scots, who were permitted to pass their whole time in one continued scene of slaughter, burning and rapine, from the feast of St. Luke to St. Martin's Day, nor was any found to oppose them except soldiers of the garrison of Berwick, and other castles hard by, who ventured from their walls and cut off a few stragglers in the rear." It was about the thirty-first of October, when Wallace led his troops into England and began to commit the awful depredations we have described above. He continued in his work of

destruction for several weeks, and so terrible were the effects of the same that they were felt for years afterwards. Articles of great value were everywhere collected. Horses and oxen which they captured, and sheep also, were driven together from the different localities and passed to the north of the Tweed; and when distributed over the country, together with the large amount of provisions that were seized and transmitted at the same time, the people were supplied with the necessaries of life, famine was arrested, and a large army provided for in an enemy's country. During the stay of the Scottish army in England it was changed several times in its appearance, for as soon as one clan had collected a sufficient quantity of booty they were allowed to return home, and their places were forthwith supplied by others who were equally needy as their predecessors. The spoil was thus divided equally over the country, and the wants of all were supplied. The soldiers, that had been allowed in pursuit of plunder to spread themselves over a large portion of the eastern district of Northumberland, were now summoned in, formed into an army, and proceeded westward towards the city of Carlisle. It was then, as it had ever been before, a place of great strength, with a large garrison and castle, plenty of provisions, and a number of brave inhabitants ready to defend it. In aforetime it belonged to the kings of Scotland, and constituted the capital of a large and

important portion of country ; and from the days of the Romans, had formed the key from the north of England to the southern and western parts of Scotland. When the Scottish army approached near the city, they despatched a priest as their envoy and demanded an instant surrender of the place. “ My master, says he, viz:—William the Conqueror, bids you, if you regard your own lives and are anxious to spare the effusion of blood, give up your city and castle, which if you do your lives and members and worldly goods shall be safe from harm ; but if not he will take your city by storm, and utterly destroy both you and it.” To this bold request an equally bold reply was returned by the brave citizens. “ Return whence you came, say they, and tell your master that if he is eager to possess our city, he would better come as a courageous conqueror, and storm the walls and make himself master of the city and castle with all their contents.” This was not a mere empty defiance that was made, unaccompanied by deeds ; for instantly the walls were manned by a large muster of some of the finest troops in England, with a formidable array of several of the best constructed engines that the times could afford, which were prepared to throw missiles to a great distance upon any force who might have the hardihood to approach near the walls. Wallace’s army was totally unprovided with any battering engines, or weapons of attack, and even if the siege had been successful it would

have detained them too long in a country surrounded by enemies, and at a very unfavorable time of the year. He retired therefore from Carlisle, and left the beautiful city without an attempt to breach the walls, impressed with the highest respect for the attitude assumed by the inhabitants of the place, who crowded all of them, father and son, husband and brother to the ramparts. For they were resolved to spend the last drop of their blood in its defence, rather than allow its gates to be flung open, and its walls to be scaled by cruel foes who had everywhere left behind them unmistakable traces of cruelty and bloodshed. Leaving Carlisle they passed through Inglewood Forest, ravaging the whole country through which they passed. They committed the same cruelties they had done in Northumberland; and a whole generation passed away before Cumberland recovered from the wild deeds of a licentious soldiery, perpetrated in a district of country, where nature abounds in every form of grandeur and loveliness, and where some of the finest peasantry of Europe were to be found.

“Yon naked waste survey,
Where late was heard the flute’s mellifluous lay;
Where late the rosy bosomed hours,
In loose array danced lightly o’er the flowers;
Where late the shepherd told his tender tale,
The voice of cheerful labor filled the dale;
How sadly silent all!”

The devastations of the Scottish army extended through Cumberland as far as Derwentwater and Cockermouth, and everywhere a vast amount of life and property was destroyed. Whatever was movable was carried into Scotland, and became a welcome gift to many of the famishing inhabitants of the country who had been stripped of everything by the English. Passing from Cumberland, they entered into Durham, a district of the country hitherto considered sacred, as being associated with Saint Cuthbert. This remarkable man was the sixth bishop of Durham, and died in a hermitage, in "Farne Islands," in the year of Our Lord six hundred and eighty-six. He surpassed all that went before him for the holiness of the life which he spent, and the success that attended his ministerial labors. After his death his body was deposited at Landisferne, an island off the coast of Northumberland, where it rested in its quiet abode till the year seven hundred and sixty-three. Then the monastery was destroyed by the Danes, and the relics of the Saint were carried by his pious brethren into Scotland. Afterwards they were removed to Durham, where they are now supposed to rest somewhere within the precincts of the massive cathedral, which, as a specimen of Norman architecture, has no equal in England. Great victories were foolishly ascribed to the saint; for Simeon of Durham informs us, that he appeared to Alfred the Great when lurking in the fens near Glastonbury,

and promised him victory over his heathen enemy.

“ ’Twas he to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred’s faulehion on the Dane,
And turned the conqueror baek again.”

And when David the First of Scotland marched into England at the head of an army, and was defeated at the bloody battle of Northallerton, when wishing to maintain the rights of the Empress Maud against the encroachments of Stephen, the English marched against the invaders under the banner of St. Cuthbert.

“ Who may his miracles deelare !
Even Scotland’s dauntless king and heir ;
Although with him they led,
Gallowegians, wild as ocean’s gale,
And Loudon knights all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale,
Before his standard fled.”

Wallace stopped short when he entered within the territory reckoned sacred to the saint, and ordered a speedy retreat. Like others he was largely tinctured with the superstitions of the age, and began to fear that through the interference of St. Cuthbert, some disastrous consequences might follow the invasion of his territory. Strange enough, the elements of nature seemed to have confirmed his fears at the time, for both he and his troops were assailed by one of those terrible storms, which, although attributed to the influence of St. Cuthbert, are but too common in this part of the country at the time of the year Wallace

invaded it. The sky suddenly became overcast, and the wind rose into the fury of a hurricane. Descending with sudden gusts, it howled frightfully through the forests, levelled the most majestic trees in its sweep, and destroyed many of the dwellings throughout the country, and much valuable property also. After this the winter set in with unusual severity, and many of the soldiers were frozen to death in their encampments during the night. They began to get worn out by such exposure and sufferings, and to bethink them of their native land. They therefore returned back to Scotland, after inflicting terrible sufferings on the natives, and which they did not fail to remember ever afterwards.

Wallace could not but have been satisfied when allowed to march home at the head of his army, as there were many things that had transpired in England, to which he could hardly give his approval. He had always from the first notwithstanding the bloody scenes through which he had been forced to pass, entertained the highest respect for religion and the ministers of the church; and it grieved him to think that they were often treated by his ruthless soldiers without his knowledge, with that cruelty and contempt which occasioned him much sorrow and many misgivings. For the wealth of the clergy at the time, and above all the splendor of the churches and monasteries—which contained within their sacred precincts the richest gifts of kings, and of the pious and devout for

ages throughout the land—excited their cupidity, and made them plunder them with the same indifference as they would have done the private dwellings of the rich or the noble. As an instance of this we may refer to an incident which took place at Hexham, which occasioned Wallace and his brave co-partner Sir Andrew Murray, a considerable amount of grief. The Scottish army in its onward progress had plundered the chapel and monastery of this place. And after it had left and was not again expected to return, two monks crept from their hiding places, came back to their former residences and began to repair the ravages made and to cleanse the chapel from the blood with which it had been desecrated—being shed before the altar and scattered everywhere. Before they had finished their pious task, their ears were once more astonished with the noise of the tramp of the cruel soldiers who were once more back upon them most unexpectedly, and who presenting their long spears to their breasts, demanded them to shew them their hidden treasures, and in case of refusal threatened to take their lives. “Alas!” cried the poor monks, “you know best where those treasures are, for you robbed us of all on your first visit!” While this altercation was going on, Wallace at once entered into the chapel, when the officiating priest had already been seized by the brutal soldiers who were preparing forthwith to despatch him. He rescued him from their hands, ordered them to

form a circle round the altar and say mass, and afterwards when he retired from beyond the sacred precincts of the chapel, he put some of the more violent and sacriligious of the soldiers to death, while at the same time he ordered the timid monks to remain beside him. "For," says he, "soldiers are an evil race" and I dare not restrain them." At the same time he gave to the monks a letter signed by himself, protecting their lives and property in the future, and threatened death to any one who should deprive them of either. It is said that a large amount of the inhumanity and sacrilegious spirit displayed in the Scottish army at the time was traceable to a great number of Gallowegians that was in it, and whose fierceness and cruelty had always been proverbial. They had been a matter of much grief and sorrow to the good pious king David the First when he invaded England a century and a half before, and their rapacity and insubordination continued to exercise the mind of Wallace during the whole time of his invasion of England, and make him wish they were sent back to the wild retreats of their native country, where robbery and plunder were their favorite pastimes.

CHAPTER XIII.

Wallace returned from England, and gladly received back.

Saved his country from famine. His praises on the lips of all, except the nobles. Great opposition still to meet with. Means required to enable him to do so. Proclaimed regent at Forest-kirk. Several of the nobility present, but as a body opposed it. It insulted their feudal pride when Wallace was elevated to that high position. The appointment afforded much satisfaction to the people. Applied himself at the outset to the redress of grievances. Installed in offices of trust many of those who had fought with him. Re-organized the army. System new and complete. The nobles opposed this also, and several of the burghers in the larger cities. The attention of the governor next directed to the internal state of the country. The traffic of Scotland with foreign nations large before Edward invaded it. Nearly annihilated after the destruction of Berwick. The object of the governor to bring back the commerce to its former channel. Adopted and carried out free trade principles. Opened up communications with the Flemings and the Hanse towns of Germany. Went over to Flanders himself and addressed a letter to the free towns of Hamburg and Lubec. Lately discovered in the library of Hamburg. Its genuineness not disputed. Goods of all kinds began to be imported into the seaport towns of Scotland; and the country to recover from the effects of war. The praises of the regent high in France and Germany, and over all Europe. Had his regency been long continued the Scottish nation would have been great. Otherwise ordered by Providence.

THE return of Wallace from England with his victorious army was hailed with the greatest satisfaction by all parties in the community, with the exception of the nobility. And well it might be so, for he had first saved the kingdom from oppression and slavery; and then preserved the lives of its inhabitants from famine and death during one of the severest winters of which we have any account. Still, like another Cincinnatus, our hero returned from the desolating work that had afforded riches to many of his countrymen, poor as he had ever been himself, but rich in fame, and rejoicing in the salvation of his country. Well might his praises be sounded throughout the land, and his popularity become greater than that of any one that had gone before him! For although those that possessed wealth and power had remained indifferent to the real interests of their country, and had allowed the greatest enemy it ever had to place upon it a yoke which none of its inhabitants had ever borne before, he, though much inferior to them in riches and influence, had “like a noble warrior broken the yoke of the burden and staff of the oppressor of his country,” and had thus taken in hand and finished with honor to himself and glory to others a work which would have handed down his name in all ages as a great deliverer. It mattered not that such great actions might stir up wrath and heart burnings among the craven nobles who had long lost sight of everything but their own in-

terests—and that his praises, which were heralded everywhere abroad, rung like so many stinging reproaches against themselves, who were nowhere to be found when duty called them loudly to defend the sacred rights that had been trampled in the dust. These praises will continue to be reiterated hereafter by every lover of liberty; and the battles he fought, the victories he achieved and the triumphs he won will remain standing memorials of the selfishness, supineness, and sluggish indifference of the nobility of the country, who stood aloof when called upon to defend its freedom, when it was in danger of being lost to them and to others in all succeeding generations

“Yes, in that generous cause forever strong.

The patriot's virtue and the poet's song

Still, as the tide of ages roll away,

Shall charm the world unconscious of decay!”

But although Wallace's success had hitherto been most remarkable in vanquishing the English—cowering those who wished to oppose him, and in sharing the honors derivable from his victories gained; yet he had a host of opposition to meet and to defeat from all quarters, and means required to be devised to enable him to do so successfully. For the strength of the barons remained unbroken, who envied and hated him, each of whom could bring a large number of vassals into the field for the sake of resisting him; and who would rather side with the English than allow an upstart, as they called him, to remain in

the high position that fortune seemed to have assigned to him. Edward's wrath too would soon be felt against one who had in so short a time wrested one kingdom from him, and had sorely wasted and destroyed a large portion of another, while he was engaged at a distance from it. Taking a view of the situation therefore, it appeared both to Wallace and his real friends, that he required additional strength and authority to cope with these formidable foes successfully in future; and accordingly on his return from England an assembly was held at the Forest-kirk in Selkirkshire, where he was proclaimed governor of Scotland, in the presence of the Earl of Lennox, Sir William Douglas, and many others of the principal nobility. These nobles gave their sanction to this appointment, because they could not resist it at the time owing to Wallace's popularity; for the choice afforded unbounded satisfaction to the nation at large, to whom he had already become the idol, owing to his suavity of manners, and wonderful military exploits everywhere displayed. But although this was so, and Wallace conducted himself in his elevated station with all the wisdom and prudence with which it was possible for him to do; yet the appointment in the end proved disastrous to the national cause. The Scottish nobles throughout the whole history of the country, with very few exceptions, had been remarkable for their meanness, poverty and pride. They continued on to the time of Wallace,

and long after, to fill all the important offices of the state, however ill qualified for the work, and imagined it was presumption in any one to pretend to do so, who happened to be of inferior rank to themselves. The simple knight of Ellerslie had no pretension to a high rank. He was the representative of the common and middling classes, and during the time he lived both were despised and looked down upon by the nobility, by whom trade and commerce were contemned. For if it had only been bruited throughout the Highlands, that a son of any great chief was destined to spend his days in a counting house—as now often happens to be the case—it would have been sufficient for ever to degrade the whole clan in the eyes of all their brethren. At the same time it would have been reckoned far more becoming employment for him to be engaged in plundering the lands of his neighbors, and carrying away their property, than in tilling the ground that lawfully belonged to him or some of his connections. “I protest,” said Rob Roy, the outlaw, to his cousin Bailie Nichol Jarvie in the Glasgow Tolbooth, “that I had some respect for this callant, viz., Mr. Frank Osbalderstone, even before I shewed what was in him; but I honor him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and sic like mechanical persons and their pursuits.” The nobles thus entertained the idea that they possessed an exclusive right to administer the affairs of the state, while they utterly disregarded the

interest of those whom they considered beneath them. It insulted to a great extent their feudal pride, and hurt the feelings in which they had been educated, when Wallace, whom they considered so much below them, was elevated to be governor of Scotland. Besides all this, they could not be forgetful of the fact that they had no hand in bringing about the happy change, that had taken place in regard to the affairs of the country. Wallace was cognizant of this in his heart, and must have despised them for the selfish and pusillanimous part they had all along continued to act in respect to these. And now that he possessed power over them, and authority to enforce obedience to the laws that might be enacted for the good of all, they must have been filled with fear and hatred which for some time they endeavored to conceal, but which by and by manifested themselves in an unmistakable way, and proved the destruction of the State. As soon as Wallace was installed in the important office of governor of Scotland, which could not be conferred on any person more deserving, and which filled the hearts of the common people with joy and gladness everywhere, he began to exercise his authority with much wisdom and discretion. His great administrative abilities soon appeared equal to those he had often displayed in the field of battle; and had he been permitted to carry out the schemes he devised for the defence of his country, the extension of its commerce, and the development of its trade,

he would have ranked equal in skill and political sagacity to any of our great reformers in the present age. At the outset of his work he applied himself to the redress of many grievances, the repression of disorders, and the rectification of many abuses that existed in the kingdom. He made an extensive tour throughout the country, where he saw those abuses and heard with his own ears the complaints uttered by those who had been ill-used and oppressed; and to the best of his ability he removed them, and rewarded the meritorious when they had been overlooked. Especially did they who had fought valiantly under his banner, or those of the other leaders in assisting to secure the independence of Scotland, deserve a large share of his attention. To them, the country owed a debt which it could never sufficiently pay; and he conceived it to be the duty of its rulers to provide for the wants of the needy and destitute among them, and assign posts of honor and responsibility to others who were capable of holding them, and which had been rendered numerous lately by the flight of the English, leaving the castles and strongholds throughout the land without any to defend them. In accordance with his feelings in this matter, he appointed Alexander de Scrymgeour to the office of constable of the castle of Dundee, a brave baron and one who had faithfully maintained the credit of his country in dark times, and in many a hard fight. He bore the royal banner of Scotland at the time the charter was

granted in 1298, which was an honor that few would have been considered worthy of holding either before or after him. Other situations of responsibility were assigned to many others of his more deserving adherents, who had braved the battle strife with himself, and secured for themselves, and their country, the privileges of freedom and independence. By these and other wise arrangements he inaugurated, and enforced measures which, while they secured the liberty of his country, and advanced the interests of his friends, punished, depressed and weakened his enemies the nobles, who looked upon him with jealousy and hatred, and waited for an opportunity to betray and ruin him. Some of the first things that engaged the attention of the governor were the defence of his country against any future invasion, the organization of an army, and a system of discipline introduced into it, which for boldness and utility, had it been fully adopted, would have placed Scotland at the head of all the nations of Europe, for the completeness of its military equipment. One of the greatest difficulties he had to contend against from the outset, was the power of feudal vassalage which existed in all parts of the country. The numerous vassals who were entirely under the control of the barons could be prevented from taking up arms if they so ordered it, however pressing the emergency might appear, and any time they did so they could be withdrawn from the service of their country,

if their capricious masters thought fit that such ought to be the case. And the consequence was that the military power of the kingdom was concentrated in the hands of a few, who often used it for subverting, instead of upholding its rights, and thus the most fatal effects followed. And still it was a subject most difficult to deal with, and greatly in favor of the prejudices of the age; for according to the feudal system that had taken root all over Europe, and deeply in Scotland, a large number of serfs was thought to be needful to uphold the pomp and pride of a lordly aristocracy, and it required wisdom and ability of no ordinary kind to disturb its workings in any possible way. The governor knew that to attack a system openly so deeply seated and in such an aristocratic age and country, would have proved ruinous to himself, and the best interests of the country. He therefore attacked it in an indirect way, and in the part where it appeared most vulnerable; which showed that he was possessed of an amount of shrewdness and administrative ability, which few but himself possessed. He divided the whole country into military districts, and caused returns to be given in of all who were capable of bearing arms, from the age of sixteen, to sixty. These divisions comprehended the counties, the boroughs, the cities, the baronies, and the villages; so that in the muster roll that was made up no male within the country, could escape having his name upon it. When the list

was finished it was subjected to a peculiar process, which manifests the care and ability that had been bestowed upon it, and shewed the system inaugurated to be entirely new. Over every four men he appointed a fifth, over every nine a tenth, over every nineteen a twentieth; and thus he continued the scale of gradation, till he reached to a thousand. If this military organization had been heartily adopted by the country, and all classes of the community had vied with one another in carrying out its spirit, Scotland would have been saved much sooner than she was from the aggressions of her enemies, and oceans of blood would have been prevented from being shed. But the nobles, as might have been expected opposed it, and several of the leading councillors of the time in more than one of the royal burghs; and notwithstanding some of the peers were imprisoned to compel them to submission, and more than one of the leading burghers of Edinburgh and Aberdeen were put to death for their obstinacy in the matter, the method was never carried out in its entirety owing to the causes above specified. Pity that it had not been so! And that his country had not had the full benefit of the military devisings of a man, whose great mental and bodily exertions had been put forth in its service! But the efforts of Wallace were not entirely devoted to arrangements for the military defence of the land, but, like a wise administrator, he directed much of his attention to the cultivation of the

arts of peace, and to the development of the resources of the kingdom. Previous to the invasion of Scotland by Edward, the trade of that country was large with foreign nations, and Berwick, one of its sea port towns, vied with London in its riches, and extensive commercial relations. But it was smitten to the dust, and lay bleeding at the feet of the usurper, after a brave defence, which for courage and daring, has few equals in history. At the time it was attacked the Flemings had established a rich trade in the town, and the "Red Hall" owned by them there, was stored with every description of valuable goods. The charter granted them, laid them under engagements to assist in defending the place against the English. And they nobly fulfilled their pledge, and perished to a man, fighting sword in hand, amid their silks, scarlets, and other rich bales of goods, that were wholly consumed in the flames. After this the traffic betwixt Scotland and all foreign parts was virtually cut off, when Edward laid his iron hoof on the country, and transferred the whole commerce to England. It was the great object of Wallace to bring back the former trade to its native channel, and make Scotland abound, as it did in the days of the good Alexander, in wealth, peace and commercial prosperity. In order to do so he adopted and carried out those principles of free trade which have been endorsed in Britain in more recent times, but which he understood per-

fectly centuries before ; and if his valuable life had been spared, and his government measures carried out, Scotland would have become one of the most prosperous nations of Europe, and its people peaceful and free. But unfortunately the haughty nobles of the land, would not allow it to be said that such a one should rule over them ; and he was cut off, before the sagacious measures which he introduced had time to become matured. Mindful of the heroic and faithful conduct of the Flemings, who had fought so nobly at the siege of Berwick, and of the great benefit the export and import trade with their nation, and the other Hanse towns of Germany had conferred on his country, he was determined to open it up anew, and in such a wise and liberal scale, as would ensure its success. To give effect to his free trade policy, after the battle of Stirling, he went over to Flanders himself for the purpose of opening up more free intercourse with the rich and enterprising people there ; and at the same time he addressed a letter to the free towns of Hamburg, and Lubec, which develops the largeness of his commercial views, and his deep yearnings after the prosperity of his country, and which would cast no discredit on the greatest political economist of the present age. A copy of it has recently been discovered by the late eminent Doctor Lupenburg, archivist of the city of Hamburg, and was published in a learned work on the Hanse towns some time ago. Its genuineness has been admitted by

Mr. Tytler, the historian of Scotland, and other high authorities capable of judging of its merits. The epistle in the original reads thus: "Thanks be to God, the kingdom of Scotland has been recovered during the war from the power of the English; and we request you therefore to inform your merchants that they shall now have free and safe access to every port within the realm for themselves and their commodities." Taking advantage of the encouragement therein given, a large quantity of foreign goods soon began to crowd into the seaport towns of Scotland, consisting of fine linen, and silks, broadcloths, carpets and tapestry, olive oil, confections, drugs, armor and cutlery; while a large amount of goods, consisting of wool, hides, furs, and Scottish pearls, which were then in great demand on the continent, in a short time commenced to find their way besides many other commodities, into the foreign markets. If such a state of things had continued long, the country would have soon forgotten the late effects of the desolating war that had destroyed such a large amount of life and treasures; and the people who had suffered so much would have begun to feel that they were free, happy and contented.

"Merrily every bosom boundeth, merrily, Oh!
When the song of freedom soundeth, merrily, Oh!
There the warrior's arm sheds more splendor,
There the maiden's charms shine more tender,
Every joy the land surroundeth, merrily, oh! merrily, oh!"

By such measures, adopted with such ability by the Scottish Regent, as might have been expected, his power and popularity began to increase at home and abroad as a statesman—as it had done before as a warrior. France and Germany were high in his praises, and considered him as one of the greatest statesmen that had appeared for many years in any country in Europe. At home the common people and lesser barons repaired in great numbers to his standard also, and firmly supported the measures he introduced for the advancement of the commercial interests of the kingdom, as the best that could be devised in the peculiar circumstances in which it happened to be placed. But still, as on former occasions, the more powerful barons stood aloof; and although they were compelled to yield a tacit submission to his authority, they hated him with a perfect hatred, and only waited an opportunity, when they could with safety and profit espouse the cause of the destroyer of the liberties of their country. With that stupid feudal pride that produced soon afterwards such bitter results, they could never brook the idea that a man of the people—a simple gentleman—should occupy a more elevated position than any of themselves. And they would prefer to submit to the grinding oppression of a foreigner because he was a sovereign, rather than yield to the wise and equitable rule of one of their own country, because he sprang from the people. They were by this time convinced of Wallace's merits,

and that he was capable of defending his nation from the repeated attacks of its southern foes, who were ever on the alert, and watching for its destruction. But their wretched pride and jealousy prevented them from acting under him, because of the meanness of his birth. And thus they lost a glorious chance of saving Scotland from impending ruin, and defending its rights under the leadership of one whom nature had endowed with every quality of mind and body that fitted him for this important work. Already had he raised it from the crushing blow by which Edward, after the battle of Dunbar, had levelled it in the dust, and starting off for England, had left it bleeding and a prey to his greedy dependents, who occupied every town, garrison and castle throughout it; while, with a cruelty worthy of their master, they had ruined and wasted the country, beaten, wounded and killed the inhabitants. But the nobles of the land looked on with indifference, and most of them had sworn allegiance to England's unprincipled king, while Wallace, as a brave patriot, had appeared with a head and heart fitted to be the leader of a great and generous people, who confessed with shame and sorrow to one another the woeful state of degradation in which they were in, and vowed to avenge the terrible wrongs they had to endure. And they knew and obeyed him in this great death struggle for liberty. Trampled the red standard of England in the dust as he led them on to victory. Struck off the

fetters of their fierce and bloody foes, and made their country, although poor and small, free as it had ever been before. Again, when this was achieved, Wallace turned his attention to the internal well-being of his native land, encouraged trade, and fostered commerce; but with all the qualifications he possessed for doing so, and proving himself an able and enlightened ruler—as he appeared a great general in the field of battle,—he only excited to a much larger extent the jealousy and hatred of the nobility among whom he lived, who sold him whenever an opportunity presented itself to the oppressor of their country for paltry gold. No kingdom in Christendom during its struggles, both for civil and religious liberty, during its whole history, ever presented a more deplorable spectacle, so far as the majority of its nobles was concerned than Scotland. For they were so divided among themselves, and bent on serving their own interests, as to leave the contest mostly in the hands of the people. And even “Bruce of Bannockburn,” with all the halo of glory that surrounds his name as a hero and a patriot, long acted a hesitating part in the struggle. And it was only when he found himself in sure footing, and his path to the throne of Scotland tolerably clear and smooth, through the keen and often repeated bloody struggle of the unselfish Wallace and his co-patriots, whose thirsty swords were often bathed in the blood of the enemies of their country, and who in many a hard contested fight,

where the odds were terribly against them, beat them small, and scattered them like chaff before the wind, that he ventured to raise the standard of rebellion against Edward, whom he had often acknowledged as his sovereign lord. In this respect the Scottish nobility, presented a strange contrast to the English; for at Runimede and elsewhere, they resisted the arbitrary and despotic will of their sovereigns, and extorted from them at the point of the sword, those large concessions which ended in the establishment of true English liberty. And even at this time, when Edward was over-running Scotland, his nobles refused to march with him and his vassals into that country, until the liberties of every freeman was secured. For they objected to grant the king aid or tallage without the consent of all, even when the Great Charter, and the Charter of the Forests were signed by him. But in Scotland it never happened to be that the nobles were at one on any great question affecting the well-being of their country. They were always selfish and divided: "each one cared for his own things and not for the things of others." And as they were so they were never of much service in any great crisis affecting the interests of their country; and the selfish, politic English king took advantage of their divisions at the time to carry out measures which, but for an all-wise and overruling Providence, would have tended to destroy the last spark of liberty that burned in that country. But happily it was

not permitted to be so, and although through the selfishness and pride of a few, the wise legislative measures of its governor were paralyzed, and the soil of Scotland drenched once more with the blood of its noblest sons; yet when this tragedy was over the torch of liberty was lighted up anew, and shone as it had ever done amid the mountains and valleys of this rugged country in all its native brightness. And considering all the toil, and tears, and blood, and treasures that had been expended on the part of it; it could hardly be found to be otherwise, or that the wise disposer of all events would ever allow a people to be deprived of what had been ever dear to them as life itself, and handed down from father to son as a gift that was of all others the most to be valued and the last to be parted with.

“ Yet, no—not quenched—a treasure worth
So much to mortals rarely dies ;
Again her living light looked forth,
And shone a beacon in all eyes.

This was so ordered in Scotland, and we look back with pride to the men who asserted the rights of their country when all was darkness around; and we pity the nation that had the misfortune like it of being under the selfish domination of a body of men to whom the sacred rights of the majority of a nation have always appeared of little moment, in comparison with their own aggrandizement. It is only astonishing, all things considered, that Wallace after his being elected

governor, could have been able to exercise any control over a large body of such selfish men who exercised such great power throughout the country. For they owned the most of the property in it, and held complete sway over a large number of vassals, who lived on their estates, and who followed their standard into the battle field. But he did so, and in spite of all their pride and opposition to him, he compelled them in many instances to submit to his authority, and own his appointment to the Regency as an honor conferred on him by the consent of the people, solely on account of his possessing the proper qualifications for that important office. This often appears during the short time he held the office, in the way he despised their jealousy, and adopted the important measures we have referred to above, which he considered necessary for the defence, protection and the commercial interests of the country; while at the same time he was not forgetful of those who had contended with him for the enjoyment of that liberty that must be ever pleasing to the feelings of all. In such ways as we have therefore described, his power and influence began daily to be more felt, and had he only had time to mature his plans already inaugurated, and carry them out to their ultimate ends, all the baneful influence of the aristocracy, or the power of English gold and arms would have never been able to crush him, nor subdue the people under him. Within a short time after he was appointed

guardian, says Fordun, "he compelled, by the rigor of his character, and the integrity of his government, the whole nobility of Scotland to submit to his authority, whether with or without inclination. And if any one of them was so hardy as to refuse obedience he knew well how to restrain and overawe him, committing his person to prison until he shewed himself entirely subservient to his commands. By these means all were reduced to a state of tranquility amongst themselves, and having effected this he adopted himself to the expulsion of the enemy from the castles and fortresses which they still held." In the life of Julius Cæsar, the great Roman general, it is stated by his biographer that after he had subdued Gaul, Germany and South Britain, and also conquered Pompey the Great, his rival in the battle of Pharsalia, that decided the fate of the civilized world, the active mind of this man was still bent on the achievement of something great in the future; and therefore, though thin and pale in complexion, old looking before his time, and subject to epileptic fits, he resolved to devote the rest of his life to the advancement of the prosperity of his country. He therefore adorned the city of Rome with magnificent buildings; re-built Carthage and Corinth; undertook to level several mountains in Italy; dry up the Pontine marshes and pondered mighty projects beyond the limits of the longest life for the benefit of his country; but the jealousy of a few individuals put an end to them

all. And so it was with our patriot hero. For although his sphere of life was more contracted than the great Roman, and the time of his regency very short; yet the energy he displayed, the wisdom he manifested, and the schemes he set on foot for the benefit of his country, shew that in talent, patriotism and political sagacity he has had few equals in the cabinet, as he had few that could successfully contend with him in the field. And during the short time he was allowed to hold office, he achieved more good for his country than perhaps any that ever went before or after him. He was scarcely regent of Scotland for a single year, and yet how many events are crowded into that short but important period of the history of that land! Events, some of them joyful, and others full of sorrow and gloom! And what an earnest worker all the while he was! not for his own good, but for that of others, not that he might get riches and honors and renown, but that his country might prosper, and its Southern foes might be crushed and driven out of it! For this he accepted office, for this he ardently labored while in it; and when he could do so no longer successfully, he resigned the same back to those who had conferred it, and retired into private life still animated with the same spirit, and resolved to live on, a freeman as he had ever done before. No adversity could crush him, no gold could buy him; while all was darkness around others it was light with him. The star of hope was ever before him, and the love and liberty of his country consumed him.

CHAPTER XIV.

The rebellion in Scotland treated for a while with indifference. The battle of Stirling convinced the king of the real state of affairs. Urged upon the Regent of England in his absence to call a parliament. When assembled, the difficulties of collecting an army increased. Barons refused to bring together their vassals except the Great Charters were ratified. King at last consented to do so. Addressed letters from Flanders to the nobles to meet the Regent at York, in January. Congregated in large numbers. Leading nobility present. Resolved to meet at Newcastle soon after. Many of them obeyed his call. A splendid army collected also for marching into Scotland. When at Roxburg, Surrey received notice from the king to suspend operations. Soon resolved to be at the head of the army himself. Landed afterwards at Sandwich. Joyfully received. Called a meeting of parliament at York, to sanction the raising of a second army in place of the one disbanded. Succeeded in the attempt. Summoned Wallace and the Scotch nobility to meet him at York. He did not do so. Proceeded soon after into England with a considerable force, and offered to fight Edward. Refused to accept the challenge, and retreated South. Scots returned home and annihilated De Vallance's division. Edward once more collected an army and entered Scotland.

THE king of England while in Flanders, treated the accounts from Scotland of the success of Wallace for some time with indifference, and imagined the country so completely subdued as

to render any attempt at insurrection of little moment. When the news, however, reached him of the battle of Stirling, so disastrous to his forces, and the terrible destruction of life and property occasioned through the raid lately made into the northern counties of the kingdom, he began to wake up to the real state of affairs. He was still engaged in a war with France, from which he had derived little benefit, and could not possibly leave Flanders, the seat of it, for some time to come. But the rapid progress of the rebellion in Scotland frightened him not a little, and made him urge the Regent of England, in his absence into immediate action. A parliament was therefore immediately called to meet in London, on the 10th day of October, for devising means to crush the insurrection. When it assembled however, it only tended at the first to increase the difficulties of the Regent, and of the absent monarch, and was likely to end in open hostilities betwixt the barons and their sovereign. Aware of the critical position he was in, owing to his being engaged in a doubtful war in Flanders, and to the success of Wallace, the nobles were prepared to overawe the proceedings of parliament, and stop all future supplies, until their own grievances were fully redressed. Accordingly the Earls of Norfolk and of Hereford, appeared in the streets of London with thousands of retainers, accused the king of breach of promise, and demanded that the "Great Charter" and also

that of the Forests should be ratified and signed by him, before any action should be taken in the war with Scotland. This the king had promised to do, as his grandfather and father had done before him, but put it off from time to time. Further, the barons insisted that no taxes should be raised for supporting the war in the North, which had already become unpopular, as it was unprofitable, without the consent of the parliament. When news reached the king in Flanders of the attitude assumed by the nobles at this critical time, he was startled, and filled with indignation. He brooded in silence for three days over the spirit of insubordination they had dared to assume, and in ordinary cases would have hastened to crush it. But although all powerful in most cases, he was forced at the present time to wink at their rebellious tendencies, pocketed the affront, and appeared on good terms with them. Accordingly he confirmed the Charters that were forwarded to him; directed letters to many of the barons, breathing a spirit of kindness and affection; and conjured them by the honor they wished to put upon him, and the love they bore to their country, to meet at York on the fourteenth day of January, and from thence proceed into Scotland at the command of the Regent, and endeavor to extinguish the last spark of rebellion there. The king wished it so to be, but was sadly mistaken in all his calculations; for the star of liberty that was for some time dark and obscured in blood, soon

blazed up more brightly than before, and shed its hallowed light on the land where it had ever been considered a crime for the foot of a tyrant to tread.

“Yes! thy oppressor pitied land! shall see,
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free!
Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature withered from the world.”

Edward likewise forwarded letters to Scotland to many of the nobility, assuring them if they valued his favor, and the estates they held of him of any moment, to attend at York also on the day specified, and swell the ranks of those that were determined to put down the spirit of rebellion that had become so rampant in the northern part of his dominion. The Scottish nobles mustered poorly however, as they were overawed by the dread of the governor, whose influence they were unable to control. But the English nobility made up for the deficiency, and assembled in large numbers on the occasion. Seldom had the chivalry of England been displayed on a more magnificent scale, or the barons prepared to fight with more spirit and determination in behalf of their king. Both the Earl Marshal and the Great Constable of England, were present with a large body of their retainers, and in high spirits from the concessions recently granted to them and others by the king. The great Earl of Surrey was also there, who held the office of king's lieutenant in Scotland, notwithstanding his recent defeat and ignominious

flight from Stirling. And many others of renown presented themselves, all animated with one spirit, and who burnt to be avenged on their foes for the terrible losses recently inflicted on their fellow subjects in the northern parts of the kingdom, and for the victory which Wallace had lately gained. In order to give the Scottish barons another chance of manifesting their spirit of loyalty towards their sovereign, and obedience to his orders, Surrey the king's lieutenant, ordered another muster at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, eight days after the assembly at York. Here there was a most magnificent turn-out, and scarcely anything of the kind, whether viewed in regard to numbers or equipment, was ever before witnessed in England. The nobles, who attended in great force, vied with one another in the large number of their vassals, the splendor of their armor, and the rich caparisons of their horses; and the knights and esquires, as far as they were able, imitated them in this respect. When the muster roll was made up it was found to amount to two thousand heavy cavalry, armed *cap a pie*, along with two thousand light horse, and one hundred thousand infantry. How formidable the force! And yet for what object was it collected? Was it to contend for liberty to the enslaved? To succor the destitute? And to make wrong right? No! but it was to carry fire and sword into a neighbor's country, which was guilty of no crime but that it had shaken off the yoke of a tyrant, and

sworn to be free ! The whole of this vast force was put into marching order with Surrey at its head, and without any further ceremony crossed the borders, and prepared for the work of destruction. It had not proceeded further than Roxburgh however, when it was ordered to return back to England. For Surrey had received a communication from the king, informing him that he had concluded a truce with the French monarch. That both had agreed to refer all matters of dispute to their spiritual father the Pope ; and inasmuch as he intended to sail for England with all possible haste, and assume the command of the army, it would be better to suspend operations, until his arrival on the spot. On receiving this communication, Surrey disbanded the greater portion of the immense force, that had been collected together at great expense and trouble to the nation, without striking a blow, and waited the further orders of his sovereign. In this we see the wisdom of Edward's policy ; for as the prestige of Surrey as a general in Scotland was already gone, and as he had won a sovereignty for himself there under the pressure of motives foreign to the real interests of the state, he wished to command the army in person. . For he could not conceal from himself the fact, that he was still considered in the North as a usurper. That many of his English subjects sympathized little with him in his attempt to subdue the natives, and at heart reprobated his

cruel conduct towards them. And knowing from such, and other considerations, that a defeat might prove disastrous to him there he thought the safest course for him to adopt, was to assume command of the forces destined for Scotland himself. Big, therefore, as usual with schemes of conquest, and burning with revenge towards a people that had even dared, in spite of all his threats and cruelties, to resist his ambitious projects, he hastily patched up a truce with his royal brother the French monarch, and set sail from Flanders without any further delay. The fleet made for Sandwich on the Kentish coast, but was sorely beset and obstructed by adverse winds, which cast a damper over the impetuous spirit of the indefatigable man, who had spent the best of his days in camp, or on the bloody fields of battle, and who hastened to be avenged on his Scottish foes. He was joyfully received at Sandwich, for it was seldom the inhabitants of this place, or those of the other towns of England, had been allowed to feast their eyes on a sovereign who had been abroad so much, and engaged in so many ambitious projects. When Edward reached Sandwich, he found that the vast army collected by Surrey had been scattered, and had melted away amid the mountains of Wales, and the hamlets and rural retreats of old England. But the king was on the spot, another force was required, and it was not long wanting. "The spirits of the vasty deep were conjured up, and they obeyed his call;" for an

army equal in number, and equipment to any that ever trod the soil of England, was soon gathered together. To accomplish this desirable object he summoned the whole disposal force of the kingdom, to meet him at York on the feast of Pentecost, while he directed writs to the earls, barons, two knights of every shire, and the representatives of boroughs, to attend his parliament to be held at the same place, to give an air of sanction to his proceedings. He also summoned the barons of Scotland to be present, and in case of refusal they were to be considered rebels. If Abercromby is to be believed, a letter was also addressed to Wallace by the king, urging upon him likewise the necessity of putting in an appearance on the occasion. To this summons the Scottish barons paid little attention, as they were overawed by the power of the Scottish Regent; and those of them that fought with him in Flanders deserted his cause, and united their interests with those of the king of France. As for Wallace, his answer was such as might have been expected from one who never acknowledged Edward's authority. He stated that what he had done, he was prepared to do again, in order to check the baseness of a monarch who had striven to destroy the liberties of a people, who had never injured him, and who wished to live at peace with their neighbors. As to his raid into the northern counties of England, he wished (he said) to indemnify his countrymen for the many and cruel losses they had sustained, at the hands of his

subjects; and, as he intended soon to be in England again in person, he would give him an answer how far he would be prepared to submit to his authority. The active and heroic governor of Scotland did not mean to send empty threats to the English monarch, but followed Edward's messenger with all possible speed, at the head of a considerable army, into England. He came up with the forces of his opponents on the twentieth of March, which lay encamped near Stanmore, in the County of Westmoreland. Although the English forces were far superior to his in number, and commanded by the king in person, he was by no means afraid to meet them; for his army was made up of his veteran followers, who had scattered and defeated their enemies on many an occasion before. The troops advanced till within a few hundred yards of each other, and fully expected an engagement. The Scots were in high spirits and eager for the conflict, while Wallace himself looked forward with some degree of pride to meet face to face, and to measure swords with the king of England, whose fame as a warrior had extended throughout Europe, and Asia also. Edward, however, was too wily to be taken unawares, or to fight where the issues in any way would prove doubtful. And after beholding with admiration the appearance and splendid discipline of the Scottish troops, he retreated southward with his whole army, without striking a blow. This shewed the light in which the character of

the Regent of Scotland was viewed by one who was so well capable of judging of it. And there was, probably, no man alive, at home or abroad, whom the English monarch dreaded so much, or before whom he would have retreated, although at the head of a formidable army, and in his own country. While Edward was afraid to risk a battle with the Scots, considering all the circumstances of the case, the Regent could hardly venture to pursue the fleeing squadrons of the English. He remembered he was far away in an enemy's country. That it was possible an ambuscade might be laid for himself and his brave troops by the warlike king, who was ever on the alert for the destruction of his foes; and, restraining his followers from the pursuit, he congratulated them on the dread they must have occasioned to those who had voluntarily fled at their appearance. At the same time he returned thanks to the God of battles, who had singularly interposed in their behalf. But the seat of the war was once more to be transferred to Scotland, where the Regent and his troops would soon have a fit opportunity, once more of distinguishing themselves. Aymer de Vallance, the son of the Earl of Pembroke, was a fit descendant of a long race of noble ancestors who, in the wars in Ireland, and on many other memorable occasions, had distinguished themselves. Though still a youth, he had risen rapidly in the royal favor in the wars in Flanders, on account of his valor; and, what was more

remarkable for a young man of eighteen years of age, had displayed, at the same time, much judgment and discretion, and on this account completely gained the confidence and affection of his royal master. No one was more trusted in the cabinet or in the field. And when a truce was agreed upon between the belligerents in Flanders, De Vallance was deputed to the French capital, as the English commissioner, to sign the articles agreed upon. When this was done the king ordered his favorite to sail for Scotland, without any further delay, with the force that had been under his command, and co-operate with himself in the invasion of that country. De Vallance lost no time in landing in the north with a large force, and began to lay waste the county of Fife with fire and sword. This part of the country, even at this early period, was rich, populous and well cultivated; and from the fact that the Earl of Fife, who owned large properties in it, had joined the patriots, was considered fit to be devoted to ravage and plunder. Before the English, however, had commenced their work of destruction, Wallace and his followers hurried back from England, and threw themselves in the way of the invaders. They came up to them while they lay concealed in Blackironside woods, which then constituted an extensive forest, reaching from the Forth far away into the interior of the country. It was midsummer when they did so, and all nature was aglow. The trees were

fresh and green, affording a cooling shade to the weary traveller, while the birds sang sweetly above his head among the branches. But how different the appearance of things when the two contending forces came into deadly collision! The dense forest now far and near resounded with the clash of sword and spear, and the beauties of nature were sadly marred. The by-paths and hidden tracks amid the lofty trees were soon covered with dead bodies, and dyed with purple gore. The birds themselves forsook their lonely abodes, and the beasts of prey affrighted hastened away, and left a work to be performed by man, that was far more in unison with their own cruel natures than with his!

“Over the forests, sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurled;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world.”

De Vallance, the youthful warrior, was by no means taken aback when attacked, but made his dispositions with care and judgment. And having done so, he charged at the head of a body of troops, which in valor and equipment was equal to any in Europe at the time. But the operations of the English archers were rendered ineffective by the density of the forest, while the Scottish spearmen, who had often contended with success in similar circumstances, made terrible havoc among their foes, though driven back several times during the day.

“For the fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun.”

And the forces on both sides panted from heat and thirsted for water, the heat being unusually great, and the water scarce. The Scottish spearmen returned to the conflict with redoubled fury and made the forest groan with the work of destruction. DeVallance and his brave troops, though flushed with recent victories on the continent, were now more than matched by the prowess and determined resolution of the Scotch Regent and his followers, “for the battle went sore against the young man,” and the wood devoured more than the sword,” as it did in an ancient and unnatural conflict, betwixt an affectionate father and disobedient son. By the evening of this beautiful day in June, the English were entirely defeated, and when the rays of the setting sun struggled through the thickets of the forest, fifteen hundred of them lay dead, scattered in all directions. No gentle hand to touch their bleeding bodies! No pitying eye to shed a tear over them! But their bones were left to bleach amid the dismal swamps and forests of the North, and their bodies became the prey of wild beasts, to satisfy a monarch, whose desires for conquest were boundless as the ocean and insatiable as the grave. Few of the brave men that constituted De Vallance’s force ever returned back to their own native land, to feast their eyes on its beautiful green

fields and smiling pastures; but their slaughtered bodies, lying far away in an enemy's country for many a long day, raised a silent protest against the ambition of a tyrant, and the accursed work of war in which he was ever more engaged.

“ Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

Unmindful of this defeat of his brave general, Edward assembled a meeting of his parliament at York, in order to give something like an air of authority for the prosecution of the murderous work, in which, although advanced in years, he was once more determined to engage. Although the Scotch nobles found enough of excuses to absent themselves from it, the meeting was nevertheless largely attended. Fulsome flattery was largely heaped upon the king by his subservient nobles, his praises loudly sounded forth from every mouth, and vengeance once more was vowed against the Scotch and their refractory Regent. Business was quickly despatched and festivities of the most gay and costly character assumed its place; and well they might, for the English court now held here was the richest in Europe. Edward had forgotten by this time his first wife Eleanora, whose piety and devotion to his person saved his life in Palestine, when she sucked the poison with her own mouth from the wound inflicted on his own person by a fanatical Mahometan. And for state purposes he had taken to himself as a second wife Margaret, the sister of the French king

“Philip the Fair.” And “that she might forget her own country and father’s house,” everything was done to satisfy the tastes of this beautiful and accomplished woman. Gaiety and pleasure of every description were allowed to run their riot. Balls, tournaments and masquerades were of daily occurrence, and in which the king heartily joined. For the time being he forgot that the days of youthful pleasure were gone by, and the season of old age was not far off. But still all was a mere outward show, to gratify the tastes of his gay and youthful spouse. For the demon of war still lurked in his bosom, and revenge on the Scots for driving his myrmidons out of their country, was all the while uppermost in his thoughts. The parliament at York soon broke up, and dancing and revelry with all their lively concomitants were forthwith forgotten for the tented field and all the bitter realities of war. Edward resolved to lose no time, and commanded his army to rendezvous at Roxburgh on the twenty-fourth of June, in order that he might afford the Scotch nobles the last opportunity of joining his standard, and shewing their loyalty to him as their sovereign lord. He himself, like another pious saint, performed a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. John of Beverly, then in high repute over all the North of England, and as the favor of the Saint was procured, he doubtless assured himself that his expedition into Scotland would be crowned with success. For with all his cruelty and per-

fidy, the mind of Edward was largely imbued with religious feelings, in which, alas ! ignorance and superstition held a prominent place. The standard of the same Saint, had been carried before the army into Scotland in the former war, conducted by himself and which he considered successful, when cruelty and bloodshed were everywhere the order of the day ; and to encourage his troops and excite his own religious feelings, he resolved to adopt the same course on this occasion also. The pilgrimage terminated and the blessing of the Saint invoked, Edward was prepared once more for the execution of his ambitious projects. And having committed the sacred standard of St. John of Beverly to the charge of Anthony Beck, "the fighting Bishop of Durham," he became confident that success would attend his labors. Anthony before this had been engaged in many a tough and hard fight across the borders, and had been ignominiously driven from the bishopric of Glasgow with all his dependents. But he was once more resolved to assume the sword under the shadow of the holy cross, both the protection of his own Saint, and amply avenge himself on Wallace and the rest of his Northern foes. Strange things have been done in the name of religion in the past, as well as at the present day ! When he marched into Scotland, Edward had great reason to feel proud of his position, for he headed an army which, in the number of its men and the splendor of its equipment, had few to equal it before this

anywhere. It was composed of seven thousand horse, three of which were called "*equi cooperti*," because they were completely clothed in iron coverings. The other four thousand were lighter cavalry, but a more splendid body of men and horses were hardly to be found. At the first, the infantry consisted of eighty thousand foot, chiefly Welsh and Irish, but this body, powerful as it was, was soon strengthened by a large reinforcement from Gascony in France. And now the whole of this formidable force was ushered into the midst of a country, whose only crime consisted in this, that its inhabitants had disputed a tyrant's right to deprive them of their freedom, and to assume a crown to which he was unable to shew the slightest title.

" By the lightning's deadly flash,
Would its foes had been consumed !
Or, amidst the earthquake's crash
Suddenly, alive, entomb'd !"

CHAPTER XV.

Edward met with difficulties when he marched into Scotland. Nobles refused to proceed beyond Roxburgh till the Great Charter and others were ratified. The king promised to do so if victorious. Proceeded North to Kirkliston, and found the country deserted. Encamped here, and waited for his fleet from the South laden with provisions for the army. Kept back a whole month by contrary winds. Famine and mutiny appeared in the camp. Welsh soldiers while drunk and disorderly broke into the English portion of it. Put to death a number of priests. The tumult quelled by Edward. The movements of the Scotch forces unknown to him. Wallace resolved not to fight but to harass the enemy. Edward on account of the scarcity of provisions ordered a retreat. Informed by the earls of Dunbar and Angus of the whereabouts of the Scotch army. Resolved to proceed with his whole force and offer them battle. On the night previous encamped on a lonely moor near Linlithgow. The king slept on the ground, and was accidentally wounded by his horse. Said mass early next morning with the bishop of Durham. The country everywhere covered with a thick fog, retarding operations. Proceeded to the scene of conflict early in the morning. When the fog had disappeared, beheld the Scots preparing for the conflict. Betrayed and unable to retreat. The nobles divided among themselves, and jealous of Wallace. He put no confidence in his cavalry. Commanded by the earl of Badenoch, and composed mostly of the nobility. His infantry few when compared with the English. But equal to any of the same number for heroic daring. Encouraged such for the conflict.

ALTHOUGH Edward had taken the field at the head of a splendid army, difficulties came across his path which he little expected. He had not ratified in person, in his own dominions, the "Great Charter," or the "Charter of the Forests;" and as the nobles had no faith in his promises, which he had often broken before when it suited his selfish purposes, they refused to advance a step from Roxburgh, till he had done so. The monarch was filled with wrath when such an announcement was made, but he had the policy to dissemble his resentment; and, bringing forward the Bishop of Durham as a go-between, he solemnly swore on the soul of his royal master, if he should happen to return victorious their requests would be fully granted. The difficulty being removed by this wary policy, the splendid English army was once more in motion. Proceeding slowly through Berwickshire and the Lothians, it advanced as far as Kirkliston, a small town between Edinburgh and Linlithgow. Here it encamped, and waited the arrival of a large fleet in the Frith of Forth laden with provisions, lest it should be reduced to terrible straits on account of the want of such, as often happened to be the case before, when invasions of Scotland by the English took place. Hitherto the army met with no opposition from the Scots; for it was the policy of the Regent to conceal himself and faithful adherents, from the invading foes, to watch a chance when a strolling party of them was sepa-

rated from the main body, and to cut them to pieces. And this Fabian system of warfare would have been completely successful, but for the jealousy and treachery of some of the Scottish nobles, as we shall afterwards find. In regard to the country through which the army passed, although previously regarded as the most fertile part of Scotland,—and everything in the beautiful month of June ought to have been fair and delightful.—all was now bare and desolate. The houses of the inhabitants were empty. The green crops cut down and carried away. The farm steadings heaps of blackened ruins; and the straw and provender of the former year that had been preserved had been collected together and committed to the flames. No cattle were seen browsing, in the fields; no sheep traversing the beautiful green mountains that often skirted their path, as they proceeded on their way to finish the work of destruction they had begun. The inhabitants drove them before them as they fled at the approach of the enemy in terror, and left the towns, villages and rural districts empty and ruined,—a sad proof of the effects produced by unrestrained ambition, and of the accursed influences of war.

“Let there be light! said God, and there was light!
Let there be blood, say men! and there’s a sea!
The fiat of this spoiled child of the night,
(For day never saw his merit) could decree
More evil in an hour than thirty bright
Summers could renovate, though they should be
Lovely as those that ripened Eden’s fruit,
For war cuts up not only branch but root.”

While Edward had pressed forward through a desert country at the head of so formidable an army, with the warlike Bishop of Durham in front of it, bearing the standard of St. John of Beverly, and resolving amid his superstitious selfishness to crush the enemy, and secure a victory; Wallace was endeavoring to gather together the scattered forces of his country, and to infuse into them the same indomitable spirit which had ever actuated himself on all trying occasions. He was well aware he had a formidable host to meet, and many of his friends whose love for their country appeared to be great at one time, were now cold. But the devoted feelings of the people were unchanged, and those, added to the fertile resources of his own daring mind, together with his thorough knowledge of the country, and the species of warfare that would prove in the end the most destructive to the English army, and weary Edward out, gave him hope. He therefore entered upon his work once more for the defence of his country with all the sagacity, heroism and patriotism also, with which he was richly endowed. But with all such feelings the force he was able to gather together only amounted to about thirty thousand men, and the Scottish nobles on this occasion presented but a very sorry appearance with their vassals. Besides Kirkpatrick, Graham and some more of his faithful co-patriots, Sir John Steward of Bonkyll, brother of the steward of Scotland, with a

thousand splendid archers, joined the Scottish army. Macduff, grand uncle to the Earl of Fife, and John Comyn of Badenoch, also put in an appearance; but with regard to the last mentioned nobleman it would have been far better if he had stayed at home, or joined the English at once. The wolf of Badenoch (as he was called by nickname) resembled in several ways that savage animal. Sly, cunning and ferocious, he was false and a mischief maker to boot; and willing that the interests of his native country, and all other interests besides, should rather be sacrificed, than that John Comyn, who could trace his connection with royal blood, should be displaced, or the forces of Scotland on the trying day, that was looming in the distance, should be led by another. Aware that such a feeble force, and so inferior in cavalry, could ill contend with Edward's army so numerous and so splendidly equipped—for being a practical warrior many alterations had been introduced during his wars in Palestine and his expeditions to France, and many important inventions had been adopted, which must have given him great advantage over his enemies—Wallace resolved strictly to adhere to his original plan of not fighting a general battle. But while such was to be his policy, he was the last man not to fight when a fit opportunity presented itself. He resolved to retire slowly before the opposing superior force, cut off their supplies, attack their foraging parties, or when a chance presented

itself fall upon the main body during the darkness of the night, or at some other favorable time, and compel them to retreat. These were the weapons by which a wise and brave Roman saved his country from impending ruin, when invaded by the greatest general of antiquity; and Scotland would have likewise been preserved on this occasion from dangers equally great, by the means that were wisely adopted, but for the jealousy and false dealings of many of the unpatriotic nobles. Edward had waited anxiously for his fleet, on which so much of the success of his expedition depended, for a whole month. But still it was kept back by contrary winds, and his heart began to be filled with dread and disappointment. For no supplies could be procured from the neighboring country for his army, and he felt persuaded he would be forced to retreat back to England with his whole force. In the meantime three vessels of the fleet arrived, but the provisions they carried were not sufficient to supply the wants of the officers alone; while at the same time they brought the disagreeable tidings that the remainder had not yet passed Berwick, and had already experienced a terrible gale that had divided and driven several of them far out into the deep. A famine now began to threaten the vast host that lay encamped around their monarch near the precincts of the poor hamlet, that had been stricken to the dust before its arrival, and every living thing destroyed and carried off for

many miles in every direction. In connection with this, a fearful mutiny began to manifest itself in the English camp. It broke out among the Welsh troops, who had already suffered fearfully for want of food, and who as yet were ill reconciled to the English yoke. In order to soothe down the excited feelings of these brave Celts, the English monarch sent them a large present of wine from his own tent; and while partaking too freely of the same, they became wild and furious, broke into the English quarter of the camp during the silence of the night, and in a paroxysm of wrath put eighteen of the priests to the sword. This was to retaliate for the ill treatment they had received, but especially to revenge the death of their own bards who before this had been so barbarously murdered. The camp became a scene of the wildest confusion. Many of the Welsh were slain, and the rest of them threatened in a body to desert the English and join the Scots. Edward alone remained cool and collected in the midst of the tumult that existed everywhere, and restored peace, while all was commotion around him: "Let them do so! (said this intrepid man) let them join the Scots, but the day will soon come when I will chastise both!" But while the king outwardly displayed such composure, for the purpose of animating his troops and preventing further disorders, his mind was all the time racked with care regarding the future. He found himself at the head of a great army, and without

supplies in the midst of an enemy's country. To advance any further into it was sure destruction, in such destitute circumstances. Mutiny, famine, disease and death in the camp all stared him in the face ! And even the element of nature, in keeping back his fleet and scattering it amid the billows of the angry ocean, seemed to be contending sorely against him ! But while the iron will of the bold Plantagenet was sadly tried, and though he was compelled to order a retreat against all his cherished wishes, he was quickly delivered out of all his difficulties by an occurrence that will reflect everlasting disgrace on the parties connected with it. Early in the morning of the day when the retreat was to commence, two rascals,—although they wore coronets on their heads,—sneaked into the English camp and sought an audience with the Bishop of Durham ; for, as they were connected with the Scottish army they were afraid to encounter the king himself. These were the Earls of Dunbar and Angus, who informed the bishop, and all parties concerned, that Wallace and the Scottish army lay in the “ Forest of Falkirk,” and intended to make an attack on the English camp that very night. The tidings brought joy to “ Anthony,” who immediately conveyed them to his sovereign, and who, on receipt of them, was unable to restrain his feelings. “ Thanks be to God,” exclaimed *Longshanks*. “ Thanks be to God,” he repeated, “ who hath hitherto extricated me from every danger. They shall not need to fol-

low me. I shall forthwith go and meet them!" And he was as good as his word; for, buckling on his armor and mounting his superb charger, he rode from post to post and hurried on the preparations. And, strange to say, although the news of the position of the Scotch army was received in the morning, by three o'clock in the afternoon Edward's huge world of men and of horses was in full motion, and on its way to Falkirk. Towards nightfall the army reached a lonely moor in the neighborhood of the town of Linlithgow, where they rested; and, according to an English historian who was an eye-witness of the scene, "each soldier had to sleep upon the ground, and use none other pillow than his shield. Each horseman had his horse bridled, and armed beside him, and the horses themselves tasted nothing but cold iron, champing their steel bits for want of better fodder." By and by the hum of the living mass died away amid the stillness of the night, and nothing was heard amid the camp that was lately so full of noise and tumult, but the tramp of the pacing sentinels as they went their rounds. And the proud Edward himself shared no better than the meanest of his soldiers; for he slept on the ground clad in armor, while a page held the reins of his favorite and gorgeously caparisoned war-horse that stood beside him. But he was well accustomed to such exposure, and reposed himself as soundly as he would have done in any of his royal residences, with his stern features relaxed

and illumined by the sweet rays of the summer moon. And there did he rest on that lone heath, with all his angry passions, cruel resolves, and past terrible memories hushed into silence and buried in oblivion; and he would have done so till morning had not an incident occurred which disturbed his rest, and caused no little commotion throughout the camp. On account of the carelessness of the page the bridle of the king's horse had been dropped, and in changing his position he had severely struck the king on the side. He awakened in the midst of the greatest perturbation, and his guards were soon on foot and around his person, crying out that the enemy was in their midst, and that their sovereign had been stabbed. The camp was soon in the wildest uproar, and all stood to arms and were prepared to fight. But the alarm was false, and the weary soldiers once more threw themselves upon the cold ground and were soon again hushed to repose, forgetful of the past. As soon as morning broke, Edward, although smarting from the effect of his wound, insisted on mounting his charger, and gave orders to the army to march. They did so with the best spirits under their respected chiefs, and by the time the sun had begun to streak the eastern horizon with his approaching light, they hastened to defile through the town of Linlithgow. It was deserted. For, at the approach of the invading foe, the inhabitants with all the effects they could carry along with them, had betaken themselves beyond the

reach of their enemies; and the confused hum of the living mass of men and of horses, the noise of drums and the braying of clarions must have produced a strange effect in the midst of its lonely streets,—now stripped of its residents. As the army passed along through the town, says a graphic writer, “it seemed to lengthen into an interminable array, issuing as it came to view, as if from some interminable source on the verge of the horizon; every now and then the glittering array disappearing in undulating movements again to shine forth.” It was a long time before the cavalry and infantry were able to reach the western end of the town, and when they did so a thick fog hung over the plains and rising eminences in all directions, concealing everything from their view. This often happens in Scotland at this season of the year during the early part of the morning, and, on the present occasion, was a great obstruction to Edward’s plans; and at the same time increasing his anxiety lest he should be suddenly attacked by the Scots, who were so thoroughly acquainted with the country and the immediate neighborhood. In order that his mind might be stayed up amid the exciting scenes that were near at hand, he once more resolved to devote himself to several acts of devotion, as he had previously done at the commencement of the campaign. And if the cruel and relentless mind of this man wished to be so employed, previous to the commencement of a great battle, and desired to crave the forgive-

ness of heaven on past misdeeds, bloody memories must have crowded in upon it. The fate of the Welsh bards, wantonly murdered amid the bleak mountains of Wales, must have started up before his unclouded fancy while lying prostrate before the sacred altar! And the blood of the children and helpless women that flowed like water down the streets of Berwick, to be carried away by the ceaseless tide, and buried out of sight amid the waves of the mighty ocean, must have sorely confronted him! Being the feast of St. Magdalen, the king sent for the Bishop of Durham, and requested mass to be said. The bishop, as on former occasions, extolled the king's piety and thoughtfulness; assured him that, on the battle-field, there would be little time for such religious duties, as every one would be otherwise employed. Before Edward and the priest however, had finished their religious task, the fog began to disappear from the surrounding valleys, and crept up towards the heights of the eminences that were near, and the mountains that stood out in bold relief that were afar off. The rays of a bright morning's sun were joyfully welcomed by the whole English army. For they scattered the gloom of a night that had been accompanied with unpleasant remembrances, and flung themselves across the whole country, chasing away the last traces of an enemy, that was likely to prove both dangerous and troublesome to them. Such a sight enlivened the heart of the king,

although it soon drew it away from heaven and all devout contemplations. For the feast of the Saint, "who washed Christ's feet with her tears and bathed them with her hair," in token of gratitude and humility, was soon forgotten, and left little impression on the proud and ungrateful heart of one who was incapable of making any thankful return even to his Maker, who had lavishly bestowed upon him many of the richest bounties of his providence. When the fog had disappeared, in looking up to a rising ground at some distance in the front, the English observed it lined with lances, and the whole Scotch army apparently ready to receive them. Not a moment was to be lost, and Edward resolved to attack and drive them from the field before the heat of the day had set in. But when the English columns marched up the hill nothing was to be seen, for it only happened to be the advanced guard of the Scotch army, who immediately retired on the approach of the enemy, and fell back upon the main body who were seen in the distance making arrangements as best they could for the bloody conflict so near at hand. Wallace, as we stated already, had no intention at the first of fighting openly in the field with so small an army as he had at his command, and so ill provided with cavalry. But now that the enemy through treachery had become acquainted with his situation, and he found it impossible to retreat on so short a notice, he resolved to do so, however great

the odds against him, or however little the chance of success. In the circumstances it was impossible for him to do anything else ; for the English were too near, and too well provided with cavalry for him to get beyond their reach. There would be more glory therefore for his little army to face the enemy boldly on the battle field, than to endeavor to attempt an unsatisfactory retreat, that must become disastrous from the fact that the English were made acquainted with their numbers and position, and would follow them in their retrograde movements, and hang upon them with deadly effect. The main strength of the force of this intrepid leader lay in his infantry, trained under his eye to deeds of self-denial and heroic bravery, and which at this time was equal to that of any army in the world. It was his great object therefore to avail himself of the nature of the ground, so as to enable them to receive and resist successfully the attacks of the English cavalry, and if possible throw them back ; for he knew how difficult it would be for his troops, who were but lightly armed, and fought chiefly with long spears, daggers, and battle-axes, to meet such a force as was preparing to dash itself against them with deadly effect. On his cavalry Wallace put no confidence, as they were mostly composed of the nobles of the land and their adherents, who were at best but half hearted in the cause of liberty, and many of whom hated him at heart.

And besides all this "coming events were casting their shadows before them," which augured ill already for the Scots. It was not sufficient for the Scottish nobles to betray the interests of their country, to reveal the hiding place of the army with which they were connected, to prevent a safe retreat, and to bring sure and sudden destruction on it; but the envy and jealousy of the same body towards Wallace were brought out anew and hastened on the destruction of all parties concerned. Comyn the Lord of Badenoch, demanded the leadership of the Scottish army on account of his near connection with the crown of Scotland; and on this account, because it was refused him, was more inclined to fight the battles of England than be placed under the control of one whom he despised on account of his inferior rank. In order to show how little Wallace was entitled to such honor, Comyn compared him to the owl in the fable "which after having borrowed a feather from every bird, became, like the peacock, vain of his plumage, and wished to lord it over the other birds;" "for, continued he, if every nobleman in the land were to claim his part of the vassals who followed Wallace's banners, his own retainers would be few and small." Sir John Steward of Bonkyll claimed the leadership on the ground of his close relationship to the Earl of Bute; for he not only headed his own tenantry, but the men of Bute who were numerous in the absence of his brother the lord high steward of

Scotland. Every feeling and action among the Scottish nobles only indicated disunion and strife, and to Wallace and others deeply interested in the ensuing conflict forboded terrible consequences. But while he found it impossible to reconcile the nobles on the one hand, or to retreat on the other, with any degree of safety, as the enemy was close at hand; he arranged the lines of his trusty followers, few but firm, and without any further delay, drew them up in order of battle. As far as he was able he wished to encourage them, however sad the feelings were that agitated his own bosom, in order that they might prove themselves invincible, whatever the craven nobles might do; for to welcome death rather than the chains of a tyrant would make their lives ever dear in the memories of their countrymen, and enable them “to live above them in eternity.”

CHAPTER XVI.

The English army, on the twenty-fourth of July, drew up in battle array in three divisions near the town of Falkirk. Edward commanded the reserves. Scottish army drew up on the opposite rising ground. Amounted to about thirty thousand. Not one-third of that of the English. Divided into four circles. The same as the Saxons at the battle of Stamford Bridge. Intermediate space occupied by the archers. Commanded by Sir John Steward. The Earl of Badenoch commanded the cavalry. The Scottish troops ably addressed by Wallace before the battle. From the place where Edward pitched his camp, he had a splendid view of the surrounding country. Wished his army to rest and take refreshment before engaging. Opposed by his generals. The Marshal of England and Earl of Hereford led on the first division. Bishop Beck, the second. English horsemen dashed themselves against the Scottish spearmen. Several times repulsed. Comyn, with all the Scottish cavalry, retired from the field without striking a blow. Contemned, even by the English, for so doing. English horsemen charged the Scottish archers. Unable to defend themselves. Killed to a man, with their brave leader. English archers and slingers galled the Scottish circles. Broke them up. Cavalry rushing in slew many of them. Wallace retreated. Turned upon the cavalry in the retreat, and put many of them to the sword. Returned after night to the field of battle. Deeply bewailed many of his former associates now slain. Especially Sir John De Graham. Buried during the night, and a deadly attack made upon the English army

EARLY on the morning of the twenty-fourth of July, when the fog that had enveloped the whole of the surrounding country had been chased away by the gladsome rays of the morning sun, Edward advanced at the head of his forces to the rising eminence, that had been previously occupied by the more advanced guard of the Scottish army. There he pitched his royal tent, and began to prepare for immediate action. Mass, prayers, the feast day of the holy Saint, all were forgotten, and fell revenge boiled up in his unforgiving breast. The English army was drawn up in three divisions, and each of them considerably outnumbered the whole of the Scottish army. The proud De Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and De Bohun, Earl of Hereford, commanded the first division. The banner of the former was of yellow silk, and that of the latter deep blue, and of the same materials, richly adorned with heraldic devices. The "fighting Bishop of Durham," Anthony Beck, proudly assumed the command of the second division, and was more gorgeously appareled than any other of Edward's lords on that portentous day; for he had thirty-nine banners of rich and varied devices that floated in the breeze above the wood of spears, marking out the same number of leaders of distinction that clustered around his standard, and shewed that he had spared no expense to make his division the observed of all, on that memorable day. The King commanded the third, and besides the royal standard, there waved, as a matter of

course, the banner of St. John of Beverly, for, *nolens volens*, the ghost of the pious Saint must give his sanction to the work of slaughter, from which his righteous soul, had he been alive, would have at once recoiled. Besides those, there was the standard of St. George, the patriot saint of England, and at some distance from it waved the banners of St. Edmund, the pious prince of East Anglia, murdered by the Danes, and of Edward the Confessor, that poor monkish king, whose whole time had been engrossed with the visions of superstition, to the neglect of his wife and kingdom, and everything else. The Scottish army, amounting to nearly thirty thousand infantry, was drawn up on the side of a small hill opposite the English; and between them there ran a small brook, and an extensive morass also intervened. It was commanded by Wallace in person, and divided into four circles or schiltrons. This was the disposition the brave Harold, the last of England's Saxon monarchs, used so successfully at the battle of Stamford Bridge, when his troops dashed furiously upon the Norwegian horsemen and glittering spearmen; and although the royal banner of their country floated over them, they cleft their circle like a wedge, and left their king and the greater proportion of his followers dead on the field. Between the circles the intermediate space was occupied by the Scottish archers, chiefly from the forests of Ettrick and Selkirk, and commanded by Sir John Stewart of Bonkyll,

the brother of the high steward of Scotland. Although Steward was opposed to Wallace, and contended along with Comyn for the leadership of the Scottish army, he was altogether a different person from his opponent. Brave and patriotic, he was deadly opposed to Edward, and deeply interested in the liberty of his country, and prepared to contend unto the death for the maintenance of the same. After the dispositions were made of the infantry, the cavalry under the command of the lord of Badenoch—a thousand strong, and mostly composed of the aristocracy of Scotland—took up their position in the rear of all, and at the foot of the hill. When these arrangements were made, Wallace, as he was wont, addressed his army in one of those stirring speeches that found its way to the heart of every faithful adherent of the cause in which he was so ardently engaged. “He reminded his soldiers of the great deeds they had often accomplished, and how when but few and poorly equipped, they had slaughtered and put to flight great hosts of their enemies. And although comparatively small in number at this time, when contrasted with the English that swarmed like grasshoppers on the other side of the valley, yet the God of Battles whom he trusted was on their side, could vanquish by few as well as by many. He reminded them still further of the honor of their country, which had been so often betrayed by a base nobility and trampled under the feet of a tyrant who had

used every means to degrade and erase it from the rank of nations—although its brave inhabitants in earlier days had hurled back the legions of Rome, the conquerors of the world, and he trusted they themselves would acquire like honor in driving back the troops of the cruel Plantagenet, who so perseveringly wished to enslave and degrade them. The liberty of their country he assured them hung at this moment doubtfully in the balance. They alone stood to maintain it in whole, whether in life or in death, and now that they had strongly drawn the sword for freedom, “freemen they would stand, or freemen they would fall;” and then, although with the terrible realities of a bloody conflict before him, and principally for the purpose of throwing new life and energy into his brave soldiers, he assumed a tone of mirth and pleasantry, as he was wont to do, and told them, “he had brought them to the ring, and it was for them now to dance.” While Edward remained in his royal tent scanning the spot where the Scottish army had taken its position, and the dispositions they had made, he hesitated for some time to begin the attack; and in the meantime all clouds and vapors had disappeared from the valley of the Carron, and the whole of the surrounding country, and the sun shone forth in all the brightness of a mid-summer morning. No finer prospect in Palestine, or anywhere else ever presented itself to the eye of the English monarch, than now appeared to him from the spot

where the royal tent was pitched. An area of thirty miles and upwards of a country containing some of the highest mountains, the richest valleys, and one of them watered by the finest river in Scotland, now lay stretched out at his feet. Benlomond and Benledi, two of the highest mountains of the rampian chain, had thrown off their thick and watery covering, and were seen shutting in the landscape from afar. The waters of the silvery Forth danced in the streaming beams of the sun, and hastened on in their impetuous course to the ocean, leaving Stirling with its glittering towers and curling smoke far behind. The flower-enamelled green fields and valleys were everywhere to be seen near at hand, and far off; all, all bespeaking much of the beauty of nature, and plenty flowing from the hand of the God of Peace. But alas!

“ While everything was pleasing,
And only man was vile ;”

and while all nature was smiles, spoke of peace and displayed marvellous beauty which nothing but a Divine hand could shew forth, a large portion of the country was soon to be marred by the hand of one man, whose rapacity and cruelty were boundless, and whose revenge was deep as hell itself. And on this account his thronging legions, who ought to have been industriously employed in their own land in cultivating the soil, and gathering in the crops, were scattered over the country like the locusts of Egypt, marring

the works of God, and destroying the peace and industry of a people, whom they might torture to death, and exterminate, but never conquer, for life to them when conquered seemed entirely worthless.

“ Shall victory exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe.
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame.”

As it was still early in the morning, and all the dispositions carefully made, Edward thought it would be better to pitch their tents, and allow the men and horses time for rest and refreshment, before beginning the battle. But this proposal was opposed by his officers, who reckoned it unsafe to go to rest in such close proximity to a watchful enemy. “ Then what would you advise ?” asked Edward anxiously. “ An immediate advance,” said they. “ The field and the victory shall be ours.” “ In God’s name then let it be so,” replied the king, and having said this, the proud and arrogant *Longshanks* sprang into the saddle of his superb Arabian charger, and moved on to the conflict. By this time the marshal of England and Earl of Hereford, who commanded the first division, led their soldiers directly against the enemy ; but were ignorant of an extensive moss that stretched in front of the Scottish army, and by reaching it were obstructed in their progress, and compelled to make a circuit further to the West. Meanwhile Beck, the bishop of Durham,

who seemed to have been better acquainted with the nature of the ground, inclined more towards the East, and came thundering on at the head of his brigade. Beck, though as brave as a bishop could be expected to be, had so much experience of Wallace already, and had seen so many disasters, the result of precipitancy, requested them to hold back till the reserve under the King had moved forward to succor them. In this proposal, however, he was overruled by a bold baron who fought under him, Ralph Basset of Drayton, who boldly told him that "he had better stick to his mass, and not to teach the nobles of England what they ought to do in the face of an enemy." Beck, being check-mated, concealed his resentment, and allowed the forces to take their own way, "for," says he, "we are all soldiers here to-day, and each is expected to do his duty." So saying, they were immediately engaged with the first column of the Scots, whilst the division of the English which had extricated itself from the morass, commenced its attack upon the flank of the enemy. Thousands of horsemen at full gallop forthwith dashed themselves against the impenetrable circles, but the wood of spears quietly received them. The ground trembled at the fearful onset, and the dreadful shout and shriek that arose when the antagonists met, and the English cavalry rushed with impetuosity against the long lances that were extended to receive them, were heard from a great distance, amid the mild calm of a beautiful

summer morning. At the first clash of spears, the traitorous Comyn, with his whole body of horse, amounting to a thousand strong, turned bridle and rode off the field. He did so without a blow "given or taken," to use the forcible language of an English historian, who happened to be on the field of battle; and the baseness of his desertion seemed to have excited the indignation of the English themselves, who branded him, and all who followed him as false cowards, to fly at the first sight of an English force. But the desertion of Comyn and all his followers was not a thing that much surprised Wallace, who was well acquainted with the pride, selfishness and cowardice of the man, who had always been prepared to sacrifice the good of his country and everything else for his own private purposes. He therefore looked away from all assistance in this direction, and encouraged his porcupine circles by reminding them that the honor and liberty of their country depended alone upon themselves. And they knew their duty and performed it right nobly on that bloody day; for they stood up as strong as a castle walled with stone, with their spears, point over point, so thick and so close together that it was fearful to behold, and the array seemed so impenetrable, that it was commonly said, "no living man could pierce through them, though you mustered the bravest in England from Berwick to Kent." While the battle raged and the carnage became frightful, seven

thousand English horsemen charged the archers from "Ettrick Forest," only consisting at first of a thousand footmen, and who occupied the spaces betwixt the schiltrons. They were men of noble stature, and of beautiful symmetry, and designated by the historians of both countries as the flower of the Scottish army. But the cavalry that were to protect them had fled, and it was impossible that so few, with their armor so light, and their situation so exposed, could repel thousands of horsemen, composed of the finest troops of Christendom. But, like Leonidas, and his three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, each archer fought as if he were a divinity, and each one courted death as if it were a boon. The mailed horsemen, and steel-clad knights rushed upon them with all the fury of a tempest, but it mattered nothing to them; for they had made up their mind never to flee, and defended their bodies with such determined heroism with their short daggers, as to extort the wonder and admiration of their very enemies. The brave foresters lost their leader near the commencement of the engagement, but still they resolved to fight it out, or die on the ensanguined field. They nobly carried out their purpose, and perished to a man at their post, with the brave Sir John Steward their commander, and twenty knights besides, without one ever shewing the least inclination to turn his back; and when Edward, and his officers rode over the battle field at the close of the contest, they were all struck

with the tallness and beauty of the brave men of Ettrick, who, in their lives and in their death, had redeemed their country from the sad disgrace that had been put upon it, by the cowardice the nobles had in this, as on former occasions, so meanly displayed.

“ But strew their ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice have saved mankind—
And are they dead whose glorious name
Lifts them on high ?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.”

The Scottish circles still remained unbroken, but all external aid had now disappeared, and the whole force of the English troops were now directed against them. Edward himself had moved forward at the head of the reserves, with the royal standard, and also the standard of his father floating before him. It was a glorious emblem of war, never displayed but during a fight; formed of red satin bearing a dragon embroidered in gold streaming on the right of the others, and indicated destruction to the enemy, and safety to the weary and wounded among the conquerors. In the reserve, were the English archers, each of whom was said to have carried a dozen of Scots in his girdle; and such as had frightened Lewellyn and his brave Welsh followers amid the mountainous retreats of Snowdon into submission, and filled the glittering phalanxes of Saracens in the Holy Land with terror and dismay. These

columns of archers advanced close to the enemy, and discharged their shafts in perfect security ; for the cowardly cavalry that should have scattered them had already skulked away, and the noble archers of Ettrick that would have met them on equal footing, lay bleeding on the field. Their attack was again and again repeated, and still with more deadly effect, for the English arrows thick and fast fell among the circles, doing great execution in every direction. In addition to this a large number of slingers were likewise brought into the field, who showered (by their war-wolfs) large bodies of stones upon them, covering the whole ground, and killing great multitudes of those who were prevented from moving an inch, from the place assigned them. Against such weapons of attack the Scots had no defence, for their light armor was ill fitted to resist the strength of the English bowmen, who, standing at such a distance as to be beyond the reach of their spears, sent their cloth-yard arrows with all their might into the hearts of thousands of their foes, killing them dead on the spot—without any resistance offered. It was now that the treachery of Comyn, and the nobles who had fled off the field with the cavalry, began to be felt, and filled the heart of the Scottish leader, with anguish and indignation. Five hundred light cavalry, a few years afterwards at Bannockburn, broke and routed a more numerous body of English archers ; and if so, what a grand opportunity presented

itself for a thousand heavy armed cavalry at Falkirk to perform a like feat, and immortalize themselves in the annals of their country ! But, unfortunately, such was not to be ! and therefore the fatal phalanxes of English bowmen dared, after every successive charge, to approach nearer and nearer the doomed ones, and quickly reached the living walls ! Soon the first, or outer, rank was struck down and slain by this continued and galling attack. The second moved forward with the utmost devotion to fill their place, but suffered the same fate, till, at last, the heavy armed horse, pouring through the terrible gaps that were made, threw all into confusion, and carried terror and indiscriminate slaughter along with them wherever they went. Many of Scotland's noblest heroes were struck down, while marshalling their troops against the deadly attacks made upon them at this trying hour, and who, on this account, remained long firm as a rock, in spite of all odds. Among them was McDuff, along with many of his vassals from Fife, and Sir John De Graham, one of Wallace's most trusty friends and beloved companions. The quick and experienced eye of Wallace having seen his circles broken, and disorder and death carried into their very centre by means of the English horse, knew that the battle was lost, and nothing but a well effected retreat could save the remainder of his brave troops from utter destruction. But he retreated in such a manner as sorely to disappoint Edward, Bishop Beck and all concerned,

and to protect and keep together his bleeding schiltrons from the repeated charges both of the archers and cavalry that pressed sore on their rear. In doing so he performed one of his own peculiar manœuvres, with which his soldiers were well acquainted. This was to wheel into line, and with their levelled lances face the English archers when in full pursuit. When they did this, the enemy forthwith recoiled and fell back; for they were no match for their northern antagonists in a hand to hand encounter. They therefore felt the worse of it, for more of them were killed while pursuing their enemies, than fell on the field of battle. No sooner was this movement executed adroitly, than Wallace again presented himself at the head of the foremost line in order that his orders might be heard and carried out with the utmost alacrity, as well as to furnish an example of bravery and skill. He called again to his men to form themselves into circles to receive Edward's cavalry, who were already dashing on, as he expected they would do, to break up and destroy his lines, and carry confusion with them in every direction. The cavalry charge in this way was fully anticipated—the impenetrable schiltrons were reformed, and the galloping squadrons of horsemen thrown back and broken by troops that were already beaten off the field, and as it was supposed all but annihilated. By such a skilful retreat, in which the prompt sagacity and military genius of the heroic Wallace

were as strikingly displayed as they had ever been on any previous occasion, sometimes throwing his infantry into circles, and anon into extended lines, he outwitted the warlike Edward, and slew more of the English, than when contending with them on the battle field. When his feeble army had reached the borders of Callendar woods, Wallace began to think he would soon be once more safe in their shady retreats, and accordingly ordered a deadly charge on the flower of Edward's cavalry. The Scots were now the assailants, and not the assailed. Drove back the horsemen heavily armed to the teeth, and smote the very front ranks of immense hosts of the enemy that had been pursuing them. They killed many of them, and among the number was Sir Brian De Jay, a natural brother of the King, upon whom Wallace turned when anxious in the pursuit of the Scotch, and felled him to the ground with his own hand. The English forces did not dare to enter the wood in pursuit of them, but speedily retreated to the encampment in Linlithgow Moor, to rest after the sore toil and excitement of this eventful and bloody day, and to reap with disappointment the fruit of a bootless victory. The English historians give us the most exaggerated accounts of the numbers slain among the Scotch army, reckoning them as high as fifty thousand, while three hundred thousand foot were taken prisoners! This shows us how difficult it is to arrive at any correct conclusion on the subject, when the whole Scotch

army only amounted to thirty thousand. But after making full allowance for all exaggerations, and finding that the English army were afraid to pursue them, as they repulsed them in their last attack before entering into the woods, it would be giving a large amount of killed, if we were to allow that it amounted to ten thousand. Even this last number is conjectural, as no Scottish historian near the time mentioned the number. The loss of the English was much smaller, although several of their greatest barons were included in the number slain. After Wallace's troops were fairly within the shelter of the primeval forest, that stretched far away into the distance, he halted his weary troops, and made arrangements for giving the English a warm reception, provided they should have the hardihood to follow them. But Edward was too experienced a warrior to endeavor to do so; for his troops had suffered too severely already in the pursuit to allow them to enter after a flying foe into the intricacies of a dense forest, where they might turn with deadly effect upon them, and sorely diminish their numbers. After Wallace found that there was no danger to be apprehended from this quarter, his thoughts soon reverted to the bloody field of battle, and to many faithful associates that were lying there unconscious of the terrible grief that lacerated his bosom. And he resolved at whatever cost to visit it, for deep was his love for such, and unvarying and changeless his fidelity; and as the

ties that strengthened and bound them more closely together had often before this been cemented with blood on the field of strife amid the roar and carnage of battle, he thought it would be doing his duty to visit them for the last time in their gory beds, and bear himself towards them as a brother. The brave Stewart was found lying there, surrounded by his bold archers, who resolved to die to a man beside their heroic chief rather than flee ; as their descendants did at bloody Flodden, when they formed a ring round their much loved king, and utterly perished ! The powerful McDuff was likewise lying cold and stiff, with many of his devoted retainers near his body, who loved him as a master, and followed him into the field of battle as a chief, sworn to fight for and defend him, which they faithfully did ! The appearance of such patriotic men, and worthy chiefs, found dead, sacrificed for the good of their country, could not help but awake feelings of the deepest emotion in the breast of Wallace, when he thought of the cowardly conduct of the rest of the nobles, who had largely occasioned this sad disaster. But the loss of his brave friend, Sir John De Graham, was more grievous to him than all others ! And as he hastened to the battle field during the dead of night, accompanied by his pious confessor, Father Blair, the brave Roger Kirkpatrick and others, he rode devoutly and silently over the field of strife, as if unwilling to disturb the repose of those whom a tyrant's rod could no

longer discompose, without uttering a word to mar the deep solemnity of the scene. He was anxious above all other things to descry the body of Graham, and in this he was powerfully assisted in his search by the silvery rays of the moon, that shed her feeble light over the ensanguined field. At last he discovered the body of his beloved friend, by his brilliant armor with which he lay covered, and that gleamed in the nightly rays of the luminary that hung suspended in the heavens as a lamp over their heads. When he found it he instantly leaped from his charger—uncovered his head and was “bathed in a flood of tears.” He looked long and piteously on the pale face, as if expecting to be recognized—but to no purpose! He then carefully composed as best he could the disordered condition of his beloved fellow soldier—raised up the cold body in his arms, kissed it a thousand times, exclaiming, “alas! oh alas! my best brother—my true friend when I was hardest tested.” Having again laid down all that remained of the gallant Graham on the cold ground, his weeping attendants took up the same—for there was not a dry eye to witness the sight—and bore him away, whose good fight was fought, and whose battles were all done. To the churchyard of Falkirk they silently and devoutly carried him, and there “they buried him darkly at the dead of night, by the struggling light of the moon.” In the same place, the dust still rests of the hero and accomplished warrior, whose rare and

shining virtues every one who knew him acknowledged; and an ancient stone erected soon after the engagement still marks the spot where the good Graham of "truth and hardiment" found his long home.

"Slowly and sadly they laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
But they left him alone in his glory."

Wallace, in the midst of his woeful distress, when depositing in the grave the remains of his departed friend, is said to have vowed terrible revenge on the English, whatever it might cost him, on account of his death, as well as that of many others of his brave followers. He accordingly rejoined the army in the wood, and having called a number of the leaders that were spared, together, it was forthwith decided to attack the English camp at dead of night, when the troops would be sunk in slumber, after their previous fatigues; and when they imagined the Scots would be far away, seeking safety in flight after the defeat they had sustained. Onward they proceeded amid the stillness of the night to Linlithgow Moor, rushed suddenly into the camp with Wallace at their head, and carried confusion and slaughter along with them to the very neighborhood of the royal tent, where the King was sunk in the deepest repose. It was Wallace's aim to reach his person, at whatever hazard, and rid the world for ever of such a tyrant. But before this was

done, their drowsy foes began to awake, and finding the Scots upon them fled with the utmost haste to their arms, and prepared for self-defence. Before doing so, however, their mysterious assailants had fled without losing a man, but leaving a vast number of the English dead behind, and much terror in the camp besides. Edward now began to see what little advantage he was to reap from the battle of Falkirk ; and although he commenced an immediate pursuit of his nimble enemies, he found they had completely surprised his camp in spite of all his military abilities, and eluded his grasp.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the the battle Edward pursued the Scots to Stirling.

Found it burned down and the Scots escaped. Stayed a fortnight in the Dominican Convent that had been spared. Healed of the wound inflicted on him before the battle. Divided his army into foraging parties. One party sent into Clackmannanshire, and another proceeded eastward as far as St. Andrew's. Found the towns and villages everywhere deserted, and the ancient city itself a heap of ruins. Found it impossible to advance further North. Proceeded in the direction of Perth. Also reduced to ashes. The army nearly cut to pieces by a stratagem of Wallace. Bridge over the Tay cut down, and a division of the army destroyed. Finding few provisions in Perth the army forced to retreat back to Stirling. Here the prospects of the English more dark than ever, owing to the destitution of provisions and the discontent of the army. Resolved to proceed westward. Anxious to occupy Ayr Castle, the seat of Bruce, who had remained neutral for some time. Edward resolved to punish him for his vacillating conduct. The castle burnt down, and Bruce fled to Galloway. Edward vainly followed him and desolated the country. Found it desolate and compelled to retreat to Carlisle. The nobles dissatisfied, and several of them left with their vassals. Made them grants of lands in a country not yet conquered. Proceeded to Durham and met his young queen. Great festivities. Broken up by the news of a Scotch insurrection. King marched to crush it. The Scots nowhere seen. Edward proceeded southward and was joyfully received in London. Wallace resigned the regency of Scotland.

AFTER the nightly attack upon the English camp the rage of Edward knew no bounds, and he made all necessary arrangements to pursue the enemy, with the alacrity and perseverance for which he was so remarkable. He forthwith led his army to Stirling, for the purpose of securing the protection of the formidable castle there, as well as for obtaining supplies for the troops, who began to be in great want. But witness his disappointment, when approaching near Stirling, although only four days after the battle of Falkirk, he found the place a heap of ruins! scarcely a building was left unconsumed, and the fortress itself was greatly damaged by the hands of Wallace's fugitive forces. Not only so, but everything throughout the neighboring country had been destroyed by the inhabitants themselves, rather than it should fall into the hands of the English; for they chose rather to become houseless and flee to the rocks and mountains around them for protection, than submit to the iron-handed rule of one who had so long been the curse of their beloved country. Happily for Edward, when he arrived in Stirling, he found the Dominican Convent had been spared from the general conflagration, and here he took up his residence. It was a spacious stone building, erected through the piety of the inhabitants for religious purposes, and never intended as a receptacle for the man and his troops, who had embued his hands in the blood of thousands of their countrymen. But he

forcibly took possession of it, driving out its pious inmates who were humble worshippers of the God who loves peace, and who threatens to scatter those that delight in war. It was well for Edward to get within the hallowed precincts of this building, for now the wound he received from his horse on the night previous to the battle of Falkirk gave him much pain. Here he stayed for a fortnight in quietude and retirement, and through the skilful treatment of his physician was by that time able again to take the field at the head of his army. In the meantime it had been divided into different parties, and a large division of it had been sent across the Firth into Clackmannan and Fife shires, for the purpose of ravaging the country, plundering the villages, and punishing the natives for the large share they had taken in the battle of Falkirk, along with their brave and unfortunate chief. Another division proceeded eastward as far as the city of St. Andrew's, which even at this early period in the history of Scotland was a place of considerable importance. For centuries afterwards it maintained the pre-eminence in commerce and learning it had early acquired, and in the latter capacity, it still occupies an enviable position. When the English forces reached the place, they found it, like Stirling, a heap of ruins. In this respect its inhabitants, as well as those of the towns and villages everywhere throughout the country, acting upon the wise instructions of Wallace, burnt down their

houses, removed their goods, cattle and provisions beyond the reach of the enemy ; and having done so Wallace and others of them narrowly watched their movements, broke into their camp when they least expected it, prevented supplies from reaching them, and cut them off. In these circumstances Edward began to see the folly of advancing northward into a country where everything was burnt up and wasted ; and where a watchful enemy was ever near at hand for the purpose of destroying his foraging parties. He next proceeded towards the fair city of Perth, where he expected for some time to rest with his toil-worn troops, after so many days and nights of anxiety and of suffering. It might have been fairly presumed he would be allowed to do so, and that its strong fortifications would have protected his army from any sudden attack from without ; while the rich and beautiful country all around it, blooming in the freshness of mid-summer, would have been more than sufficient to supply his army for many weeks to come with every kind of provisions. But even here he was once more disappointed ! for, on approaching near the city he found it reduced to ashes, the country wasted, and the inhabitants had all disappeared. Nor was this all ; but while the English forces were here, they were not only well nigh consumed by famine, but cut to pieces by a bold stratagem of Wallace their unwearied and restless enemy. Watching, when a large division of the

army had left the city for foraging purposes, and crossed the wooden bridge over the Tay, he adopted the same plan, in which he had so completely succeeded, in annihilating Surrey's army at Stirling. He hastened with a number of his faithful followers that had been concealed in the neighborhood, watched the movements of the division, and, approaching the bridge before they found themselves in circumstances to return from the country, he cut it down and destroyed the most of the force—while their friends could only look on from the other side, without being able to afford any assistance. Edward could stay no longer in Perth, where he was so subject to a night attack, and where no provisions could be obtained for his army. And yet to proceed northward was impossible, for the country in many places was rendered dreary and desolate by the hands of the people themselves; and small parties of them would ever be on their track, determined at any moment to fall upon their rear and cut them to pieces. He, therefore, wisely came to the resolution of collecting his forces together, however great his disappointment and that of his army, whose visions respecting plunder and rich supplies of provisions had been sadly marred; and, moving on through the forests of Crieff and Ardoch, he proceeded in the direction of Stirling. In doing so he passed over the battle ground of the ancient Romans, and of the Caledonians, and his position was nearly similar to that of the former, upwards

of a thousand years before this period. Agricola, with his famous legions, had defeated the bold inhabitants of the North in a great pitched battle; and so had the English monarch, by means of his celebrated cavalry. But, in either case, the natives of the country scarcely appeared to feel that they were beaten, but retired before their victors only with the view of rushing upon their rear guard or straggling parties with more deadly aim; so that both had the fruits of their victories wrested from them at the moment they expected to reap great gain, and were ultimately compelled to retire from a country, after they considered it all but completely subdued. Edward, with great mortification, arrived at Stirling with an army famished, discontented and greatly diminished in numbers. Here his prospects, if possible, were darker than before, for a strong spirit of dissatisfaction began to evince itself among the troops in a way that could not be mistaken. And if his fleet did not arrive in a few days, he would be compelled to retreat without any further delay from a country he considered subdued, or allow his army to become a prey to famine and disease. Crushed with gloomy thoughts he left Stirling, after strengthening its garrison and promising to send it additional supplies, which, alas! never reached it. From thence he proceeded to the neighborhood of Queensferry, vainly expecting the arrival of his fleet with supplies, but in this again he was disappointed. He therefore ordered

a retreat to the West, with all convenient speed, and passing Glasgow, he proceeded through Clydesdale to Ayr, to take possession of the strong castle there, that had been for some time in the hands of the younger Bruce. This powerful baron had remained neutral for some time, neither joining the party of the patriots, nor that of Edward; but waiting in the midst of his vassals, at a distance from the scene of strife, to see to what side victory would incline. How different throughout was his conduct, from that of Wallace at this trying crisis in his country's history! Edward was not a man to tolerate such vacillating conduct, and resolved to punish Bruce for his apparent lukewarmness in respect to his interests in English affairs. He therefore marched into the territory of the Chief, but Bruce was too sagacious to meet the King face to face whose suspicions he had often excited; and therefore, setting fire to the Castle of Ayr, he betook himself to the wilds of Galloway, where he would be amongst his own vassals, and allowed the King to pursue him thither if he dared. The chagrin and disappointment of Edward were great when arriving near the strongest fortification in the west of Scotland, he found it reduced to ashes, and the bare walls only remaining to receive him. In his wrath he foolishly undertook to follow the recalcitrant chief, with the whole body of his army, into the wild region to which he had retreated, in order to apprehend and punish him for his defection. But the task

was found to be a hopeless one ; for after fifteen days were spent in laying waste the country, his army was reduced to a state of starvation, and Bruce laughed at his attempts either to surprise or take him. Moody and disappointed, Longshanks was once more outwitted, and glad to retrace his steps to Carlisle to avoid insurrection and the starvation of his whole army. He had already lost more of his men by disaster and famine than the Scots had lost at the battle of Falkirk. Booty he had acquired little, for although he had ravaged the different counties through which he had passed, the inhabitants were ahead of him, and removed from beyond his reach everything that was fit to be carried away. Moreover, they became more resolute than ever in defending their liberties, and ignoring the authority of a man, who had in every way endeavored to rob them of their freedom. He might, as on former occasions, enter their country without any ceremony. He might sanction the burning of their dwellings, the ravishing of their women, and the murder of their innocent children ; but they were as firmly resolved as ever to oppose him, for he might annihilate, but could never vanquish them. The fact that they had just now wasted the country with their own hands, in order to compel Edward to retreat even after he had achieved a great victory over them—that they had fled from their towns, villages, and rural homes, consuming them with fire rather than that he should find any

shelter or support in the midst of them—was proof positive how firm was their resolve, to maintain and transmit to their descendants what had cost them and their fathers so much.

“ For body killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will
That downward as from sire to son it goes ;
By shifting bosoms, more intensely glows ;
Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughtered men,
Fight fiercer in their orphans o’er again.”

By the time Edward had reached Carlisle with his army, all were disgusted and worn out by their labor in the north. The vigor that animated the troops when they first entered Scotland was now gone, and the bright prospects presented before them there had all proven delusive. Their cohesive power was entirely broken up, and some of the barons with all their vassals returned home. They excused themselves for doing so from the fact that their men and horses, from a long term of service, were entirely worn out; but their principal reason for so doing was owing to the extraordinary conduct of Edward himself when at Lockmaben : for, without consulting any of his nobles, he had granted the Isle of Arran to a Scotch renegade of the name of Bisset, and the rest of the estates of the lord high steward of Scotland.

This was contrary to a solemn compact he had formed with the nobles before they had undertaken the expedition into Scotland; as they were

solemnly promised the estates of the northern barons who had sided with Wallace, in case of the English proving victorious. They were incensed beyond measure, therefore, when the King had the meanness to ignore his former promises, and in order to show contempt for his person, and despise his authority, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, besides others of lesser note, withdrew from the camp and returned to their own homes. The King was annoyed and perplexed at the awkward position in which he had placed himself, but attempted to cover over his duplicity and arbitrary doings, by calling a meeting of Parliament at Carlisle, where, with a large amount of apparent liberality, he rewarded the past services of many of his barons and chief officers in the war with estates, which he pretended were forfeited in the rebellion. This, however, was a mere stroke of policy on the part of the English sovereign, to allay discontent, and calm down the angry feelings that were ever apt to manifest themselves against the actions of this shameful truce-breaker. At the moment he made those large promises he knew he did not possess a foot of land in Scotland; and Hemingford, the English historian, has well observed—with a considerable degree of waggery, however—that the large districts assigned by the King to his English nobles at the time, “were grants in hope, not in possession.” Besides all these things there were other complaints that the barons at this time had to prefer against their

King. Although he had shortly before this solemnly pledged himself, in case of obtaining a victory over the Scots, to ratify the "Great Charter," as well as the "Charter of the Forests," empowering every baron to hunt on his own estates without let or hindrance, he now hesitated to do so; for the truth is if Edward had not been a successful warrior, as well as an astute politician, his insincerity, deceit and constant evasions would have made his name contemptible among English sovereigns, and brought him, like his son and others of his successors, to an untimely end. The meeting of the Parliament held at Carlisle was closed by the King in person, not with a great amount of satisfaction; for the grievous complaints of the nobles who had suffered such heavy losses in the late unprofitable war in Scotland, could hardly be expected to be removed with a few empty promises. After this meeting Edward proceeded to Durham, with the remains of his army, and took up his residence within the walls of the magnificent palace of Bishop Beck, who had safely returned from his northern campaign. The bishopric of Durham was then, as well as for many centuries afterwards, little else than a petty kingdom, and its bishops owed a mere nominal subjection to the kings of England. They held court; they coined money; they raised troops on their own charges from the vast revenues derivable from the church lands attached to their See. And this was the reason why Beck, at the battle of

Falkirk outstripped all the rest of the nobility, in the richness of his equipage, and the number of barons that followed his standard. Never had the fine old city of Durham, witnessed such a rich display of royal magnificence, priestly pomp, or aristocratic profusion, as were now seen within its venerable walls. Edward had been but recently married to his second wife, who met him here on his return from Scotland, and nothing was spared to make the meeting grand and imposing. During the whole period of the other Plantagenets who had preceded him, the English court had never been so gay, nor did noblemen and ladies fair, and even dignitaries of the church, vie so much with one another in the exhibition of wealth, beauty and costly magnificence. In the absence of the King, who was still smarting from the wound he received from his horse weeks before, Anthony Beck did the honors of the court. He continued to conduct Edward's youthful and lovely queen into the banquetting hall, whose beauty and fascinating manners gained the hearts of all, and presided at feasts and entertainments that so quickly succeeded each other; that the nobles in the midst of them began to forget their troubles in Scotland, and the many broken pledges of the King. But the revelries, sham-fights, and musical entertainments were soon broken up by the extraordinary tidings that the Scots were once more in arms! And the nobles began to see that their titles, to the estates of their neighbors north of the Tweed,

were in truth "grants in hope," and likely to be long deferred, for the war with this stubborn race was as likely to be interminable, as the ambition of their monarch appeared to be unbounded. True to his warlike instincts, Edward soon forgot the pleasures of the court for the tented field, and was soon in readiness again to march into a country where his troops would be sure to meet with a heroic enemy, and many of them doubtless with an early grave. A great many of the barons and their vassals that went through the former campaign had returned home, brooded over the bootless victory they had obtained at Falkirk, and the trouble and privations they had undergone, and were not likely to be readily induced again to take up arms against an enemy, that appeared so resolute even after defeat. With the troops at his disposal, Edward soon crossed the borders, and with all his former ardor and determination, proceeded towards Tynemouth, and from thence to Coldingham. But the enemy was nowhere to be seen, and only wanted to draw him farther north at this late season of the year, and cut his troops to pieces. Edward's army, few in number compared with what it formerly was, could not be induced to follow the Scots into the inhospitable regions of the north, where they had endured so many privations on former occasions. Neither was Edward himself disposed to do so in the face of such insuperable difficulties, however greatly mortified he was, and anxious to punish his daring

foes. Deeming prudence on this occasion, therefore, the better part of valor, he returned homeward, boiling with rage and vowing soon to be avenged on his intractable opponents. He, therefore, issued "writs" for the assembling of an army at Carlisle, on the eve of the day of the feast of Pentecost; and while he gave strict orders to the clergy of the diocese of York, to be punctual in the payment of the grant of money offered to assist in the subjugation of their neighbors, he sent writs to the barons to meet him at the same place on the day appointed, with all their feudal strength, to enable him at an early day to march into Scotland, and put down once more the foes that were again causing him so much trouble. Having made all such arrangements, he turned his face southward in the direction of his splendid capital, terribly mortified at the turn his affairs had taken; but resolved never to desist from his purpose till the country north of the Tweed "was not only his in hope but his in reality."

"Still are the Scots determined to oppose,
And treat intruding Edward's friends as foes,
Till the revengeful king in proud array,
Swears to make Scotland bend beneath his sway."

The King's march to London must have cheered up his moody spirit, for it resembled a triumphal procession along the whole road. Multitudes of his subjects in their gayest attire greeted him everywhere, and bands of minstrels turn-

ed out of the various towns along the way, to discourse stirring music, to glorify the man who was returning from the slaughter of his Northern neighbors; who were guilty of the unpardonable crime of opposing a tyrant, who dared to deprive them of their dearest rights. On approaching London the citizens greeted their Sovereign; forgetting all the disasters connected with his late Northern campaign. And not only so, but they decreed him a triumphal procession, and the different corporations vied with each other in the richness of the display they made on the occasion. A Pompey, or a Cæsar, during the days of Rome's brightest glory,—when returning from the conquest of the East or West,—would not have been ashamed of such a display. London felt honored in the presence of its Sovereign; for although he was now considerably advanced in life, he had spent little of his time hitherto in it, notwithstanding it was considered the richest city in Europe at the time. His restless, warlike, and ambitious spirit induced him to seek glory abroad, and from the time he had drawn the sword, when apparently young, against the Saracens, till now, it had rested little. The Welsh, French, and now the Scots, were the nations with whom he sought a quarrel, and to crush the one after the other appeared to be the great object of his life; but he only succeeded in subduing the first. In regard to Wallace, although he had been able after the battle of Falkirk to achieve a

safe retreat for his army—to burn down the towns and villages ahead of the English, and prevent them from pursuing him and reaping any benefit from the victory—yet the lesson he learned from the defeat was sad and mortifying. He knew that owing to it the nobles of Scotland would seek out reasons for undervaluing his services—however great they previously were for the liberation of his country, and that they would charge him with the cause of the recent disaster, that was purely owing to themselves, in their want of unity and patriotism on the occasion. Moreover, he was now convinced that, with the divided state of feeling that prevailed in Scotland, it would be impossible to resist the repeated invasions of Edward. For while the feudal system was stronger there at the time than in any part of Europe, and strictly bound the vassals of the country to follow their chief to the field of battle, on whatever side he might range himself, it would be impossible for him to bring an army into the field of any strength against the English monarch; and what was worse, were he to do so, many of the forces collected might desert his standard, as had been done on former occasions, and go over with their chiefs without striking a blow, to the side of the enemy. In addition to all this, he began to learn that a powerful faction had been formed among the nobility, with Comyn and the steward of Scotland at its head, animated with the keenest and deepest feelings of malignity against him-

which had resolved to be satisfied with nothing less than with his utter ruin. The same party was to bring him to trial for high treason for wishing to usurp the chief authority in the kingdom—for disposing of the property of the subjects without the consent of the “Estates,”—and with other crimes and misdemeanors. Although the charges were false, Wallace knew they would be brought forward and supported by his bitterest enemies, from whom there would be no appeal; for the common people that loved and revered him had no power whatever in the matter, and could afford him no support. He therefore resolved to resign the office of Governor of Scotland, which he could no longer hold with advantage to the country, and return to the status of a simple knight. He had held it hitherto with the greatest credit to himself, and honor to his country; and during the time had increased its commerce and the comforts of its inhabitants. He had also raised and organized an army which believed in him, and was ready to follow him. Had he chosen, the same army would have raised him to supreme power in spite of the nobles, who had hated and often insulted him. But he loved his country too well to be tempted even with the bauble of a crown that appeared before him; and like the great and good George Washington, when placed afterwards in similar circumstances, he resolved to return to the rank of a private individual, possessing as he did the

same upright and patriotic spirit, and fighting, if required, to the last, for the liberties of his country. Accordingly a meeting of the Estates of the kingdom was called by the Regent, to be held near the bridge of Stirling, at which he made up his mind to resign his office, although the circumstance was only known to a few of his most intimate friends. Several of the leading nobles, among whom were Bruce and Comyn, assembled there on the occasion, to watch his proceedings; as they were afraid he was about to assume regal power, backed by the influence of many of the leading clergy throughout the country, and that of the whole people. But these apprehensions were without any foundation, for although the barons appeared with their vassals armed to the teeth, the Regent was protected by no military force on the occasion. The herald having announced that the conference was about to begin, Wallace in virtue of his office took precedence of all others, and addressed the meeting in a most practical and eloquent strain. He told the barons, and the multitude assembled, that he had assumed the regency by the consent of the nation, and certainly not to gratify any private feeling of his own, but for the defence and protection of the liberties of his country; that he believed at the time that what he had done was acceptable to the great majority of the inhabitants of it, who were sick and tired of the oppressions they had so long endured; that it had been his great object,

during the time he was in power, to deliver them from their oppressors, who had endeavored to hold influence over them so long, and to drive them out of the country. He further assured them if he were confident at the moment he addressed them, that what he had always endeavored to do was acceptable to the great majority of his countrymen, and that his remaining in office would combine all parties together for this object, he would not desert his post at this critical period of his country's history ; but he was sorry to find out that such was not the case, and that a strong feeling against him was manifested by a large portion of the nobles now, as it had ever been before, and as the forces of the country when united were but small, when compared with those of their enemies, who were preparing for another attack—when divided, they would appear weak and helpless for the work. Therefore, in order to remove all barriers from the way, he would resign his office into the hands of those from whom it had been received, and retire into the ranks of a private subject, as he perceived that his elevation to power did not contribute to the well-being of his country. And now that he did so we may state to the credit of this noble man, that if he was poor, before he was elevated to the rank of governor of his country, he was equally poor after he resigned his office. He appropriated none of the estates of the nobles to his own use or that of his adherents, (however treasonable

many of their acts.) Neither did he alienate any of the revenues of the crown, which at this period of the history of the country were great. But the only possessions he retained were those of the rank of a simple knight, and his unflinching resolution to live and die a free man, as his fathers had done before him. He might become houseless and a weary wanderer among the forests and mountains of his native country. His principal dwelling might be amidst its moors, savage rocks, hidden dens and caves. But whatever his privations might be, his interest in it remained for ever the same, and his love towards it burnt as intensely in his bosom, as the internal fires that smoulder beneath our feet, and which will ultimately consume this fair globe which we inhabit. But however true all this might be; the resignation of the office of regent by Wallace, presaged disasters to his country for a long time to come, and if the light that was in him became darkness, how great was the darkness," elsewhere. When the brave Epaminondas, the Theban general, fell victorious at the head of his troops at the battle of Mantinea, it is said the sun of prosperity, that had risen with him and shone brightly during his day upon his country, went down in darkness. And so it was for many days with Scotland. The resignation of her regent, gathered dark clouds around her for a long time, and her fate appeared sealed! Other regents were appointed, but the contest with England became more feeble every day, the nobles

more divided, and the country more exhausted. At last, bleeding and helpless, it sank broken-hearted and dispirited, and allowed its sworn enemy to have everything his own way. But it was not always so to be ; for the contendings of Wallace, after he had fallen a victim to a false friend, and his body had been shamefully outraged by a cruel foe, encouraged another to strike for liberty, and the boon was obtained, but not till the country suffered unheard of privations, and drained of the best blood of thousands of its noblest sons.

“ On to the battle, on !
Rest will be sweet anon ;
The slave may yield, may fly,
We conquer, or we die.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Obscurity in the history of Wallace after the regency was demitted. Occupied no command afterwards. Nevertheless gave his advice to the parties in power, who hated him. Comyn and De Soulis appointed governors. The former made himself popular by contributing his means to assist the poorer of his countrymen. Sent ambassadors to France to procure assistance according to previous stipulations. Laid siege to Stirling Castle, took it, and appointed Sir William Oliphant governor of the same. Edward again invaded Scotland. Advanced as far as Dumfries, and took Caerlaverock Castle. Retired into Galloway, and afterwards withdrew his troops to the South, without accomplishing much. A truce granted the Scots at the intercession of the Pope and the King of France. During the same Wallace paid a visit to France. Was welcomed joyfully at the French Court. When reaching the shores of France his vessel assailed by the "Red Rover." A terrible conflict ensued. Hand to hand fight between Langueville the pirate and Wallace the patriot. The struggle long and doubtful. Wallace's superior strength and endurance enabled him to prevail. Took Langueville into his service. Procured pardon for him from his Sovereign. Had great offers made to remain in France. Rejected the same, and returned back to his own country. Took Langueville along with him, who became a faithful adherent to the cause of liberty. When Wallace was slain, sided with Bruce in his great struggle for the crown, and a large tract of land near Perth assigned him. The family of Charteris descended from him.

THERE is a vast obscurity in the history of Wallace after he demitted the Regency, and returned to the station of a private knight. For six long years does this obscurity hang over this remarkable man. Neither is there any authentic record to shew that during the whole of this dark and eventful period in the history of his country, he occupied even a secondary command in the wars with the English. Still there are strong reasons for believing that, although he was disgusted with the selfishness and pride of the nobles, and felt convinced that their vacillating and divided action would ultimately prove the ruin of their country, the fires of patriotism burned as brightly as ever in his honest breast; and many of the advantages obtained over the English after he retired from office were mainly to be ascribed to his counsel, or the military system he had adopted on former occasions. For we are assured, on the authority of Fordoun, that when he relapsed into the state of a private baron, his interest was deep as ever in the well-being of his country; and overlooking everything of a personal and selfish nature he never hesitated to give his experience and advice when required to do so. These were tendered to the parties that he and the most patriotic of his followers considered as his greatest enemies, whose meanness and jealousy had compelled him to retire from an office which, of all others, he was best fitted to fill. Upon the retirement of Wallace from the regency, the party of the Scottish nobles

who resolved to continue the struggle against the English, resolved to fill up the office. Strange to say, the choice fell on John Comyn, who had basely acted the part of a traitor at the battle of Falkirk, and John De Soulis was elected with him a joint governor of the kingdom. Some time after, Robert Bruce, the Earl of Carrick, and the Bishop of St. Andrews', in order to give strength and coherence to the whole thing, were also associated with them. It has been truly said by an eminent jurist and historian, that Robert Bruce and John Comyn, the bitterest enemies of each other, and both disappointed competitors for the Scottish crown, when John Baliol gained the prize, acting as brother guardians in the name of that person, is a historical enigma of difficult solution! Yet, so it was, and their principal bond of union appears to have been their ardent desire to destroy the power of Wallace. But the coalition soon fell to pieces, and Bruce made his peace shortly after this with the English monarch. Comyn therefore became, to all intents and purposes, the governor of the kingdom, and for some time a gleam of popularity, seems to have shone upon him. And this is easily accounted for, from the fact that the important office now held by this designing and unprincipled man, whose character by all historians who have written on the subject is delineated in the worst colors, opened up to his ambition the brightest prospects, even including the crown of Scotland itself. And such being the

case, he used every means in his power, whether lawful or not, to gain the affections of the people; and in resisting the invasions of Edward, adopted the line of policy that had been pursued by his great predecessor. Being the richest man in Scotland, in his day, he gained popularity by freely contributing his means to assist the people in paying the heavy taxes, that were put upon them to support the government, which they found themselves unable to do, owing to the cruel invasions of the country, and the desolating influences connected with the same. And not only did he do so from his own private resources, but made urgent appeals to France, the ancient ally of Scotland, to come to its succor at this trying period in its history. He besought the help of the generous French people in troops, and in military supplies, which they were bound to grant, according to the treaty that had been made previously with them. But as the monarch of that country was about to conclude a treaty with Edward, the interests of Scotland were sadly overlooked, and the urgent applications of the Regent were only answered by evasive promises. Annoyed at the conduct of France in the matter, he sent ambassadors to that country to urge the fulfilment of the compact; and in case of their not being able to succeed in their mission, they were ordered to proceed to Rome, and lay their case before the Pope. In the meantime, active measures were adopted to repossess the castles, that had recently fallen into

the hands of the English ; for besides other considerations that induced the Regent so to act, the continual presence and watchfulness of Wallace, overawed him into compliance with the strong wishes of the people in this respect. A numerous army was raised accordingly, and siege laid to Stirling castle, that had fallen into the King of England's hands, and been repaired after the battle of Falkirk. After Edward had retired to the South he left a garrison here, with a promise to send them succor as quickly as possible. But this promise he was unable to fulfil, although he was well aware of the loss he would sustain provided this strength fell into the hands of the enemy. But he had broken the pledges solemnly made to his nobles beforehand, to ratify the Charters to which we have several times before referred. And as might have been expected they became sullen and untractable ; and although Edward proceeded as far as Berwick, with an army for the purpose of relieving the beleaguered garrison at Stirling, the nobles positively refused to proceed further north with their vassals. Meantime the garrison was hardly pressed, and messages were despatched to Edward acquainting him with the fact that they were greatly in want of provisions, and could not stand out much longer, however brave and obstinate their defence might be. The King was neither able to send them supplies, nor raise the siege, and as the last resort advised them to surrender. They did so, and the

castle was put into the hands of Sir William Oliphant, who was well deserving the trust reposed in him, as will afterwards appear from the gallant siege he sustained so successfully against terrible odds.

“ The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of heaven.”

While engaged in the siege of Stirling, the Scottish Regent and DeSoulis, his coadjutor, sent a letter to Edward, acquainting him with the fact that the King of the French had informed them of the truce that had been formed with him, to which they were willing to adhere, provided he did the same. This truce included in its stipulations the release of Baliol the King of Scotland, who had been closely confined as a prisoner in the Tower of London, since the battle of Dunbar, with several of the nobles of Scotland. To this letter, however, Edward did not even deign to send an answer, which so exasperated the Scots, that they resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to become master of that celebrated stronghold. They succeeded in their attempt, but the thing so terribly exasperated Edward, that he became determined once more to punish the Scots for their daring conduct. To secure the lost affections of his nobility he ratified the Charter of the Forests; and having done so summoned them, and all who owed him military service, from Ireland, Wales, Bretagne and elsewhere, to meet him at Carlisle on the first day of July. And if we are to believe

the historical bard of Exeter, who accompanied the expedition, and who states, "that the good King with his household set forward against the Scots, not in coats or surcoats, but on costly chargers and armed securely," his army must have been great, splendidly equipped, and perhaps little inferior to the one he commanded at the battle of Falkirk.

"Still are the Scots determined to oppose
And treat intruding Edward's friends as foes;
Till the revengeful king, in proud array,
Swears to make Scotland bend beneath his sway."

Having entered into Scotland, Edward proceeded through the county of Dumfries, and for some time met with no opposing foe; for the Scots, profiting by the previous policy of Wallace, determined to avoid a general engagement, to watch the movements of the enemy, harass them in every possible way, and cut off their supplies. Approaching within some distance of the town of Dumfries, Edward turned his forces aside to besiege and take the Castle of Caerlaverock, belonging to Sir Herbert Maxwell, a powerful border chief, who had often inflicted severe punishment on detached parties of the English. The castle itself was remarkably strong. It was in the shape of a shield, with three sides all round and a tower at each angle. It was always prepared for a defence with men, engines and provisions; while its walls were strong and its ditches wide and deep filled at all times with

abundance of water. No castle in Scotland was more beautifully situated, for "Maxweltown's braes were bonny," that surrounded it even in the days of Edward. Towards the west it commanded an extensive prospect of the Irish sea, which with its dark blue, hazy surface terminated the view. Far to the north a rich and fertile country stretched away in the distance, abounding in peace and plenty; while the hilly slopes and the deep defiles of woods and marshes extending towards the south, added variety and beauty to the prospect, and called forth glowing descriptions from several of the English historians of the time. Edward's whole force was arrested here at the outset, by the heroic defence and determined resolution of the garrison, which was made up of only sixty men. They put multitudes of the English to death, and it was only when they were overwhelmed by a superior force by sea and land, assisted by many warlike engines, that they were compelled to succumb, when their heroic chief and many of his staunch adherents were cruelly put to death. After Caerlaverock Castle had fallen, Edward advanced with his whole force into Galloway. Here the Bishop of Galloway vainly endeavored to mediate a peace, and Comyn and his brother-in-law, the Earl of Buchan, repaired to Edward's camp for the same purpose, but failed in the attempt. And after upbraiding the King for detaining Baliol so long a captive, and sequestering so many of the estates of the nobles,

they left in disgust,—determined to fight on to the last. By this time the season of the year was far advanced, and after the King had spent months in a campaign, which ended in no practical result,—so far as the subjugation of the country was concerned,—he withdrew his troops once more to the South ; and out of deference to the Pope and to the king of France granted a truce to the Scots. The truce extended from Hallowmas to Whit Sunday, and while Scotland enjoyed a short period of repose, Wallace thought proper to pay a visit to France, which had been long the tried friend and ally of his beloved country. He set sail with a few of his trusty friends some time during the winter or autumn of thirteen hundred. His great object doubtless was to represent to the French monarch the true state of the country, and to urge upon him the necessity (according to the provisions of the treaty formed betwixt the two countries) of sending more material assistance than he had yet done. The voyage of Wallace and his companions was pleasant and prosperous, until they nearly reached the shores of France. And it was scarcely possible it could be otherwise, or that the vessel could sink, which carried the fortunes of one, whose heroic deeds had already filled the whole of Europe with wonder and astonishment. For if Providence had raised him up to fight successfully against a foe, who was considered at the time the greatest monarch and warrior of his age, the same All-wise power must

call him back to his native land, to seal with his blood the truth of those principles he had ever maintained, and to leave behind him a more glorious legacy to his country than all the victories he had ever gained. The death of the heroic Leonidas, the king of ancient Sparta, in the Straits of Thermopylæ, bore down the springtide of eastern oppression ; and that of our hero was to be possessed of power equally great. It was to make men feel in modern as well as in ancient times, how important liberty is, and how that life without it is worthless and vain.

“ By oppression’s woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins !
But *they* shall, they shall be free ! ”

On reaching the coast of France, Wallace’s craft was attacked by a notorious pirate of the name of Langueville. He was a French nobleman of high connection, and at one time in great favor with the King. But having murdered a knight in his presence in a fit of passion, he was banished from the kingdom, and his estates forfeited. Galled to desperation by such treatment, he turned his back on the gay court and refined society of the proud Parisian capital to which he had been accustomed. And as every avenue to royal clemency and honor seemed to be shut against him, he fitted out a craft of large dimensions, “ The Red Rover,” which soon became the terror of the ocean. Nor was he the only pirate who at this

early period began to infest the seas, for many such swarmed everywhere near to the shores of Asia and Europe, and preyed on the commerce of the nations of the earth.

“ O’er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Their thoughts as boundless as their souls were free,
Far as the breeze could bear, the billow’s foam,
Surveyed their empire, and beheld their home!”

The Robin Hoods of England, and the Rob Roys of Scotland, were not more unsparing in their exactions by land, than were these self-constituted monarchs of the boundless deep; and whenever a vessel laden with a rich cargo hove in sight, they were ready to risk their lives in the struggle to secure it. And when they mastered or sank the hapless craft, they proceeded to divide the spoil—when they gamed, caroused and whetted their brands, and manned and repaired their vessel anew, till another object gladdened their vision, as it appeared like a speck on the far distant billows—which generally shared the same fate as its predecessors. The Red Rover now for once met her match in the vessel that wafted our hero to the shores of France; for the ships built in Scotland at this time were famed over the whole of Europe for swiftness and durability. It was manned, too, with a number of Wallace’s firm friends and admirers—“men possessed of the heart of oak and triple brass”—and some of them amongst the best swordsmen in Europe. When the sails were unfurled, the decks cleared, and the

vessels approached close to one another, the conflict became wild and furious. The wanderers of the trackless way, judging at first that the crew on board of the vessel they deemed as their own, was made up of seafaring men never accustomed to battle, wooed the fight,—maddened at the dangers that thickened around them,—and dealt their blows at all with whom they came in contact, with an unsparing hand. But they found they had to do with heroes, and not with simple-minded sailors; for from being the assailed, Wallace's vessel soon became the assailant, and its crew dealt forth deadly blows among the wild corsairs. At last they succeeded in boarding the Red Rover, and a terrible hand to hand fight ensued betwixt Wallace the patriot, and Langueville the pirate. For a long time the contest was doubtful, as in valor and the expert use of the sword, it would have been difficult to find two combatants better matched in Europe. But in bodily strength and endurance, Wallace was the superior of the two, and after displaying a large amount of personal courage and gallantry, Langueville surrendered himself to his opponent at discretion. Wallace was struck with the truly heroic conduct of the man, learned his whole history, and took him along with him to Scotland, having previously procured his pardon from the hands of his sovereign. When Wallace reached the proud capital of France, he received a hearty welcome from all parties, including the King, with his gay

and accomplished courtiers. They looked with delightful satisfaction on the man who alone of all others had baffled the schemes of proud English Edward, and whose deeds of valor had resounded over the whole of Europe. One of the reasons why Wallace paid a visit to France in the present distracted state of the country, was to meet Baliol, his exiled sovereign, who had been liberated from prison at the interest of the Pope and the French monarch, on condition that he would no longer return to Scotland, nor lay claim to the crown of that country. "For I will send him to the Pope," said Edward, "as a false seducer of the people, and a perjured man." The king of France gave the exiled monarch the castle of Galliard for a residence, where for some time he enjoyed, like James the Second of England, the shadow of royalty. But after the treaty of peace was concluded between France and England, the appendages of royalty were taken from him, and he died neglected and forgotten in a foreign land, a sacrifice to blighted ambition.

"Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
A sad oppressor to be borne with pain."

Wallace's visit to his exiled sovereign was doubtless to console him in the midst of his misfortunes, and to obtain release from all obligations to him, as his lawful prince for whom he had fought so long. Baliol had virtually signed away all right to the kingdom of Scotland, and he saw it was a hopeless task to contend

any longer for him. He not only received a splendid reception at the French court, but, provided he would stay in the country, had offers of speedy advancement. But he could not be induced to do so. And after many consultations and negotiations respecting the state of his beloved country, he exchanged the sweets of beautiful France, for the rugged grandeur of Caledonia, and the gaiety of the most refined court of the world, for the caves and fastnesses of its rugged mountains and forests, where a heavy price was put upon his head. That Langueville accompanied him to Scotland there can be no doubt, as the fact is proved from a manuscript lately discovered in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, bearing on the subject, and from many traditions throughout the country. On the death of Wallace he attached himself to the interests of Bruce, and faithfully adhered to him, amid all his vicissitudes till, he ascended the throne of Scotland. King Robert assigned him a large tract of land in the parish of Kinfauns, near Perth, on account of his faithful services, and a family there for many centuries claimed to be descended from him. In the statistical account of this parish we find the following curious statements regarding this remarkable man : "In the Castle of Kinfauns is kept a large, old sword, probably made above five hundred years ago, and to be used by both hands. This terrible weapon bears the name of Charteris' sword, and probably belonged to Sir Thomas Charteris, com-

monly called Thomas de Langueville, proprietor of the estate of Kinfauns." About forty years ago, upon opening the burying vault under the aisle of the church, there was also found part of the armor in which this hero was consigned to his resting place.

"Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death: The hope to live in hearts unborn.
Life to the brave is not a fleeting breath,
But worth for tasting fame that follow's death."

Gratitude seems to have been a redeeming quality, among the worthies who followed the fortunes of Wallace, irrespective of the country to which they belonged. It was so in the case of Stephen of Ireland, who joined himself to him during the early part of his career, and who possessed all the generous impulses of a true Hibernian. And the same traits of character were largely developed in the noble French knight, whose life was so checkered, and whose history throughout was so romantic. He made ample returns to Wallace for the interest he had shown in him, and by his bravery and firm attachment to the cause of liberty, made full atonement for the blemishes that were formerly connected with his character, the rash actions he had performed, and the unjustifiable work in which he had been long engaged.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Wallace returned to Scotland its prospects were dark.

The truce had terminated betwixt the Scots and English. And left to their own resources by the Pope and the French king. Edward appointed Segrave governor of Scotland. Sent a large force with him to support his authority. Attacked and routed near Roslin by an army under Sir Simon Frazer and Comyn. Three successive engagements took place, but in all of them the English were unsuccessful. According to English writers Wallace contributed to the success of the Scots. Last victory obtained by them during the reign of the present Edward. Resolved to head another expedition in person into the country. Proceeded by the Eastern Marches towards Edinburgh. The Prince of Wales proceeded by the Western Marches. Great cruelties committed on all sides. Alaric and the early ravagers of Italy not to be compared to them. Proceeded as far North as Morayshire, and destroyed everything in their track. All the nobles gave in their adhesion to English rule, but the brave knight of Brechin Castle. Resisted the forces of Edward for twenty days. Not till slain were the gates of his castle opened to the enemy. Edward proceeded to Dunfermline, and while there received the homage of all the Scotch barons. Collected and destroyed the records of the nation. Carefully excluded Wallace from all immunities, and laid schemes for his destruction. His authority in Scotland nominal while he remained in the country.

WALLACE returned to his native country, but its prospects were gloomy and sad. The truce be-

twixt Edward and his countrymen had expired, and he was more determined to prosecute the war against them than ever. According to the promise made to the archbishop of Canterbury, Edward laid the claims of the Pope, regarding his right to the kingdom of Scotland, before a parliament at Lincoln, which indignantly rejected the same, and a spirited remonstrance was sent to the holy father to that effect. This remonstrance was accompanied by a private letter from Edward himself, in which, in soothing and honied words, (accompanied doubtless with a large supply of English gold) he endeavored to quiet and satisfy the conscience of his spiritual superior. He succeeded completely in doing so, for Pope Boniface soon deserted his northern allies, sent a letter to Wishart, the bishop of Glasgow, charging him as a prime mover and instigator of all the tumults and dissensions which had arisen between his dearest son Edward, the English king, meaning by that, it is to be presumed, their sovereign. Rome failed the Scots in its support, and they were equally unfortunate in looking towards France; for the sovereign of that country had recently been defeated in Flanders, which had hitherto received the assistance of Edward. And as Philip was anxious to concentrate his efforts to vanquish the count of Flanders, and Edward entertained the same desire in regard to Scotland, they resolved mutually to carry out their own ambitious projects, and leave their allies to take

care of themselves. But this was not all; for Philip, with an amount of duplicity altogether unworthy of the sovereign of a great and generous people, had the address to persuade the Scottish ambassadors, consisting of some of the most powerful, warlike and influential of the nobility, to remain with him at court, while he mediated a peace between them and England. At the same time, however, by this false dealing, he was consciously playing into the hands of the English king, and keeping them back, till all his arrangements were made for another fatal and terrible invasion of their country. Edward, having appointed Segrave governor of Scotland, summoned a number of his principal barons, with their vassals, to proceed thither to support his authority till such time as he could be able himself to appear in that country in person, at the head of an army. For the king asserted in the letters addressed to his barons, that the enemy was succeeding in ravaging the country, reducing, burning, seizing towns and castles, and unless put down, would soon invade and lay waste England itself. The earnest entreaties of the king were listened to, and Segrave, at an early part of the season, marched for Berwick, towards the northern capital, with an army of twenty thousand men, mostly cavalry, and officered by some of the king's best leaders in his wars in Wales, and in Flanders. Among these were found two brothers of the governor, and Robert de Neville, a great baron and

brave warrior, who assisted the King largely in the conquest of Wales. On approaching near Roslin, Segrave foolishly allowed his army to be divided, and to encamp in separate divisions at some distance from each other, with the communication broken off. Early in the morning, when slumbering in his tent, a boy rushed into it, and informed the governor that the enemy was close at hand. The report proved to be too true, for Comyn, the governor of Scotland, and Sir Simon Frazer, who had become disgusted and tired out with the cruelties and exactions of Edward, and had joined the patriots some time before, had collected an army of eight thousand horse, and marching from Biggar during the night, found out, to their satisfaction, the careless manner in which the English were encamped. And so they broke in with fury on the principal division, headed by Segrave, routed it entirely, and after putting many of the principal officers to the sword, took him prisoner, with thirteen knights and twenty-six esquires. Before the Scots had time, however, to collect the booty, and make any arrangements in regard to their prisoners, the second division made its appearance. They were compelled to put their prisoners to death, although very reluctantly, and again attacked the enemy with heroic courage and success. It was led on by Sir Ralph, the cofferer, a rich priest, and paymaster of the forces, and after a bloody fight was forced to yield, and put to flight with much slaughter. The cofferer

was taken prisoner by Sir Simon Frazer; he begged anxiously for his life, and offered a large sum of money for it, but to no purpose, and at the order of Frazer was cruelly put to death. Many others beside their leader fell into the hands of the Scots as prisoners, and suffered the same fate. This attack was hardly ended, when the third division, led by Sir Robert Neville, appeared in the distance. The sight of it filled the minds of the Scottish leaders with anxiety and dread; for, after two bloody engagements, and the fatigue of a long march, they scarcely thought it would be possible for their little army to encounter fresh troops with success. They had all but formed the resolution of a retreat; but the sudden and unexpected appearance of the enemy made it impossible for them to do it; and, therefore, although a bloody conflict ensued, the English were hopelessly beaten, their leader killed, and his division nearly annihilated. The few of the scattered forces that remained hastened across the borders to relate the doleful tidings of their defeat; and the Scots, after reaping rich booty, returned home, rejoicing in the good fortune that had attended their labors on this occasion. In the history of ancient and modern warfare, there will be scarcely found a sample equal to the battle of Roslin, in which celerity of motion, and quickness of action crowned the victors with a sure reward; while the enemy, divided and thrown off their guard, suffered a terribly humiliating and cruel defeat.

Comyn and Frazer reaped the fruits of this decisive victory over the English, which conferred a great weight of honour on them, and on Scotland also, in France, and over the whole of Europe. "But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" for if we are to credit the statements of English historians, the victory obtained over the English forces at Roslin was neither owing to the ability of Comyn, or the bravery of Frazer; but to the heroism, advice, and martial achievements of Wallace, who although present as a private individual, wrought a charm upon the minds of the troops, which carried everything before them. His appearance brought terror to the minds of the English, while it nerved his countrymen with courage and self-possession, causing them to sweep the enemy on three different occasions from the field. Still this was the last victory the Scots obtained during the life of the cruel Edward; for by his determined perseverance and overwhelming military strength, he was resolved, at whatever sacrifice, to crush them. Already the country was everywhere lying waste, and the people poverty-stricken and heart-broken by the repeated invasions of the enemy. Joy and gladness were nowhere heard; "and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride had been caused to cease out of the land." The hearts of the most patriotic began to quail for fear, and all now felt that the sun of Scottish liberty was about

to go down behind a terribly darkening cloud ! But he was again to arise in all his meridian splendor, scattering the fogs of a night of terror and of darkness, and ushering in a long period of liberty not yet gone by !

“Land of the brave and free, whose fame sublime
Still beams resplendent through the clouds of time,
Birthplace of science, freedom’s noblest shrine,
Cradle of art ; hail Scotland revered, divine ! ”

The defeat of the English at the battle of Roslin, and the praises heaped upon the Scots for their valor and success, which rung out from every court of Europe, only awakened afresh all the rancorous feelings of Edward towards them. Conquered they must be, though the English exchequer should be drained to its last farthing, and the blood of his noblest subjects should flow like water ! And he would rather turn the country to a desert, fit for wild beasts, where the hunter might freely tread on the soil on which many a happy family had once lived, and was comfortably fed, than that a freeman should exist who dared to dispute his authority in it ! Such being the feelings of the tyrant, who never in any circumstances consulted the interests of any, at the expense of his own, he resolved to give effect to the thoughts that tumultuated in his dark and unprincipled breast, and to destroy the land utterly with fire and sword, whose inhabitants had dared so long to oppose him. The Pope had given up his western see to the mercy of the enemy ; and

in the treaty of Amiens, concluded between the French and English monarchs, the interests of this brave people had also been ignored. Separated and alone, they had now to brave the fury of a storm, that was about to burst upon them, with terrible violence, and through the blackening tempest not a streak of light was there anywhere to be seen. Edward being left to the freedom of his own will—so far as any foreign sovereign was concerned—directed all his energies to the final subjugation of Scotland. He summoned his barons to meet him with all their vassals at Berwick, on the feast of St. John the Baptist. He fitted out a large fleet of seventy vessels at the seaport towns, to carry provisions for the army, and “week in and week out, from morn till night,” little else was heard in these towns, but the noise of the hammer and anvil, that the fleet might be in readiness, and if possible precede the army with the vast supplies, that would be required for its support. To make all things complete, the *pious* King performed a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, whose brains his great grandfather had bespattered on the altar of the cathedral at Canterbury, and afterwards adored him as a saint,—as his successor now did. He also solicited the intercession of other saints, to render him successful in the work of death and destruction in which he was soon to be engaged—for like many other tyrants, the king was a dupe to his own superstitious notions. When crossing the border,

Edward divided his army, assigning one division to the Prince of Wales, who proceeded by the Western Marches, and by the way of Dumfries; while the King himself, at the head of the other division of his troops, went by the Eastern Marches, and had reached Edinburgh by the beginning of June. But in all his journey northward there was not even the vestige of an enemy to oppose him; for a number of the Scottish nobles, in order to secure their lands and lives from him, which they considered forfeited by their late rebellion, had hastened to Berwick to propitiate his favor. And the few chiefs, with Comyn and Frazer at their head, who still maintained the cause of independence, found it impossible to raise or keep together any number of forces, and felt assured that the struggle for freedom was fast drawing to a close. And yet, with all this spirit of non-resistance shown by the people, the footsteps of the King and his son were everywhere marked with bloodshed and cruelty. For the ravages of Alaric, the barbaric Gothic king, who burst from the North into Italy with one hundred thousand of his savage followers, burnt down the magnificent city of Rome, and carried fire and sword throughout the whole of the Peninsula, hastening forward the downfall of the mistress of the world with her large dependencies, were never to be compared with those of the savage Edward on this occasion. The recent defeat of his troops at Roslin had so irritated his cruel nature and inflamed his vile passions, that

he thirsted for revenge, which was now more than gratified. And to enjoy it, the entire subjection of the people was not reckoned enough; but the most relentless cruelties were exercised towards them, without the smallest compunction. The humility of the pilgrim to Canterbury, and his prostrations before St. Thomas' shrine, were now forgotten, and revenge and death were substituted in the place of his great penances. It is sad to think that a man like Edward, now advancing in years, should have acted thus in nearly his last invasion of Scotland. But such happened to be the case; for in recording the history of this invasion, whether we relate the transactions that transpired, as stated by Scotch or English chroniclers, they all amount to the same thing. Quiet submission on the one hand, and pitiless cruelty and revenge on the other, are everywhere brought to view. The iron hoof of the oppressor treading slowly along, and meanwhile crushing out the life's blood of a free people, whose only fault appeared to be that liberty was so dear to them! If Edward's march to Edinburgh was marked by nothing—as well as that of his son—but by the tame submission on the part of the inhabitants, and the wanton cruelty and devastation of their oppressors, his progress further North was still more memorable for the same things. He proceeded leisurely by way of Linlithgow, Clackmannan, Perth, and Aberdeen, and scarcely anything in the shape of an enemy was

anywhere to be seen; for all who were able had fled beyond the reach of the oppressor to the caves and fastnesses of their native mountains. But neither the aged nor unprotected females who were forced to stay behind received any sympathy from the man, whose ambition had rendered him callous to every feeling of humanity, and whose hard heart was shut against every appeal to the higher feelings of our nature. The young and innocent were put to the sword, and were happily removed in this way from beyond the reach of the oppressor; while many of the noble women, in whose bosom there burned a flame of patriotic feeling, which all his legions could never extinguish, were only spared to become the prey of their wanton lust and lasciviousness. Besides the cruelties inflicted on the unoffending inhabitants, along the whole path where the tyrant trod, the country itself suffered terribly also from his scathing hand. Devastation and ruin marked his footsteps wherever he went. Magnificent forests of the largest description were burnt down, and the smoke arising from such fearful conflagrations was witnessed from afar. Towns and villages were devoted to pillage. Whole garners and granaries were robbed of their contents. And the small tracts of fertile lands which the industry of the natives had carefully cultivated, amid all the distraction of the times, were too much to be spared, and therefore remorselessly devoted to destruction. From the city of Aberdeen, the king

directed his march into the county of Moray, took possession of Lochendorb Castle, where he stayed for some time, and received the homage of the Northern chiefs, who hastened to be at peace with him. Leaving this he proceeded to Kildrummy Castle in Auchendoir, Aberdeenshire, the strongest and most important strength in this remote part of the country. It played an important part in the history of Scotland, long before and after this dark period, and afforded a safe retreat to the wife and daughter of King Robert Bruce, when their safety from the English was a matter of great importance. Still retracing his steps southward, he passed through Perth and Stirling, revelling in cruelty, and in the destruction of life and property; and by the month of December had fixed his quarters at Dunfermline, where his beautiful queen joined him, and where for some time there was much gaiety and many festivities, and the future government of the country, which he foolishly imagined as for ever conquered was duly established. In the whole of this northern expedition, marked with such cruelty and slaughter, it deserves to be ever remembered, that only one patriotic baron dared to dispute the usurped authority of Edward, and shut the gates of his castle against him. This was Sir Thomas Maule, a baron of singular courage and intrepidity, the owner of Brechin Castle. The ancestors of this brave knight were, like Edward himself, of Norman extraction, but had

long settled in Scotland, and looked upon it as their own native land. At this early period of the history of the country, we know not what amount of property the family owned; but at the present time their possessions are great. Abutting upon the Balmoral estates of Her Majesty, they reach from the height of the Grampian Mountains, to the shores of the German Ocean, and run along the seaboard for nearly fifty miles, comprehending some of the finest lands in Scotland. The present proprietor (Earl Dalhousie) is a fit representative of his brave ancestor; for his talents as a statesman, and his popularity as a proprietor have earned for him the affection and esteem of all classes of society. Brechin Castle, that was now assailed by all the united force of Edward, was strongly fortified by nature and by art. It stood on a bluff of the South Esk river that here meandered past gracefully in front of it, till, passing through a rich valley, it emptied its waters in the German ocean at Montrose. The side of the castle towards the river was alike inaccessible and impregnable; while the others were fortified as were few other strengths, in this age of chivalry, in any other part of the country. Edward brought all his attacking force to bear upon the place, including a number of warlike engines, which threw stones of great size and other materials against the walls. But though he looked grim, and was roused to a pitch of great fury against the brave baron and

his associates, for a long time no impression was made on the fortress. And Maule, confident of the strength and impregnable nature of the walls of his noble keep, stood on the ramparts of the same, and with a towel brushed away the dust and rubbish raised by the engines, in order to mark the contempt with which he viewed the efforts of Edward to reduce it. For twenty long days did the English army toil and struggle around and beneath the walls of this splendid fortress, without producing any impression on them by the terrible instruments of war, or on the mind of its noble possessor; and but for an unfortunate occurrence, they would have done it always to all human appearances. It happened that the unfortunate Maule, however, was at last struck dead on the wall, by one of those lethal missiles he affected to despise; but while life was ebbing fast, and the brave soldier lay dying on the ground, he pronounced maledictions on the coward who dared to open the gates of his castle to the sworn enemy of his country. But unmindful of his last commands, some of the defenders did so, and soon after his death they were thrown open to Edward, and a scene of bloodshed, rapine, and plunder worthy of him took place.

“Many centuries have been numbered,
Since in death the baron slumbered,
But the good deed through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal
Unconsumed by moth or rust.”

While Edward reached and stayed at Dunfermline he committed several deeds of vandalism, that were sufficient of themselves, independent of anything else, to cause his memory to be ever execrated by every right-thinking man. In that ancient town, there was a splendid Benedictine monastery, built of stone, where, on account of its ample size, the Scottish Parliament had been often held. It was so large in its dimensions, according to an ancient historian, that three kings, with their united retainers, could easily be accommodated within its walls. But it was a sufficient crime in the eyes of the English monarch, that it should be in any way connected with a Scottish Parliament, and neither the beautiful proportions of the building, nor the sacredness of its character could save it from his ruthless hand; and, therefore, by his cruel orders, his soldiers razed it to the ground. This being accomplished, he set about a still more extraordinary achievement. Already on a former occasion he had removed from Scone, the famous stone on which the Kings of Scotland had been crowned for centuries, and placed it in Westminster Abbey, along with the crown and sceptre of Scotland, which he presented as an offering to Edward the Confessor, as a memorial of the absolute conquest of the country. But this was not sufficient for him; but with a spirit of recklessness unequalled by any prince that went before, or succeeded him, he commanded the monasteries throughout the country to be ransacked with all

possible care, and the ancient records which they contained to be carried off and committed to the flames, so that the Scots would have no documents to produce to falsify his claims to sovereignty over them. The truth of these statements are borne out by English historians themselves, for Nicholson, one of the most learned, intelligent, and candid of them, in referring to the subject, thus remarks: "King Edward the First having claimed the sovereignty of Scotland, made a most miserable havoc of the histories and laws of that kingdom, hoping that in a short time nothing should be found in that country but what carried an English name and face. To this end he forbade, on severe penalties, the keeping of any such books and records; and proceeded so far as even to abolish the very name of Claudius Cæsar in his famous round temple which he ordered to be called, as it is to this day, Arthur's Hoff, putting away the stone which preserved the memory of that great Emperor, and his conquests." The legal right of Edward to the crown of Scotland, even according to his own view of the matter, must have been very small, when he became such a notorious robber and destroyer of the public records of a country that had been preserved for ages with pious care, in many of the monasteries throughout the land. And it was doubtless a knowledge of these records possessed by many of the learned monks of the day, that filled them with such patriotic feelings, and such intense

hatred to the rule of the English usurper. Edward, having received the submission of the regent Comyn, and the other parties who acted along with him—who now came to the conclusion that all further efforts to maintain the liberty of the country were in vain—made a rigorous exclusion of the brave Wallace, in the terms of the agreement entered into between him and the said parties, whose lives were preserved, and whose lands were granted back to them on certain conditions. It is worthy to advert to this agreement, in order to see the bitter hatred that rankled in the tyrant's bosom against the man, who would never stoop nor cringe to procure his favor. It runs thus: "As for William Wallace, it is covenanted that if he thinks proper to surrender himself, it must be unconditionally to the will and mercy of the King." In other words, the English king demanded a rendering up of a person into his hands, upon whose head he had set a large price for years, whom he considered the great disturber of his peace and authority, and whom he desired forthwith to be put to death. And well might he anxiously long to have this ardent patriot within his grasp; for during his late cruel invasion of the North, with the exception of the brave knight of Brechin Castle, Wallace and his few tried followers seemed to be the only persons that in any way opposed his troops. Closely watching the progress of their southern enemies, amid the forests and mountainous regions of the North, they

dashed forward often to charge some detached portion of the troops, and cut them off before any help could be gained. Edward's best tried soldiers quailed at his approach and gave way, while his appearance nerved his adherents with unusual confidence—and he was well aware that his conquest of Scotland was worth little, while such an extraordinary man was at large. Hence he ardently thirsted for his blood, and allowed no means to be spared to secure his person, and devote him to destruction, with all convenient speed. But Wallace pre-conceived the approaching storm, and cared little to avoid it; for whatever the consequence might be, he resolved to die as he had lived—a true patriot.

“ Then to heaven in calm despair,
As he turned the tearless eye,
By his country's wrongs he swore
With his country's rights to die.”

CHAPTER XX.

All the barons submitted to Edward while at Dunfermline, but Wallace. Large offers made to him to acknowledge the authority of the English King, which he rejected. Rebuked his friends for wishing to do so. Edward proceeded to the South. Made arrangements for the government of the kingdom, and for the betrayal of Wallace. Bribed Mowbray and Haliburton, two Scottish knights, to track him everywhere. Wallace, with a few of his followers, retired to the Western coast to embark in a vessel for France, waiting for him near the shore. Sailed before he reached the shore. Directed his steps towards Glasgow. Wished to be within the reach of Dunbarton Castle, and near Sir John Monteith, its governor. Had been appointed by Wallace, and valued as one of his true friends. Now bribed by Edward and in his service. The leading spirit in the bloody confederacy against Wallace. Discovered his whereabouts from a nephew of Monteith's, who waited upon the fallen hero. Learned that he was lurking at Robroyston, near Glasgow. While buried in sleep, deprived of his armor by young Monteith. Killed the assailants who dared to seize his person. The elder Monteith approached near, and falsely persuaded Wallace to allow himself to be given up to the English. Promised him a safe retreat and proper treatment in the castle. Carried thither and never permitted to see Monteith any more. A strong escort appointed of the English to convey him over the borders. Hastened forward to Carlisle. The news of his capture spread everywhere, and thousands of the English of all ranks crowded to catch a glimpse of his person.

EDWARD remained at Dunfermline till the last of the Scottish nobles consented to accept of the hard conditions imposed upon them, till the country was reduced to ruin, and the people to a state of absolute subjection. Everything had succeeded according to the expectations of his cruel nature, and had not the brave Wallace, in spite of the high price he had put upon his head, still remained at large, his satisfaction would have been full. But while he did so, although shut out from all amnesty, and marked for destruction, the mind of the tyrant could be ill at ease; for even in his reduced condition, he hardly knew how soon he and his faithful followers, who still clung to him, might assail him or his troops with deadly effect when they least expected it. For although Edward was enraged at the thought that such was the case, cursed him as a traitor, and all who harbored and supported him, he could not but dread the man, whose very name stirred his countrymen to deeds of valor; who had wrought such havoc among the English in times past, and who alone, with heroic courage, still remained a freeman, while all beside were slaves! Surrounded by enemies on all sides who watched to betray him, Wallace had withdrawn from the impassable moors and marshes of the North, with some of his most confidential followers, to the vast and impenetrable forest that at that time stretched away from Dunfermline in every direction. Here it is said Edward, becoming acquainted with the fact that he was not far off,

used means to convert this formidable enemy into a friend. If Fordoun, the most veritable of all Scotch historians, is to be credited, Edward presented before him the most tempting offers, and among others of them, was the crown of Scotland, provided he would accept it as Baliol had done, in fee of the crown of England. Whether Edward was sincere in this offer is extremely doubtful, considering the intense hatred and fear he entertained towards this, his bitterest enemy. And, perhaps, it is more reasonable to suppose, that he wished to cajole and deceive him, as he had previously done to others when placed in similar circumstances. For although Wallace, as he might easily conceive, was not so simple as to be thus easily caught; the very fact of the offer having been made, he imagined would excite anew the suspicions of the nobles and his countrymen against him, and hasten on his final ruin. But whatever the motives were that induced the tyrant thus to act, they all appeared the same, as far as Wallace was concerned. Firmly he had espoused the cause of freedom at the first, and firmly he would maintain it to the last! And although all men should ignore its sacredness, and bow their necks to the yoke of the oppressor, yet would not he thus basely act! When, therefore, sorely pressed by his friends to accept the tempting offer held out by the king of England, he thus feelingly remarked: "O! desolate Scotland, too credulous of fair speeches, and not aware of the

calamities that are coming upon you ! When I was a boy, the priest, my uncle, carefully inculcated upon me this proverb, which I learned and have never forgotten, I tell you a truth—Liberty is the best of things ; my son, never live under any slavish bond. Therefore, I shortly declare, that if all others, the natives of Scotland, should obey the King of England, or were willing to part with the liberty that belongs to them, yet shall not I.” The answer was such as we might have expected from the man, who believed in the truth of the great Greek poet, that “ he who trusts his freedom to a tyrant, from that moment becomes a slave.” And rather than do so, he was willing to be driven, as at the beginning of his brilliant career, to the mountains and forests of his native country, with a few of his faithful friends, and live on the plunder of his sworn enemies, than that he should barter away his own, or the liberties of his native land, however high the price that might be offered.

“ ‘ Make way for liberty,’ he cried,
‘ Make way for liberty,’ and died.”

Edward, having already secured, as he supposed, the conquest of Scotland by the reduction of Stirling Castle—the last that resisted his power—and every other strength throughout the country, hastened South to make arrangements for the government of Scotland. But while doing so he learned with bitter regret, that Wallace still con-

tinued his inexorable foe,—that his late attempts to bribe and cajole him over to his interests had proved worse than useless,—and that all his conquests in the North were truly precarious while he remained at large. He had failed in his last attempt to secure him to his side; but with that inveterate enmity and unshaken perseverance for which he was ever remarkable, he resolved to have recourse to other means, and never to cease, whatever might be the loss of life or of money, till he was hunted down like a wild beast, and devoted to destruction. The means adopted for so doing were anything but creditable to the *high-souled Plantagenet*, as he has been called; and that he should have found instruments among Wallace's own countrymen for carrying them out, is still more to be deplored! But so it was, and the king soon found that by means of money, and territory, and titles, and royal smiles, he would be able to accomplish the betrayal and destruction of his most dreaded enemy. Thank God! this base work was not performed by any of the common people. They would gladly have laid down their lives for him on any occasion, if necessary; but to sell or betray him they would have considered an unpardonable sin! But the perfidious task was undertaken by some of those who were considered among the nobles of the land, and by the performance of it they have added another indelible stain to their character, in addition to all the rest connected

with the struggle for Scottish independence, in which they acted throughout a cruelly selfish, shameful, and pusillanimous part! Edward gave strict orders to his captains and governors in Scotland, to be constantly on the alert with the view of endeavoring to secure the person of Wallace, whether dead or alive; while he eagerly sought out, with that deep cunning and policy that belonged to him, any of the Scottish nation that was likely to prove serviceable to him in the matter. It happened at the time that a Scottish knight resided at the English court, of the name of Mowbray, who suddenly rose into great trust and favor with the king. It was doubtless for a consideration. For he was afterwards despatched into Scotland, with all convenient speed, to accomplish a work which few would have envied him in the performance. For this purpose, he was enjoined to take along with him Ralph Haliburton, who some time before this had been taken a prisoner at the siege of Stirling Castle, and carried to England. We regret to find the name of such a scoundrel associated with the list of the brave defenders of this celebrated place—the real Thermopylæ of Scotland—but so it happened to be. And he purchased his liberty at a costly price, in the betrayal of one whose blood he will never be able to atone for. It happened that this wretched renegade, had been employed previous to the defence of Stirling Castle in the service of Wallace, and had been suffered often to approach near his

person, amid the mountains and forests of his native country, when driven by hard necessity to seek for shelter from his persevering foes. And now that he had returned back to Scotland with a bribe in his hand, and thirsting for the blood of his former friend and patriotic leader, his knowledge of his person and retreats would render him a proper agent for executing what few of the English themselves would have wished to undertake. There is considerable obscurity involved in the doings of this wretch, with Mowbray his superior, and the English officers, who were for some time banded together, in order to secure the person of this heroic man, whose valuable life was to be sacrificed; who, goaded by the prospect of obtaining great riches, and the favor of a prince who deigned to stoop to the lowest means in order to carry out his nefarious designs, appeared to have watched his movements with the utmost care and circumspection. Sometimes they beset him with a strong body of cavalry, from which it was impossible for any person but himself to effect an escape. Sometimes they pursued him into the midst of the forest, where he less dreaded the attacks and ferocity of the beasts of prey, than the cruel savages who were on his track. The moor, the moss, the rugged mountain, the rocky precipice—each of them in turn became his place of resort—and often afforded him shelter from the pitiless storm, and protection from his enemies, when all other helps seemed to have failed

him. For some time Wallace and his faithful adherents had wandered, forlorn and destitute, along the shores of Loch Long, and through the rugged districts of Lorne, in the hope of reaching a French vessel, which was represented as having been seen for some time hovering around the coast, with the view of picking them up, and carrying them to France, beyond the reach of their enemies that were bent on their destruction. Although the vessel, however, had anchored for some time at a creek in the immediate neighborhood of where they now were, she was obliged to depart before they were able to reach her, lest she should be seized by some of Edward's crafts, that were everywhere crowding the shores and harbors of the western coast of Scotland, for fear that Wallace might be allowed to escape. Finding their prospects becoming darker, and their means of subsistence more precarious, they resolved to quit that part of the country; and after suffering an amount of fatigue, cold and hunger, which would have crushed the spirits of all others, they directed their steps inland, and arrived in the neighborhood of Glasgow, travelling mostly during the night, and seeking concealment during the day. He now imagined he would find himself and his followers in greater security, for he was near the place of his birth, and where, during the earlier part of the history of his successful struggle for the independence of Scotland, he had performed so

many daring exploits. Besides, he was now within the shadow of the impregnable fortress of Dunbarton Castle, which he had before this committed to the charge of Sir John Monteith, as a reward of his distinguished services in the cause of his country. When he did so, his best historian says he stipulated for the erection of a small house within the fort for himself, (which still bears his name) on account of the great friendship he bore to Monteith, and in order to enjoy his society in which he greatly delighted. But perhaps the principal reason was, that both he and his friends might have a safe asylum afforded them, both from the English and the nobility of Scotland, who bore both towards them and himself an inextinguishable hatred. But whatever were Wallace's reasons for so doing, it appears from what followed, that the confidence he put in Monteith was entirely misplaced. He now held this strong fort in the interests of the English, and had been bought over to betray Wallace for a large sum of money—along with other villains, who for some time had been on his track. We don't know exactly what plan they had previously concerted for thus acting; but there can be no doubt that Monteith was the leading spirit in the bloody confederacy, and his name and rank as a Scottish baron of high standing, must have stimulated the other parties to the perpetration of the deed. Some have excused him for the betrayal of Wallace, from a family feud that arose after the

battle of Falkirk, and others from the hatred his wife bore him, whose ambition goaded on her husband to the committal of the terrible deed. But by whatever mode he was actuated to the perpetration of the crime, there is no doubt that Monteith discovered Wallace's retreat through the information of a nephew of his own, who waited upon him at the time, and got most of the money that was set upon the head of the patriot, by the King of England. So soon as his treachery was discovered, and the success that accompanied it, a burst of indignation broke forth against him throughout the length and breadth of the land. Nor was the feeling confined to the common people, but all ranks unanimously shared in it,—not even excepting Wallace's enemies themselves. And even yet, when centuries have gone by, the name of the betrayer stinks in the nostrils of all who wish well to the interests of Scotland. He has been termed by some writers the Judas Iscariot of that country, and in some respects he bears no small resemblance to one who has immortalized his name in connexion with a bloody act, that has no equal in the history of the world. Every possible contempt has been heaped upon his memory by contemporary writers, and even those who lived centuries afterwards. "Cursed be the day of the nativity of John Monteith, says one of them, "may his execrable name be forever blotted from the book of life!" And well does he merit all the malédictions that

have been heaped upon him, for he executed the bloody task assigned him, with a coolness and effrontry that few would have done. Learning that Wallace had retired to the woody retreats near Robroyston, a village that lay between Glasgow and Dumbarton, and only accompanied by his faithful attendant Kerlie, who never forsook him in any emergency, he set about his destruction with all possible speed. The hero and his companion had betaken themselves to sleep in a barn near to the village, and the nephew of Monteith, as he had been previously directed, communicated the tidings to his uncle, who was watching their movements with a select body of sixty cavalry in the neighborhood. Young Monteith had been appointed sentinel at the door of the barn by Wallace himself, who had every confidence in him, and while he was locked in sleep, he cautiously moved his bugle from his neck, and his armor that lay beside him. When he had done so, he quietly opened the door of the building, and two ruffians armed to the teeth rushed into it, and hurrying Kerlie from the barn instantly put him to death. Wallace, roused from his slumber by the noise, started to his feet, and grasping for his armor found it had disappeared. He now began to see he had been betrayed; but resolving to sell his life as dearly as he could, and grasping hold of a large block of wood that had been used as a seat, he struck both of the assailants dead on the spot. Beholding the fury to which he had

been roused, and the difficulty that they might yet find in securing him alive, Monteith, who had been watching the whole affair from a distance, approached near, taking every precaution to invest the barn; for he was to earn everlasting infamy in his activity on this occasion, and for the mean and bloody work in which he was engaged. Writers also inform us that a bright moon shone over the face of nature on that eventful night, and the beams of that luminary helped forward the work of the betrayal that cost Scotland so many tears afterwards! In presenting himself before the hero, with an air of falsehood and pretended friendship, "he stated to him that he had followed the English, who had heard of his place of concealment, in order that he might use his influence in his behalf. That they had listened to him, in case of an immediate surrender to spare his life: but if such did not take place he would give no guarantee to that effect. Nay more, were his person not immediately rendered up into the hands of those that everywhere surrounded his lonely hut, they were so bent on the execution of their purpose to possess it, that they had resolved to set fire to the building, and he must of necessity perish in the midst of the flames. There was no possibility of one man, now single-handed and deprived of his armor, being able to resist the armed force that everywhere surrounded him, and it seemed to be the will of Providence, that he should now relinquish the interest in which he

had so long hopelessly engaged with numbers vastly superior to his own. If he would give himself up without further resistance, and accompany him as a prisoner to Dunbarton, he would undertake for the safe conveyance thither of his person, and proper treatment by the way. Nay more, he should live in his own house in the castle, that he had prepared for himself in case of such an emergency as the present, where his person would be safe, and he alone should be his keeper. The friendship that had so long existed betwixt them was of too sacred a character, as not now to bear fruit when needed, and he would willingly sacrifice his own life in order that his (Wallace's) might be preserved." By such false pretences did this cruel and deceitful man now prevail, and Scotland's champion allowed himself to be delivered up into the hands of the English. Bound hand and foot, he was carried prisoner to Dunbarton Castle, trusting to the faith and word of a knight, who was formerly his friend and companion in arms, that when he arrived there he would be treated as he had said. But the cruel governor of the castle lied to Wallace throughout, and by so doing brought down upon his head the indignation of all right-thinking men. Retiring with the price of blood in his hand, into the hidden recesses of the castle, to spend all his ill-gotten gain in the company of his cruel and ambitious wife, he forgot all his former promises solemnly given to his friend, and former compan-

ion, now completely in the power of his enemy, allowed him to be heavily ironed and cast into a dreary dungeon, and never again saw him in the flesh.

“Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dream of pride is o’er,
The fatal chains is round you cast,
And you are man no more.”

There he lay without a friend to comfort him, or the light of the day to cheer him in his lonely abode, and in the fortress that he had bravely wrested from the hands of the English, and handed over to its present false possessor as its guardian, now reserved by him to secure his person from insult and a cruel death. The joyful tidings are communicated to Edward, that his sworn enemy is at last secured, and remains heavily manacled in the strong fortress on the banks of the Clyde, to await his further instructions. The heart of the cruel man rejoiced greatly at the news this imparted, and preparations on a grand scale were made for conveying Wallace in safety to England, without any further delay. Two of his most powerful barons, Robert de Clifford and Amyer de Vallance, were appointed by the King with a strong escort to take charge of the prisoner, and to bring him with all convenient speed from Dunbarton to London. So little confidence did he place in the betrayer of the brave man, who was now in his grasp, that he appeared anxious that he should be as soon as possible, beyond his con-

trol, as he knew that such a man was little to be trusted. No reference appears to be made to the wretch Monteith afterwards. And the cruel neglect he experienced, the contempt that was heaped upon his person by the friends of Wallace, and even the English—together with the stings of a cruel conscience—must have been a hell to him. It is true his person was securely shut up in one of the strongest fortifications of the country, kind nature smiled around him amid a landscape on which his eye from the castle wall could catch some of the wildest, most varied, and beautiful touches of her hand,—but all in vain to make him happy ! His conscience made a coward of him after all !

“ Whence is that knocking ?

How is't with me when every noise appals me ?

What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash their blood

Clean from my hands ? No ; this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.”

Every precaution was taken lest Wallace should escape, or be rescued by his friends before he reached the English border. He was taken from the dungeon. The irons were continued on him. He was mounted on a sorry horse, and strictly guarded by a strong body of English on every side, who surrounded him, and who were armed to the teeth, and prepared at any moment for defending themselves, and retaining their prisoner in

case of a sudden attack. The orders given by Edward were to hasten on the victim to the place of his execution at London, and there was no more kindness shewn towards him after this, than to the oxen that are hurried forward to the shambles. While this was to be done, the most unfrequented roads and by-paths were to be chosen for the escort, that their journey through the southern part of Scotland might be undertaken without many becoming acquainted with the fact, that they had passed along. The injunctions thus strictly given were carried out to the letter, and every thing for this time succeeded according to the most sanguine wishes of the English monarch. His victim was within his toils, and his threatenings against him were carried out in a manner that shocked the bitter feelings of his own English subjects, and outraged the sensibilities of right-thinking men, throughout the whole of Europe, where the name of Wallace was known and frequently adverted to, and where his heroic exploits had become the admiration and wonder of every one. However much the secrecy adopted in regard to the betrayal, capture, and conveyance of Edward's prisoner to the South, it was impossible long to conceal such an important event from the public at large. As soon as it was known therefore in Scotland, it made men everywhere stand aghast! And as this came upon the English suddenly, the news of it spread like wild-fire over the whole country

South of the Tweed ; labor of every kind was suspended ; the people flocked for hundreds of miles to the points of the road where it was expected the illustrious hero would pass. And if they succeeded in obtaining only a glimpse of his person they were satisfied, and would tell it to their children's children afterwards, as one of the great events of their lives. At Carlisle the escort halted for a night, and the dungeon in which he was placed in the castle was shewn for ages after, and bore his name. The next day as he was removed from the castle, and the escort filed away along the streets, the fair city of Carlisle perhaps never before or after presented such a strange and excited appearance. Thousands of people from every part of the country lined the streets, and crowded in to obtain the last sight of the man, whose name for years had carried terror with it into every part of the north of England. And although it was so, and it appeared a moving sight to behold the greatest captain of the age, and the truest patriot driven along amid all the ignominy that it was possible to devise ; yet he bore himself with such patience and magnanimity, as to excite the wonder and commiseration of every spectator. But so it was, that though through the cruelty and meanness of Edward, he was thus presented heavily manacled, meanly clad, mounted on the back of an unsaddled horse, with his feet and limbs tightly tied beneath the belly of the animal, so as fearfully to strain his body,

and inflict upon it a large amount of pain, he bore all with such meekness and silent patience, as never to utter a groan or raise a complaint! The multitudes of people of both sexes beheld this, and were struck with the bearing of the hero, forgetful of all his past deeds which had occasioned them so much loss of life and property. And while they beheld his spirit, wonderfully triumphing over such monstrous cruelty, needlessly inflicted on him, they involuntarily prostrated themselves before him, as he passed along, as a token of the homage he begot; and wept as they knelt while they thought of his misfortunes and sufferings. The big and generous heart of this great people was thus drawn out towards one, who had only acted as they would have done, if placed in similar circumstances. And if such feelings prevailed among the English, respecting the cruelties and mockeries needlessly heaped upon the head of one, whose only fault was the great love he bore to his country, we can easily conceive how the heart of Scotland was stirred up with indignation when the report of his betrayal by Monteith, and delivery to the English by false pretences, began to be extensively circulated throughout the country. A universal burst of indignation rose spontaneously against this cruel and unpatriotic man, who had done a deed that would stamp him with ignominy to the latest ages; and if there was any thing to equal it, it was the malignant feeling that was excited everywhere against the cruel

and unmerciful Plantagenet, that was meanwhile treating with such calculating indignity a noble-souled, patriotic, but now, alas, a fallen enemy !

“ But the dishonor, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.”

But the calculations of tyrants are often false, and their schemes baffled before carried out. And such was the case in regard to Edward, on this occasion ; for all his previous invasions of Scotland, the cruel acts he did, and the large amount of life and property he destroyed never aroused in the hearts of Scotsmen such a universal feeling of hatred and implacable animosity against him, as his cruel treatment to the brave Wallace now happened to do. “ Henceforth it might be said he had no friend or coadjutor north of the Tweed, or instrument to do his dirty work, but Monteith ; and his bitterest enemies could not have wished him a worse fate than to be thus associated, so long as Scotland is heard of by the sons of men.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Large crowds of the English people assemble to witness the prisoner as he proceeds southward. Numbers increase as he approached the capital. The party that conducted him spent a whole day in passing along the streets to the Tower. A large procession from it accompanying the prisoner to Westminster Hall. Headed by the Grand Marshall of England and Lord Mayor of the City. Wallace meanly attired, and mounted on a sorry horse, strongly fettered, followed after. Calm and dignified as ever, and excited the compassion of the citizens. Placed before Sir Peter Mallorie, the Lord Chief Justice of England. Accused of many crimes. Wallace made a noble defence. The sentence handed to the Judge by the King, and of the most barbarous character. To be mocked disemboweled, hung, quartered. A Psalter taken from the prisoner during his confinement restored to him at his request. A gift of his mother and highly prized. Perused during all his sufferings. Highly prized by many others in similar circumstances. The terrible sentence recorded against him now carried out. Different parts of his body sent to various towns in England, and in Scotland. Intended to strike terror into the minds of the natives of the latter country. Failed in doing so. Looked upon as sacred, and the streets where they were suspended named after the hero. His devotion and unselfishness have conferred upon him a perpetuity of fame superior to that of any of his countrymen. His history has been identified with the different localities of his native land. His name has become a household word. Likely to continue so.

IF the number of English people was large, that crowded into Carlisle to witness Scotland's hero, now fallen and ruined through his betrayal by an intimate friend, it gradually increased as the cavalcade proceeded along. The news of his capture gathered strength as it moved southward, and the excitement knew no bounds, as it neared the proud Plantagenet capital, on the banks of the Thames. Mighty crowds turned out to gaze on the man, who had not only filled England for many years, but the whole of Europe with his wonderful exploits ; and eager spectators anxiously availed themselves of every elevation and projection, where they could have any chance of beholding his person. So entirely did the streets become blocked up with the dense multitudes of men, women, and children, who in one living mass crowded along, that the escort, after toiling along for a whole day through the streets on its way to the Tower, was compelled at night to stop short, and lodge their prisoner in the hands of a private citizen. Perhaps, however, all this was meant by the cruel, designing Edward for effect, and with the view of exciting the worst passions of the people, previous to the winding up of the bloody drama that was near at hand. For, according to Stowe, an English historian, his progress from the Tower to Westminster Hall was a procession on a gigantic scale, along the whole way. From Fenchurch street, where he was lodged, the procession was headed by John de Segrave, the

grand marshal of England. After him came the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and aldermen of the city. And then a whole host of the barons and knights of England, magnificently attired, and followed by their retainers, were to be seen pushing forward in the surging mass to see the end. In the midst of the cavalcade was Wallace, designed to give effect to the whole scene ; but whose mean attire, and cruel treatment would continue to reflect everlasting disgrace in all coming ages on Edward, who was so mean as to be the occasion of both. He was mounted on one of the most sorry horses, that could be procured from any of the poorest of the citizens of his proud capital. Although at the most sultry season of the year, he was bareheaded, and covered in one of the meanest garments that could be put on ; while crowds of the train bands and city officers pressed close upon his person, heavily fettered, for the purpose of preventing his escape, and as far as they could, endeavored to add every possible indignity to the same. It has even been stated that Edward had large portions of the citizens bribed to insult him as he rode along ; but however mean the contrivance, it only redoubled the monarch's disgrace, and contributed still more to the renown and admiration of the hero. Aware that his fate had been determined on long before his capture, and that nothing awaited him, but death in its most cruel form, he was prepared to meet it with that becoming dignity and unaffected fortitude, which had ever been charac-

ristic of him. As he gazed on the crowds that pressed upon him, or looked up to the windows or balconies which were filled with the élite of this proud city, as he passed along, he maintained the same dignity of bearing and serenity of countenance, as the great Roman patriot Regulus did, when placed in similar circumstances, and which drew murmurs of involuntary pity from all who beheld him. They witnessed a man, who had filled the world with his fame for many years past, now entirely in the hands of his enemies, who could have afforded to have treated him in a different way than they happened to do; but his heroic bearing, under the terrible load of suffering that now weighed him down so heavily, awakened all the sympathies of a brave and generous people in his behalf—while his tall and majestic figure uncrushed by the sufferings it was made to endure, astonished every one who looked upon it. But “*mens conscia recti*,” had hitherto sustained him, amid all the meanness of insult to which he was subjected; and although a baptism of blood awaited him, unequalled for its terrible nature in the history of the world, with one solitary exception perhaps, yet the same noble and possessed bearing that marked him out when fighting for the liberties of his country were his, now that he was passing through such deep waters. Nay, the spirit of the hero triumphed so mightily amid all the monstrous cruelties to which a heartless tyrant unnecessarily subjected him, that his place was far

more to be envied than his, and all the attempts made to disgrace him only afforded additional means for the triumph of his magnanimity, and the further display of his moral heroism. Insults were heaped upon him without number, and attempts were made at ridicule by the parties who intended them to produce an amazing effect against him; but the noble appearance of Wallace, together with his calm and unruffled demeanor, disarmed the whole, and the procession from the Tower to Westminster Judgment Hall, instead of degrading, only tended to raise him in the thoughts of every right-thinking Englishman, when viewing the melancholy circumstances of the whole case. If the day during which Wallace passed through the streets of London, heavily manacled, and followed by such an innumerable host, was one of extraordinary commotion throughout the whole capital, the excitement was none abated, when he was presented as a prisoner at Westminster Hall, to pass through a mock trial, at the instance of the fierce Edward, who thirsted keenly for his blood. The scene enacted there was of wonderfully tragic grandeur, and far surpassed any of the kind ever witnessed before or after in that august place, within whose walls many a strange judgment has been passed, deciding the fate of many of the best of the sons of men,—at least so far as their interests in the present world are concerned. Edward, on this occasion, had most studiously caused the hall to be prepared in which

the mock trial was to take place, which was to hand down his name with everlasting infamy to coming ages. Everything was done to give an air of grandeur to the proceedings, so as to elevate the King, and degrade the prisoner in the eyes of the multitude of spectators present. The courtiers and guards were numerous and splendidly attired; and the puppet judge sworn to administer even-handed justice, ascended the tribunal, decked in all the gorgeous judicial trapping of the day—with the sentence of the death of the illustrious prisoner in his pocket, handed him by the King some time before he was brought to trial. The meanest apparel it was possible to select had been previously put upon him, and now a crown of laurel was placed upon his head, as expressive of mockery; while the rabble was bribed to spit upon him. How like the mockeries practised upon One of far greater importance many centuries before in another hall, and in another city, where murderous hate and persecution impotently wreaked themselves upon a victim, who yet mercifully forgave and saves many of them, and myriads more in all ages from a terrible doom that inevitably awaited them! When all things were ready, Wallace was brought forward and placed at the bar in the manner above described, when the King's Chief Justice, Sir Peter Mallorie presided, a name that ought to be placed side by side with false Monteith; for, while one was the betrayer of Wallace, the other polluted the fountain of jus-

tice, and rendered the whole trial a mockery and solemn farce to please the King on this memorable occasion ! “ And, moreover, I saw under the sun in the place of judgment, that wickedness was there.” “ William Wallace,” said the Chief Justice, “ I impeach thee in the name of Edward, King of England, Scotland and Ireland, the rightful ruler of these realms, as a traitor to his Highness ; as having burnt the villages and abbeys belonging to the first two kingdoms ; as having stormed the castles, and miserably slain and tortured the liege subjects of their master, the King. Furthermore, thou hast persistingly continued to bear arms against the King thyself for many years—enticed many more to do so—shedding the blood of multitudes, and imperilled his crown. What say you to these heavy charges against you ?” If the facile eloquence of which the arraigned was a master had served him on many a trying emergency before, it eminently did so on this occasion likewise. His calm composure, his unruffled manner, and his dignified bearing, hushed the court into silence at once, and with the greatest ease he addressed himself to the charges that were preferred. “ I cannot be a traitor,” said he “ to Edward, for I owe him no allegiance ; he is not my sovereign, he never received my homage ; and while life is in this persecuted body he shall never receive it. I bore myself to him, and to his servants in their attempts to enslave my country, as every freeborn

Scotchman was bound to do. I encountered them as usurpers. I chastised them. I slew many of them with mine own arm. And it is my pride and my boast now, when arraigned before the tribunal from which I neither ask justice nor mercy, that I did so; and it will cheer and comfort me, when the hour of death is near at hand, and all the tortures of a tyrant prepared to harass and discompose my last moments that ought to be quietly spent in communing with my Maker. To the other points whereof I am accused, I freely confess them all. I have stormed castles, and taken them, when they were the abodes of my country's foes. I have burned villages of my native land, when at all likely to afford shelter and protection to those that were trying to bring it under a cruel bondage. Abbeyes and churches I have rifled and destroyed, and the goods belonging to them that were taken from my countrymen at the first, and bestowed on Edward's creatures, who swarmed into the country in the name of ministers of religion, but merely to preach obedience to a foreign master, I have restored; and if in this case I have used harshness or cruelty towards any of God's servants, I repent me of my sin; but it is not of Edward of England I shall ever ask pardon, but shall implore the mercy of Heaven's Majesty." Such were the free and manly utterances of Scotland's patriot noble, when brought in contact with all the terrors of perverted justice; and if Edward and his puppet judge had

previously determined, by their legal proceedings, to crush and humble him, and to excite the antipathies of the great heart of the English nation against him, they signally failed. For sympathy and admiration only arose at those utterances towards him, and was quickened by the manly defence that he had made in the presence of those that had the power of life and of death in their hands. Nevertheless they delayed not the passing of the atrocious sentence Edward had studiously concocted days before, and which even yet reflects shame and disgrace on him, and his corrupt judge. And it is strange it should have been allowed to be uttered in the hearing of the most wealthy and refined nobility in Europe at the time, as the English undoubtedly were! The sentence ran thus :—"William Wallace (said the Chief Justice) for treason thou shalt first be dragged upon a hurdle to the place of execution. For robbery and murder thou shalt be there and then hung a certain time by the neck. Because thou hast burnt abbeyes and religious houses thou shalt be taken alive from the gibbet, thine intestines torn out and burnt before thee, thy body quartered, and the parts thereof disposed of according to the clemency of his Majesty King Edward." The bloody deeds of a Nero or a Caligula, the atrocious judicial murder of the monster Robespierre and his associates, during the time of the reign of terror in France, pale before these terrible utterances of an ermined sycophant, polluting the fountain head of

justice ! Moreover, the sentence passed, the chief justice informed the accused, was to be recorded in the books of the august council over which he presided, to witness against him for ever ! To witness against him for ever ! No ! it was to witness against himself, and his cruel unfeeling master, whom he cringingly served ; and being still on the statute book unaltered—unerased—it reminds a brave and generous people still of the contentings of their noblest son even unto a death of the cruellest character, for liberties thus secured for them ! And the body was to be disposed of according to the clemency of the King ! The clemency of the King ! Ah ! the tender mercies of such a one were cruel ! The condemned hero indeed “died as seldom any of the sons of men died” ; and that the body should have been quartered and suspended so long in some of the cities where he had performed several of his heroic exploits, was an insult to the feelings of his countrymen, and to those of the civilized world at the time, instead of a mark of clemency ! The flesh of nearly every one shivered and crept at listening to a sentence which equalled any in its atrocity, that all the fiends united, in the abodes of darkness, could have ever devised ! One man alone in all the agitated assembly, and to whom it most particularly referred, was but little affected by it—he heeded it not, neither regarded he its consequences ; but his countenance, which before this was pale and haggard from the monstrous treatment he had

received, had begun to be lighted up with a beam of ineffable delight and joyous satisfaction—anticipating the short period when the turbid dream of life would close, and his weary pilgrimage would terminate for ever. Rising up therefore into his wonted majestic proportions, and lifting his eyes to heaven, he gave utterance to the following brief but expressive prayer: “Thanks be to the Majesty on High. I am now approaching the close of my weary journey upon earth—receive me, oh ye angels of light, at the portals of Paradise, and carry me into the bosom of the Martyr who died for me on Calvary.” Such devout aspirations, it is said, disarmed for the time being the stern but unjust judge, who sat upon the bench, of all his cruel severity, and melted the whole of the vast assembly into a copious flood of tears. The trial of sham and cruel mockery was now finished, and the sentence passed upon the heroic prisoner who had been placed at the bar, through treachery and cruel hate, was now to be carried out in all its terrible reality. Discrowned and chained, he was now to be subjected to a mode of suffering which we will be bold to assert has nothing to equal it, and which will bear down the name of the instigator of it, notwithstanding his warlike exploits, to all future ages with everlasting shame and infamy. The condemned was ordered to be dragged at the tail of horses from the hall of justice, where the sentence had been passed against him, onward through the streets for a certain distance.

Thereafter he was placed on a wretched hurdle, fitted up for the purpose, and surrounded by a strong guard of soldiers, he was dragged to the Elms at Smithfield, where a high gallows was fitted up for him, near to the place where many afterwards were doomed to suffer like himself, as martyrs of truth. "Oh! liberty, what strange things have been done in thy name!" During the whole of this new ordeal through which the patriot-hero passed, he manifested the same spirit he had previously done, and excited, if possible, a deeper interest and admiration in his person than before. Meek and unshrinking, yet noble and dignified, he maintained the same self-possession, the same undaunted behavior, when condemned to die; and now that he felt it to be a solemn reality, in the terrible insignia of death that were openly exhibited before him, he appeared, as he had ever done, calm and serene, and powerfully exhibited in his behalf the feelings of all that were about him.

Engrossed with spiritual contemplations and the realities of the world unseen, the champion of a nation's rights forgot the scaffold, the gallows, and the multitudes that gazed upon his person, and earnestly requested of the Earl of Gloucester, who was standing near, to let him have the privilege of a priest, to whom he might confess himself, before appearing before the Judge of all the earth, to whom he appealed for mercy and forgiveness. Strange to say this was forbidden him

by Edward, who waited on to see the last of his greatest earthly foe, and to finish up the bloody drama he had planned with such exquisite cruelty. But happily for the honor of good old England in all the days that were to come, there was one present who was far less subservient to the King than Judge Mallorie, and openly rebuked him for entering into a province that did not belong to him. Overhearing with shame the disgraceful refusal of the King, to grant the dying hero his last request, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who stood near the scaffold, and with tearful eye witnessed the noble victim now to be devoted to destruction, felt indignant at it, and resolved to comply with it, however much it might displease the King.

“The church (said this noble and pious prelate) will not suffer any of her penitent children, whatsoever may be their guilt, or to whatsoever country or kindred they belong, to request the office of a priest in his last moments, and be refused; and I myself will officiate, since no other appears so near.” And having thus spoken he ascended the scaffold, approached the condemned patriot with the greatest kindness and respect, and having received his confession forthwith gave him absolution. Thereafter he quitted the scene of blood for ever, proceeded to Westminster, and as one at least of England’s sons, entered a solemn protest against the unheard-of cruelties that were about to follow, and which yet fix a deep stain on the principal instigator of them.

During the pause that followed the unhallowed proceedings that went before, the mind of Wallace, calm and unshaken as it had ever been, seemed to have forgotten all injuries and insults offered on all hands, and became largely occupied with objects of much higher moment. Accordingly he turned to Lord Clifford, who stood near by, and earnestly entreated that a psalter, that was removed from his person some time before, should be restored to him. The removal of it had caused him much uneasiness and grief, as it was bequeathed to him when young by his pious and devoted mother, whose great object from the first was to impress upon the mind of her son the sacred precepts this interesting portion of Divine Writ inculcated. And we have no doubt her efforts were crowned with success, for this sacred treasure he ever carried along with him, whether concealed amid the thickets of the forest, or waging a fierce and bloody strife with the enemies of his country. It was amongst the first articles of property he appeared to have owned, and the last he died possessed of, shewing us the great value he put upon it, and how sacred its precepts were to him in this his deep hour of trouble. After the consideration the archbishop had shewn towards him in regard to confession and absolution, the psalter was returned to its owner, and as his hands were chained, he desired a priest who stood near to hold it up before him, which he kindly consented to do, while he continued to look upon it with

the deepest feelings of love and affection. And even when he was taken down from the gallows, breathing, and apparently sensible, his eyes continued immovably fixed on this sacred trust, as they continued to be long afterwards, when the terrible work of tearing out and burning his intestines before him, was carried out according to the cruel sentence previously passed upon him.

“Virtue, valor, nought avail’d
With so merciless a foe;
When the nerves of heroes fail’d
Cowards then could strike a blow.”

How precious the book of psalms has appeared to all who have studied it carefully, and when placed in trying circumstances! “For all good necessary to be known, or done, or had this celestial fountain yieldeth.” Let there be any grief or disease incident into the soul of man, any wound, any sickness named, and in this there is a treasure house, a present comfortable remedy at all times to be found. Like the paradise of Eden every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, and above all the tree of life in the midst of the garden is to be found. As it was the manual of Wallace, so the book of psalms appears to have been the manual of the Son of God when He tabernacled among men; for at the conclusion of His last supper, He sung a hymn taken from psalms, as the Jews did on similar occasions. And he expired with part of the psalter on his

lips: "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." The horrid process of embowelling continued till at last his heart broke while enduring untold sufferings; and he expired among the hands of his tormentors with all the calmness and passive heroism that one might expect at the hands of so glorious and elevated a character. The powerful arm of the last of the freemen of an ancient people "was thus unstrung beneath the knife of the executioner," that Samson-like had performed feats of valor that have few if any equals in ancient or modern times. And that great heart that felt so intensely over the wrongs of its country, and that never shrunk from danger when its interests or liberties were at stake, now ceased to groan and beat amid the perplexing flames of martyrdom. His cruel enemies, not satisfied with abusing him while living, even refused him a grave, which the vilest malefactors have generally found after death. They struck off his head, quartered his body, and placed his head upon London bridge, according to the *clemency* of the King. They sent his right arm to Newcastle, his left to Berwick, the right leg to Perth, and the left to Aberdeen. Langtoft, the garrulous English historian, seems quite elevated when recording these great feats of Edward's policy; for he says: "they hewed his body into four quarters, which were hung up in four towns as warning to all who, like him, raised their arms against their lord, that the mangled remains would be gazed upon by the Scots,

instead of his banners and gonfannons which they had once so proudly displayed." But the historian, and his sovereign were never more mistaken in their heartless calculations, which they happened to make on this occasion, for the blood of Scotland's bravest son thus wantonly shed became the seed of Scottish liberty, that was soon to spring up and bear abundant fruit. And these limbs and arms of his thus wantonly displayed, instead of striking terror into the minds of his countrymen, only filled their hearts with more pity towards him whom they tenderly loved while living, and made them revere and canonize his memory while dead. They looked at them in their mutilated form, and considered them more rich and glorious trophies than the most brilliant banner they had ever carried before their chief, and the sight of them maddened them to desperation, and hurried them on to execute vengeance on the tyrant whose deeds of cruelty they would ever execrate. Thousands of his countrymen hurried to the towns where portions of his body were suspended, and with moistened eyes looked upon the last remains of one whose memory was sacred ; and the portions of the streets where they hung became hallowed also, and still bear his name. And thus it came about, that this devotion to his country, and unselfishness of spirit, that caused him to sacrifice everything to its freedom, have been repaid a thousand fold, by conferring upon him a perpetuity superior to that enjoyed by any other of his coun-

trymen. The story of his romantic and wonderful history has become identified with the rocks and mountains of his native Scotland. It has been handed down from father to son for centuries, amid the glens and lonely solitudes of the same; so that the name of Wallace Wight has become a household word which nothing is likely ever to displace, and bids fair to be as immortal as those rugged and immutable beauties of nature, that remain to mark out the feats of his glorious career.

“ In many a castle, town and plain,
Mountain and forest, still remain
Fondly cherished spots, which claim
The proud distinction of his name.”

THE END.

NOTE.

At page 336 (“ Still are the Scots determined to oppose,” &c.,) *read* :

“ Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise !
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel.









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